AFSIE IN PANAMA DISCUSSES NEW EVIDENCE

MARCH 28, 1936

Liberty

5¢

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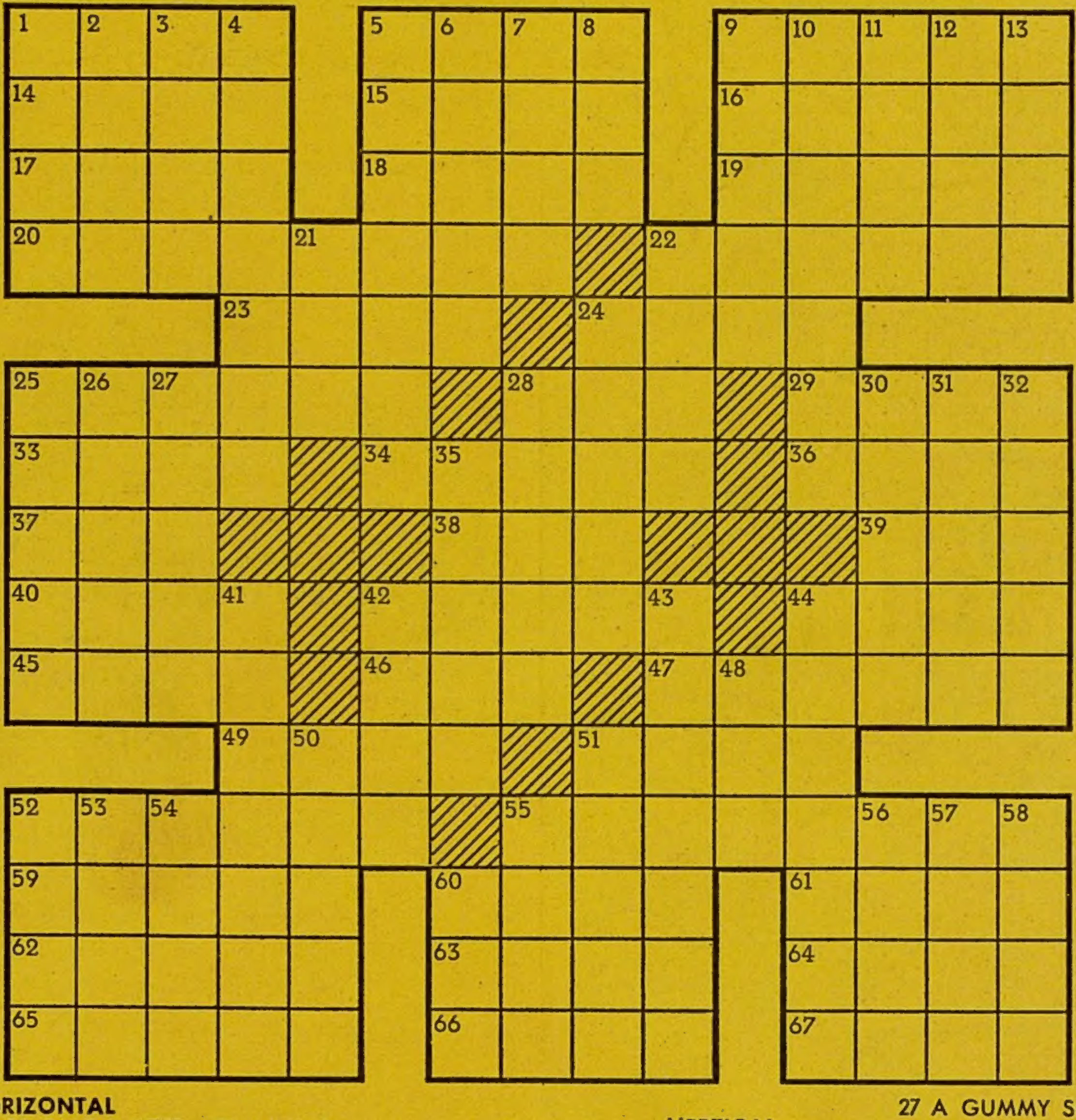
$2,000.00 CASH PRIZE

CROSS WORD PUZZLE CONTEST



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WEEPSTAKES RICHES—A Few Plain Facts, by Will Ir

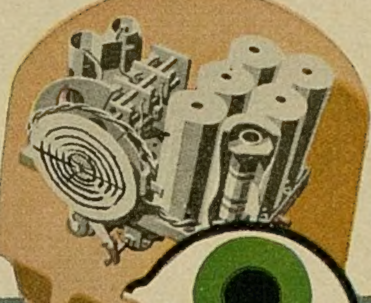
Look! An RCA Victor Radio

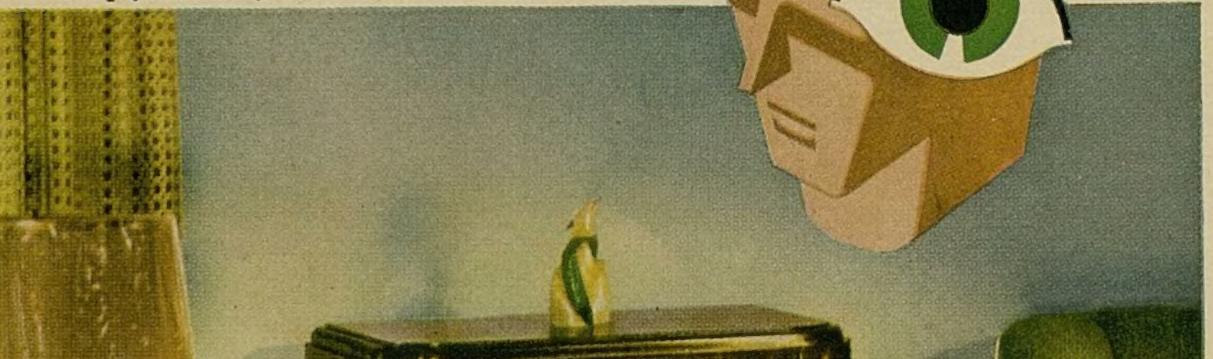
with "MAGIC BRAIN," "MAGIC EYE," RCA METAL TUBES!

Yours For Only $89.95*!

THE "MAGIC EYE"... *brings you silent tuning* The "Magic Eye," an electronic "beam" ... tells when you are precisely in tune. No more blurred reception or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on, a colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye." Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smaller. Turn up the volume control and there the station is. You have tuned in with your eyes ... more sharply than any human ear could.

RCA Victor's magnificent world-wide sets offer greater power... more stations ... silent tuning and many more features...at amazingly low cost!





HERE'S *value* in radio! Value you cannot afford to overlook. For it brings you the *most* for your money!

The beautiful console illustrated contains radio's greatest triumphs! Latest "Magic Brain", miraculous "Magic Eye" and RCA Metal Tubes, the greatest radio tube advance in 28 years! For only $89.95* complete!

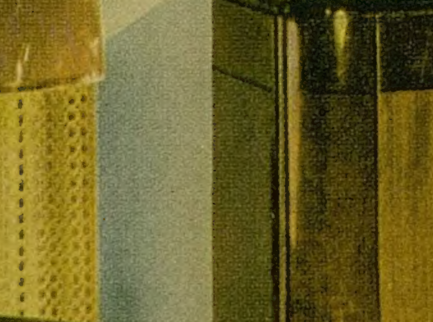
The "Magic Brain" is 5 to 20 times more sensitive at 16 meters and below. And some models have a wider tuning range than many other sets. Extra coverage that brings you many extra stations.

New richness of tone will thrill you! True "Studio Tone"—virtually matching in performance the program in the broadcast station! And interference is reduced to a new minimum by the alert "armoured watchman" tube! The "Magic Eye" brings *silent* tuning as well as easier and more accurate tuning!

Many additional features! New range dials, scientifically built cabinets which beautify tone, oversize speakers and a host of others. But visit your RCA Victor dealer and enjoy a demonstration! You'll marvel at the low prices! RCA Mfg. Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A Radio Corp. of America subsidiary.

RCA Victor Console Model C8-19 has "Magic Eye," "Magic Brain" and Metal Tubes. Foreign and Domestic reception on three bands. Price $89.95*

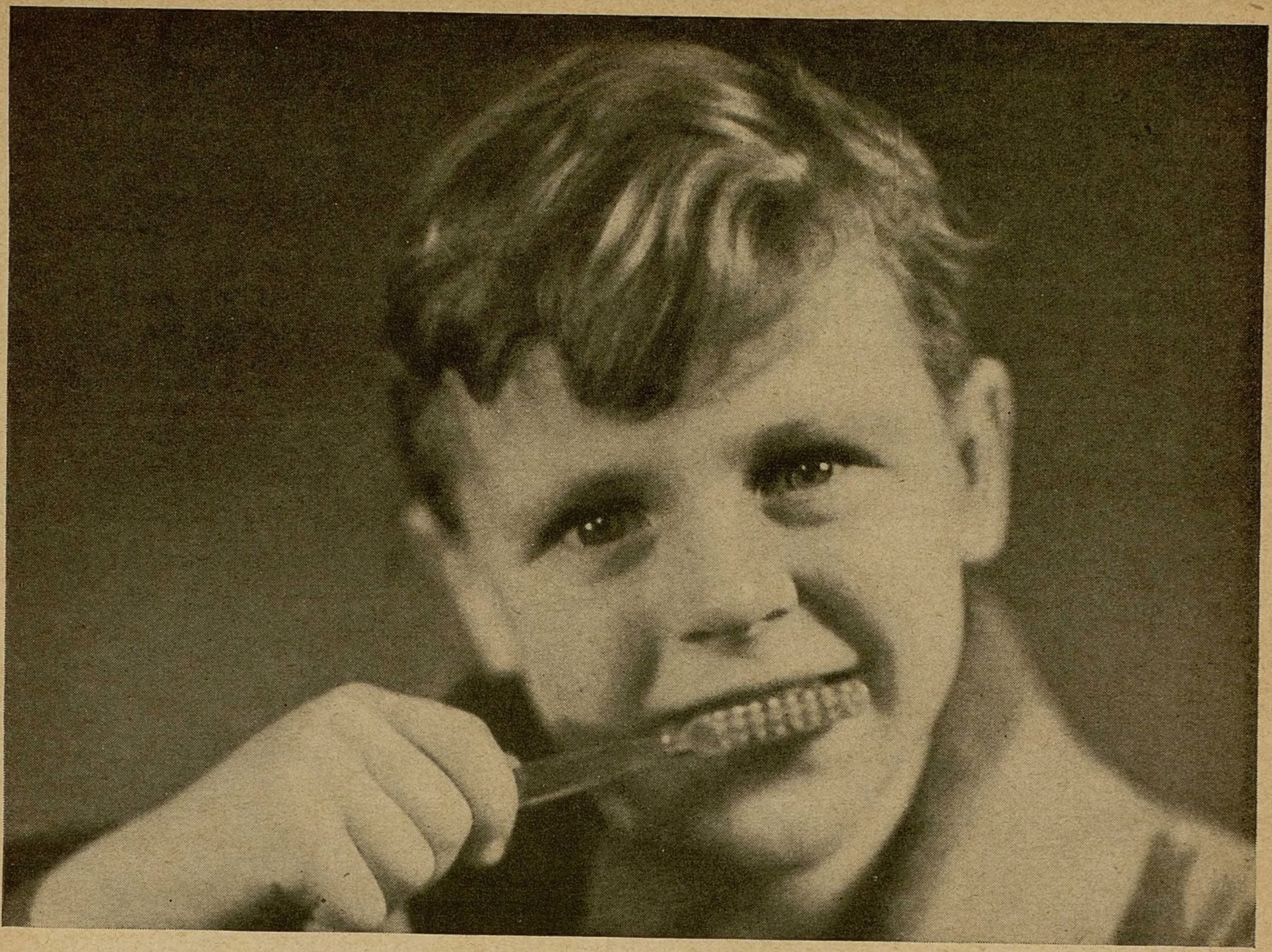
Prices, subject to change without notice, from $19.95 up * f. o. b., Camden, N. J., including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. You can now buy these sets on C. I. T. easy payment plan. Remember, any set works better with an RCA Antenna System. Put new life in your present radio — install RCA Radio Tubes. Listen to "The Magic Key" on WJZ and associated NBC stations, every Sunday 2 to 3 p.m.



RCA Victor Table Model T6-1 6-tube superheterodyne. $49.95*

RCA VICTOR

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records



A Fellow Headed for West Point can't let "Pink Tooth Brush" slow him down!

IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOUR DENTIST KEEP GUMS FIRM AND TEETH SOUND

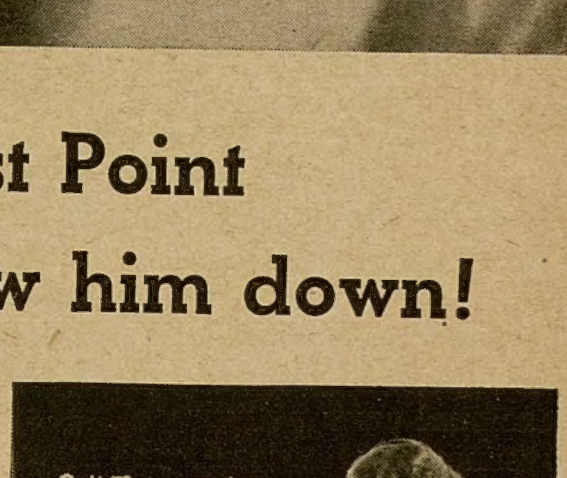
TO-DAY . . . thousands of children, as well as grown-ups, take care of their gums as well as their teeth. For they've been taught and they know that modern gums, *because of modern menus*, do need regular and special care.

The soft foods on which we moderns live do not give our gums enough work, enough stimulation, to keep them healthy. Your gums grow lazy. They grow flabby and tender. And finally some day that "tinge of pink" appears on your tooth brush.

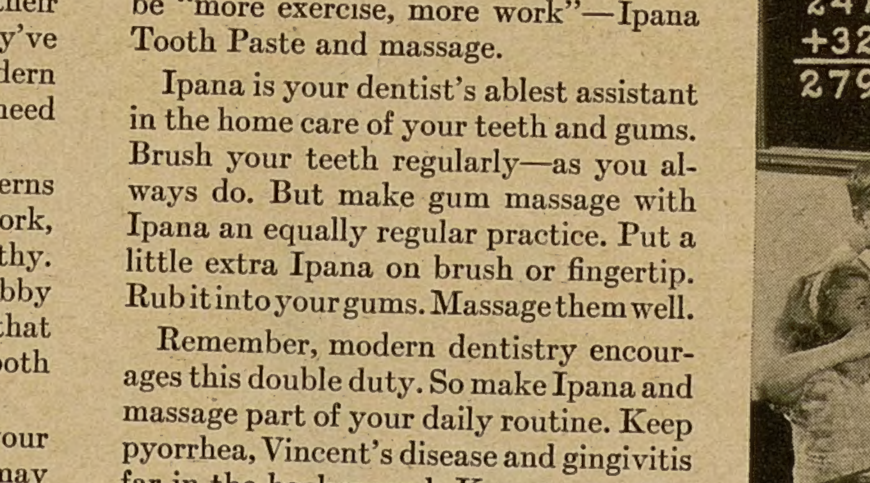
At the first sign of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*. It may mean real trouble—a series of gum treatments *at once*. But usually he will explain that your gums are ailing—*showing "pink"*—simply through lack of exercise. And in that case his advice will usually be "more exercise, more work"—Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Brush your teeth regularly—as you always do. But make gum massage with Ipana an equally regular practice. Put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip. Rub it into your gums. Massage them well.

Remember, modern dentistry encourages this double duty. So make Ipana and massage part of your daily routine. Keep pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and gingivitis far in the background. Keep your gums as healthy as you keep your teeth.



● Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

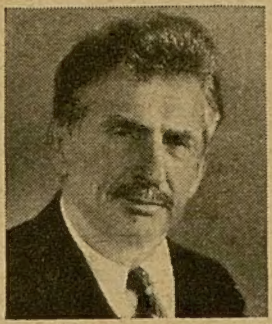


IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MARCH 28, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 13

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Some New Dealers Can't "Take It"



BERNARR MACFADDEN

IT has been my contention that it is the duty of every intelligent citizen to take a keen interest in the present political situation. He should secure information from every possible source, and whatever his opinions may be they should be expressed clearly and forcibly.

Following this viewpoint, I have made numerous addresses very clearly presenting my views adverse to the present administration. Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Jacksonville are among the cities in which I have addressed audiences ranging from a few hundred to four or five thousand.

But the first unpleasant experience I have had occurred in Baltimore at the annual banquet of the Advertising Club on February 15. Perhaps Baltimore is too near Washington. Anyway, there were apparently some New Dealers in the audience who were determined that I should not be allowed to present my views on this occasion.

Almost from the beginning of my address I was interrupted by suppressed moans and groans and occasional cries of "Hurrah for Roosevelt!" The Governor of Maryland, who introduced me, pleaded with the audience to give me a hearing, and I made another start. Then Mayor Jackson of Baltimore made an effort to quiet the hecklers. And another effort was made when the president of the Advertising Club added his expostulations.

No, they refused to listen. My address, instead of extending over a period of three quarters of an hour, continued only about fifteen minutes, although I might add that the high points of the speech I had intended to give were covered in skeleton form.

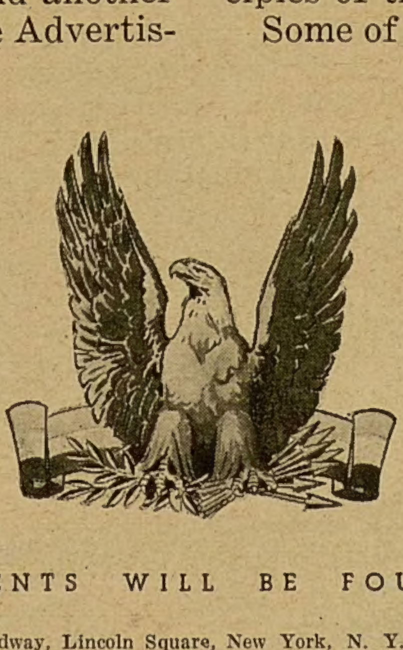
Numerous apologies from officials have been received for the interruptions, and I must also admit that it was an occasion of general jollification, with plenty of alcoholic spirits, and doubtless this may have largely accounted for my inability to secure a hearing. The guests were there for a joyfest and were determined to get it, and although I might have resented such interruptions on some occasions, I was inclined to feel that an address on a serious subject was out of place in such a boisterous crowd.

The Baltimore American printed the address almost in its complete form as it would have been given, and the press generally reported the meeting fairly in every way. The press throughout the country carried the statement that my address was booed and I was finally compelled to discontinue, which, in a way, was partly true, although, as stated, some of my most important arguments were presented.

To the question that has been asked me again and again—Am I a candidate for President?—I am still making the same reply—that I am not a candidate, that I am carefully investigating the political situation and doing everything I possibly can to defend constitutional government. I was born and bred and evolved from contact with the American system, a system in which you are master of your own fate, where your future depends upon your own efforts, and it is my desire to help preserve the principles of this system.

Some of my friends are forming clubs to promote me for President. I appreciate the compliment and know of no reason for objecting to such efforts.

A great number of requests have been made for a copy of the Baltimore speech, and it will be sent free of charge to all those who will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $5.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

SOFT-PEDAL THIS ONE THOUGH IT'S SAFE AS YOU ARE

IF YOU ever face the need and the way is clear you can bullet the Buick Century down the road at a pace to give the average airplane a run for its money.

Now, we counsel against that—we certainly don't want to encourage you to try it—for needlessly fast driving is usually foolish, often dangerous.

But to picture fairly this marvel car's calibre, we have to say that you could keep up this time-punishing flight hour after hour without taxing either the engine or yourself.

No car is more capable, or sweetly willing, or comfortably smooth and steady on a long swift ride; but speed-for-speed's-sake is emphatically not the brilliant Century's main story.

Take acceleration: in a traffic tight-spot, or to dodge a reckless car's careening path, the Century will swoop you from 10 to 60 in high in 19.6 seconds, and to offset this, Buick gives you tiptoe-pressure hydraulic brakes that shut down like four velvet-coated hands of steel.

Take control: this beautifully poised car doesn't weave, roll or even tire-squeal taking curves, and there's polo pony obedience in its instant answer to your lightest touch on the steering wheel.

Take stability: it's a road-hugging level traveler, steady as an aviator's eyes; you ride over a chassis with the firm solidity of a battleship's keel—and under the stout protective canopy of Fisher Body's seamless solid steel "Turret Top."

Indeed, in this cyclonic performer every provision has been made for safety except one; we cannot build a car to increase the speed of the driver's reflexes or to sharpen the accuracy of his driving judgment.

So we're not mentioning the Century's top-speed, but it's something to soft-pedal—remember that, and let your good sense and prudence say "when" to the speedometer needle.

We can say, however, that the car is safe as you are—and more than that no car can be.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

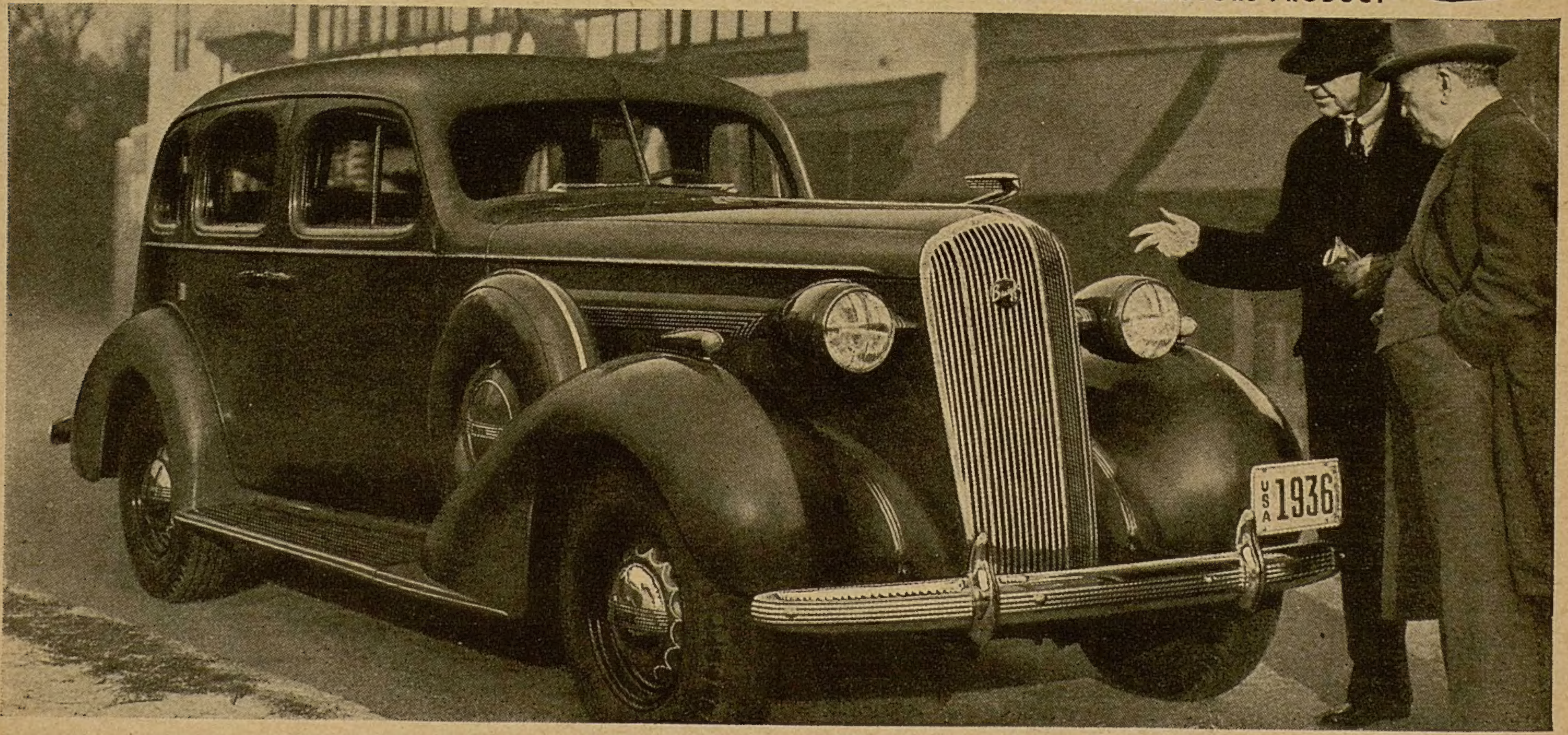
Ask about the new GMAC
6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN
Compare Buick's low delivered prices and low monthly payments

$765

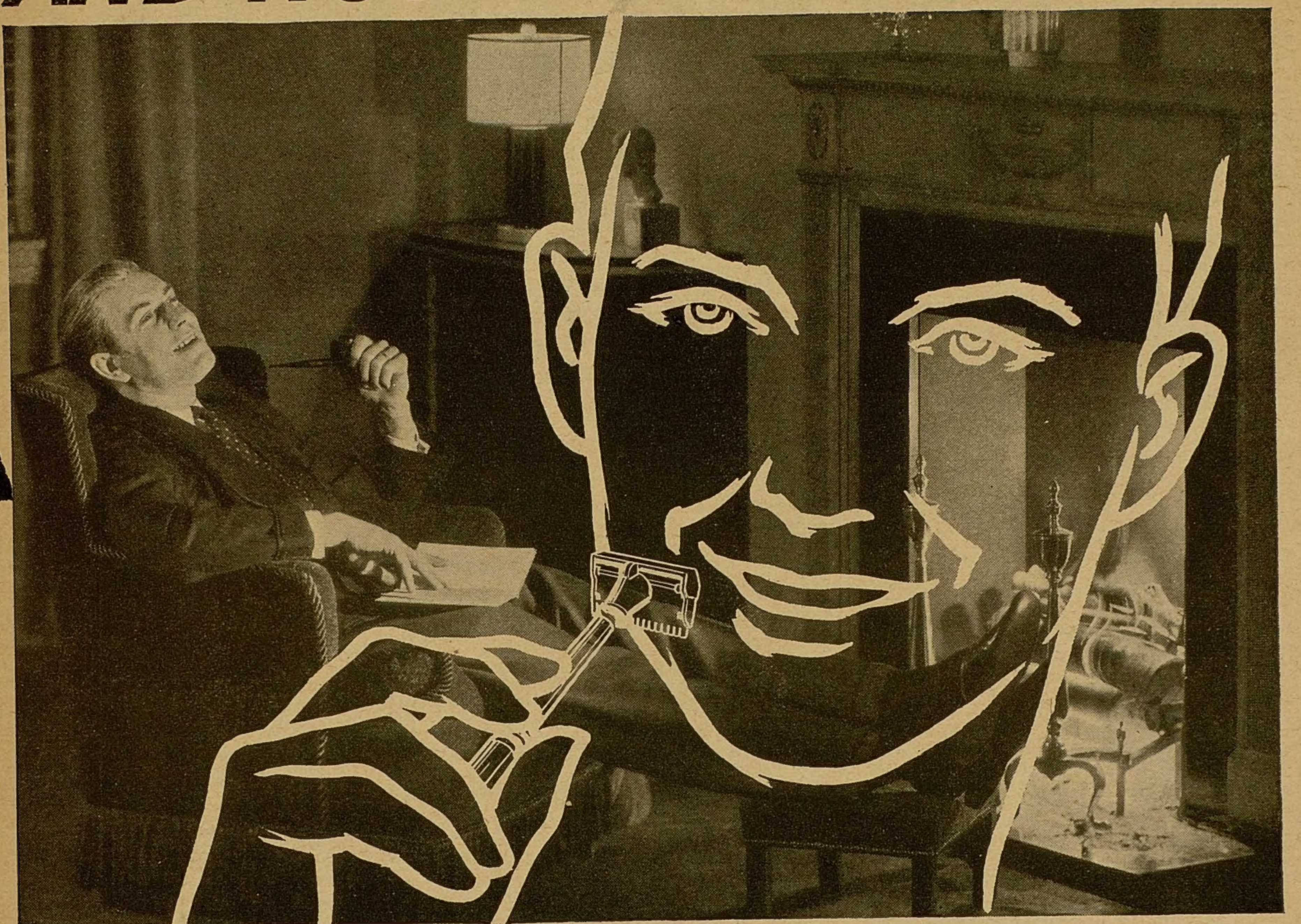
to $1945 are the list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment

Buick 8

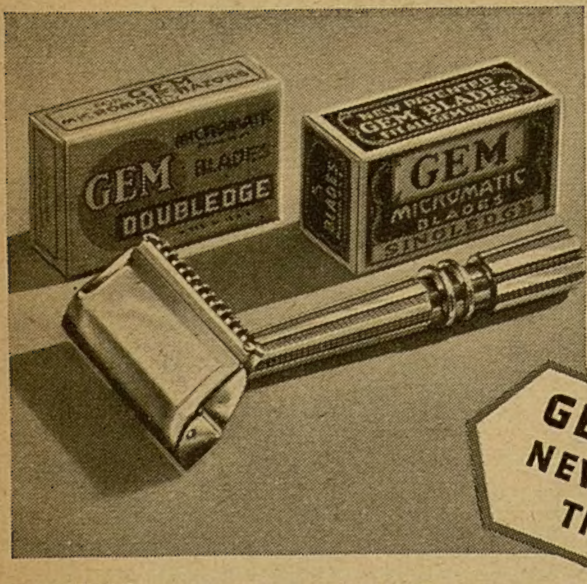
A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT



AND NOW



Effortless SHAVING



GEM BLADES NEVER IRRITATE THE FACE!

● Suppose you could pick up your razor and shave away your whiskers *without feeling them go*. This Effortless Shave is now made possible by Gem discoveries.

We've perfected a razor that absolutely duplicates the barber's long, gliding stroke. Instead of fussy, little chin-chafing strokes which irritate the skin, Gem's beveled top compels the blade to float gently through the whiskers. It fits the face—automatically giving you the correct shaving angle. No guesswork—no experimenting—no double-crossing to pick up topped hairs—Gem removes all stubble at the base.

Dual-Alignment (Gem patent) locks the blade at five points, holds it rigid, enables you to use far keener edges than were ever before considered practical.

And Gem provides these super-keen edges. Made of 50% thicker surgical steel, Gem Blades are stropped 4840 times. A whole series of inspections insures that only perfect, guaranteed edges reach you.

Treat your chin to Effortless Shaves. All dealers sell the Gem Micromatic Razor and 5 blades in a magnificent case for $1.00.

SPECIAL TO DOUBTERS:—

So confident are we that Gem will improve your shaves that we make a below-cost offer. For 25¢ and our coupon we will send you a test outfit consisting of a handsome gold-plated Gem Razor ($1.00 regularly) with a single- and double-edged blade.

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SPECIAL OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.,
Dept. L32, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

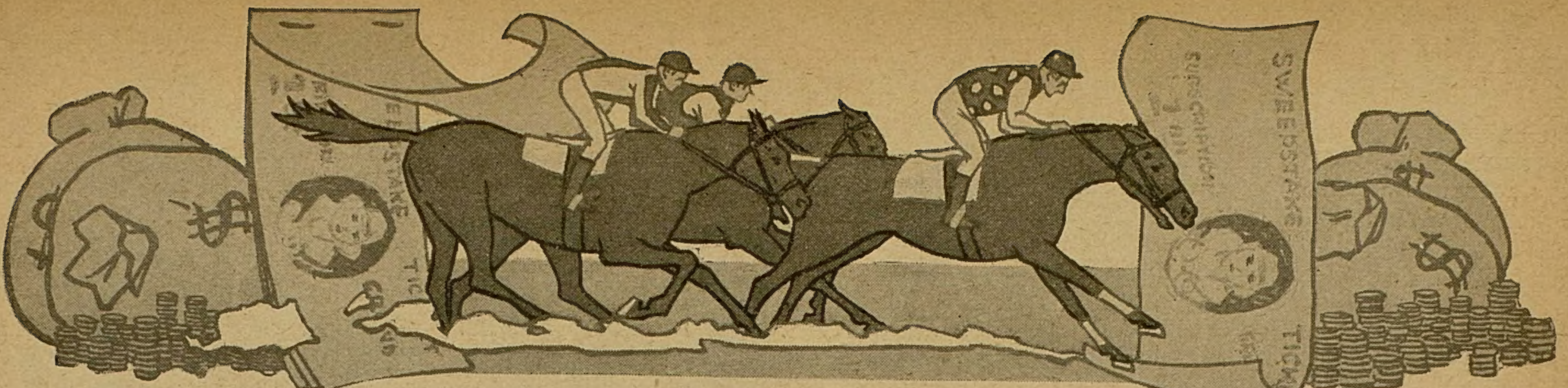
PRINT NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY__________STATE__________

MICROMATIC

GEM *Razor and Blades*



SWEEPSTAKES RICHES

Does Calamity Follow in Their Train? Liberty Wanted to Know—and Here Are the Facts About What Some Fabulous Winners Have Done with Their Money

by WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

FOR five years the Irish government lottery—the Irish Sweepstakes—has been scattering riches, rather sparsely, through the United States. It is an illegal proceeding among us, but tolerated. From the viewpoint of many, it is also an unmoral proceeding. But never mind that; this article concerns itself with facts, not ethics. Janitors, mechanics, stenographers, telephone girls have gone to work as usual on Tuesday, wondering how they could make both ends meet, and waked on Wednesday, after a hectic day of publicity, to realize that they were rich.

Soft money, this—two or three dollars risked to win from $30,000 to $150,000.

Easy come, easy go, we have been taught. When a man gets something for nothing, he begins to go to pieces. Having no experience with big money, he is bound to spend it foolishly. The news has done nothing to break down that idea. There were the Daughertys of Brooklyn, who won $75,000 and swung immediately into a violent three-cornered row, between father and two sons, over the rightful ownership of the money. There was that fortunate and unfortunate young woman of New Jersey who won $50,000 and was two years later declared mentally unsound. There was a youth of London who, the cables informed us, won more than $200,000 and had lost it all two years later—the sporting life and blue-sky investments. But one swallow does not make a summer, and news deals mostly with sin and disaster. Were these cases typical? I started in cold blood to find out.

To run down every American winner of the Irish or Canadian lottery would be a task for all the king's horses and all the king's G-men. But I have run down two dozen or so, mostly in New England. And the net results—well, judge for yourself.

Let me begin with a modest stroke of luck—a widow who won $30,000 in the Canadian Sweepstakes. When the reporters and cameramen came to break the glad news, they found her in a pleasant little cottage with lawn and shrubbery. She had two daughters, both schoolteachers in the suburb of Boston where she lived, and one son, a business man in the Middle West. She had a small income of her own, and got along simply and nicely.

Two years later a reporter for the Boston Transcript ran her down—with difficulty. For her name was no longer in the telephone book and she had moved to an apartment where the janitor had orders to seem ignorant of her existence. She refused to be interviewed until the reporter promised to print neither her name nor her address. The solicitors, beggars, and cranks had made life in their isolated cottage not only miserable but, for an elderly lady, a little dangerous.

As for the money, it had arrived during the school vacation. She had traded in their old low-priced car for a current model of the same make. Then she and her daughters motored to her son's home in Ohio. Returned, she set aside the money to pay income taxes and invested the rest in an insurance annuity. "It makes things easier for us," she said, "but I miss my garden!"

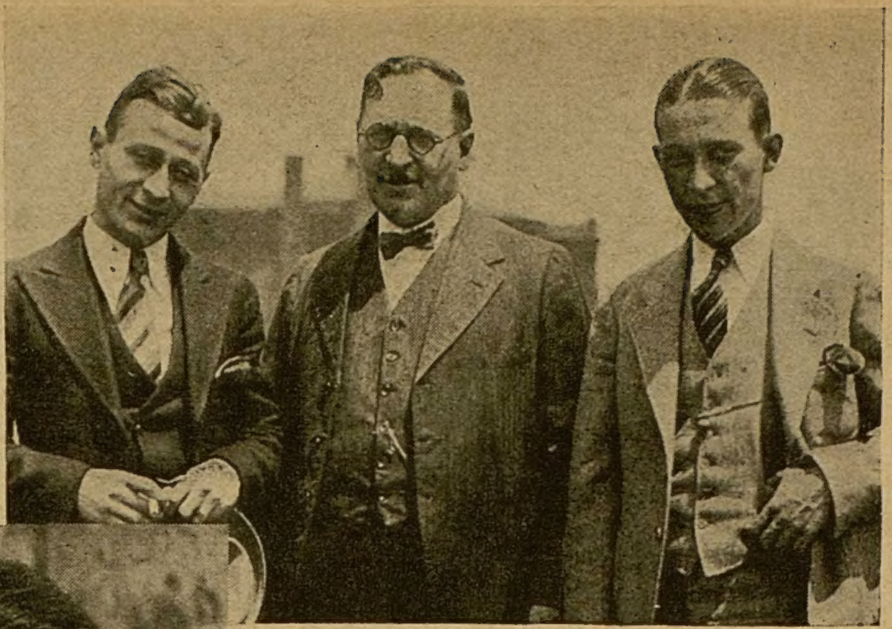
Julius Kreuzer of Boston, employee in a chemical factory, was born in Germany, emigrated in his youth to the United States, and had been a naturalized citizen for twenty years when, in 1933, he won $135,000 in the Irish Sweepstakes. By the time he settled with Uncle Sam this sum had shrunk to $82,000. A week after he received the news, he loaded his family on to a liner and sailed for Ireland to collect in person. Most of the winners seem to do that.

The Kreuzers stayed abroad long enough to visit the old home in Germany. When they returned, he bought a house in the suburbs. The rest of the money he invested in a milk-distribution business and in stocks and bonds. He operated the business at a profit until 1935, when he sold it, also at a profit. "Have you as much money now as the day you paid the income taxes on your winnings?" I asked. "More!" he replied emphatically.

Louise M. Popp was a telephone girl in New York. When she won $118,000, and reporters rained down upon her, she announced that she liked her job and proposed to stay with it unless fired. "Applesauce!" remarked the press. And when, a few days later, she was missing from the office, her associates said, "I told you so!" But she was merely taking a leave of absence. The newspapers had published not only her business address but photographs of her presentable face and figure. Young men and old who felt that they could not live without her began calling at the office, along with salesmen for stocks and bonds. Her employers advised her to disappear for a few weeks.

She returned tanned and cheerful to resume where she left off. She is still on the job. She parries all impertinent inquiries about her disposal of the money, but her associates say that she used some of it to make her dependents comfortable, and invested the rest on sound, disinterested advice.

The case of James Kaminski and John Kubicki has its unusual features. Kaminski was an elderly Polish-American who worked as a carpenter in a Boston railroad yard. In the shop appeared one day a peddler of tickets for the Irish Sweepstakes. Kaminski wanted none of them, but—according to his own story—he happened to mention the matter to his friend Kubicki, who worked as a farm hand.



A winning ticket for the Daughertys of Brooklyn brought on a family row.

Kubicki thought he'd like to take a chance; would Kaminski buy a ticket for him? Kaminski did; but when he came to deliver it, Kubicki had changed his mind. Kaminski tried to unload the ticket on to his associates in the shop. He failed. Disgusted, he chucked it into a bureau drawer, and had almost forgotten the matter when the newspapers blazed on their front pages an announcement that Kubicki had won $137,000 in the Irish Sweepstakes.

Mrs. Emelie Lenz, a laborer's wife, spent some of her money traveling.

That night Kaminski saw a lawyer. Next day Kubicki followed suit. The lawyers found that the matter was as tangled as a case in Chancery. The Irish Sweepstakes pays the person whose name is registered on the books as owner of the winning ticket; and that, in this case, was Kubicki. It was doubtful, however, if the transaction could be completed without delivery of the ticket. Probably they would have to fight it out in the Irish courts. At this point both parties decided to do the sensible thing and divide the money—$68,500 apiece, less income taxes.

Joseph Kennedy took his $150,000 and returned to his native Jamaica.

Two years later, I learned that Kaminski lived at the same old address in a huddled street of Dorchester. Hastening to the spot, I found a plump, benevolent-faced man with an enormous mustache sitting on the front steps of a house whose painted, varnished, spick-and-span appearance made it stand out among shabby neighbors. When I asked if James Kaminski lived there, he replied that he did, motioned to the bell, and slid unobtrusively round the corner. I had to come back twice before I cornered him and forced him to admit that he was James Kaminski in person.

At the moment when he won in the Sweepstakes he was on the spot financially. During boom days he had invested the savings of a lifetime in that three-story house, intending to live on the ground floor and rent the rest. To swing the deal, he found it necessary to mortgage the place heavily. He expected to pay the interest and amortize the principal out of the rents. But the hard times came. Tenants moved out or could not pay. He ran behind on the interest. Also, he could not afford repairs. Steadily the place was running down.

When the money came, Kaminski cleared away the mortgage, settled arrears in taxes, and made the house as good as new—better, for he installed bathtubs and modern plumbing. "And now it's all rented."

There was some money left over. He invested that in more rentable real estate, which he himself put into shape during a leave of absence from the railroad yards—for he keeps his job. Mr. Kaminski was secretive on only one point—the whereabouts of Kubicki, his co-winner. Mr. Kaminski couldn't say just where he was living. But had Kubicki held on to his money? "You're dead right he has!" answered Mr. Kaminski.

The Kopp family probably ran into another kink in the rules. They were struggling along with a little candy store in Brooklyn when Simon, the oldest son, bought a ticket in the Irish Sweepstakes. He won $150,000. The Kopps had always been ardent Zionists. This stroke of luck would enable them to go to Palestine and live as persons of wealth and consequence. They sold the business and started, intending to stop off at Dublin and collect the money.

There they must have encountered a hitch. Simon was only nineteen years old. When one buys a ticket in the Irish Sweepstakes, he must announce his age. If a minor wins, the Irish Free State holds the money in trust for him until he is twenty-one. At any rate, the family went on from Ireland to Tel Aviv, Palestine, settled, and arranged to get on somehow until Simon comes of age.

William H. Sweet is a fisherman at venerable Marblehead. He lives in the house of his father and grandfather. He himself is in his sixties. Of summers, he nets fish or traps lobsters; of winters, he makes or mends lobster pots for others. When he won $51,112 in the Canadian Sweepstakes, he told the press that he intended to put the money into the bank and that otherwise he proposed to keep his mouth shut. And a Yankee who decides to shut his mouth makes the silence of outer space sound like the Democratic Convention. All Marblehead knows, even yet, is that he lives on the same scale as before and continues to fish and to mend lobster pots. Rumor has it that he gave some of the money to other fishermen caught by the hard times, and that the rest is in the bank to take care of his wife in case he dies first.

The most unusual American story of the Irish Sweepstakes, however, is that of Joseph S. Kennedy. By blood and nationality he is a Jamaican Negro. In 1931 he came to the United States, leaving his wife and children on

The merry Merringers. A stranger gave Mr. Merringer, a chef, the lucky ticket.

Miss Louise Popp won $118,000 and hundreds of proposals of marriage.

Peter Dolan quit his job and invested his winnings in annuities.

the island. He nearly starved before he landed himself as furnaceman and choreman in a Boston charitable institution. Save as he might, he could never get together enough money to bring his family on from Jamaica. But he did spare the price of a ticket on the Irish Sweepstakes.

When Kennedy's ticket was drawn agents of betting syndicates besieged him with offers to buy it. "Thanks, but I plays the game straight through," said Mr. Kennedy. When his horse won, bringing him $150,000, he had hysterics. Reporters, visiting his home for a second-day story, found his door guarded by an able-bodied and surly person who yielded neither admission nor information. The tabloids, jumping to a natural conclusion, announced that he had hired a bodyguard because gangsters were pursuing him. Mr. Kennedy issued no denials.

Two years later the full story came out. Mr. Kennedy had gone straight to a lawyer for advice. And he got it straight. He was legally a resident of Jamaica and a British subject. If the Irish government sent his winnings in the form of a draft, and he refrained from cashing or depositing it until he reached his native soil, he need pay only a Jamaican tax. Mr. Kennedy, living behind a locked door, was only waiting for the draft. When it arrived, the newspapers had forgotten him.

Putting the precious slip of paper into an inside pocket, he eased across the border into Canada and sailed forthwith for Jamaica. He bought himself a home, productive real estate, and interest in a big plantation. His investments benefited from the return of prosperity to the whole British Empire. A Bostonian who ran across him at Kingston in 1935 sent home word that his current income was estimated at $500 a month or more, and that he passed among his own race as the magnate of the island.

Judging from the winners, a majority of the people who buy tickets in these sweepstakes in the United States are immigrants. Often, as in Kennedy's case, they go back to the old home, collecting in Ireland on the way. Thomas Hogan belongs to this class. A young unmarried Irish laborer at the Boston Army Base, he played on a Gaelic football team, and loved the game better than anything else in life. When he won $55,000 he remarked that he could now find time to train right; his job had hitherto stood in the way. On second thought, he reflected that they played Gaelic football much better in Ireland. So he sailed home, bought a farm, and at last accounts had made the county team.

Let us hurry over a few less interesting cases. Mrs. Emelie Lenz, wife of a laborer in a Long Island town, in 1934 won $150,000. Mr. and Mrs. Lenz went to Ireland to collect, did a little traveling on the Continent, returned, settled with Uncle Sam, bought securities, and propose to live on the yield.

The same horse brought $150,000 to Peter Dolan, employed by the Dock Department of New York City. He quit his job. A newspaper, looking him up a year later, quoted him as saying that he had put his winnings "into annuities and other safe investments."

Mrs. Susan Ahrenhold, seventy years old, resident in the Bronx, New York, was ill when she won $50,000. Her husband, of equal age, was beyond his working years. They were living on scant savings and were behind in their bills, especially that of the doctor. Mrs. Ahrenhold cleared the slate and put the rest into annuities.

The case of Margaret Merringer, who lives in Queens, New York, begins like an old-fashioned fairy tale. Her husband is a chef, and an artist at his trade. One day the fairy godfather appeared and ordered *Hasenpfeffer.* He liked the dish so much that he ate another portion. Then he called for the chef. When Mr. Merringer arrived, the stranger—who never gave his name—handed him two tickets on the Irish Sweepstakes as a tip. Merringer gave them to his wife. She had them registered in her name. And she won $153,000. The story ends with the old familiar snapper—"invested in securities."

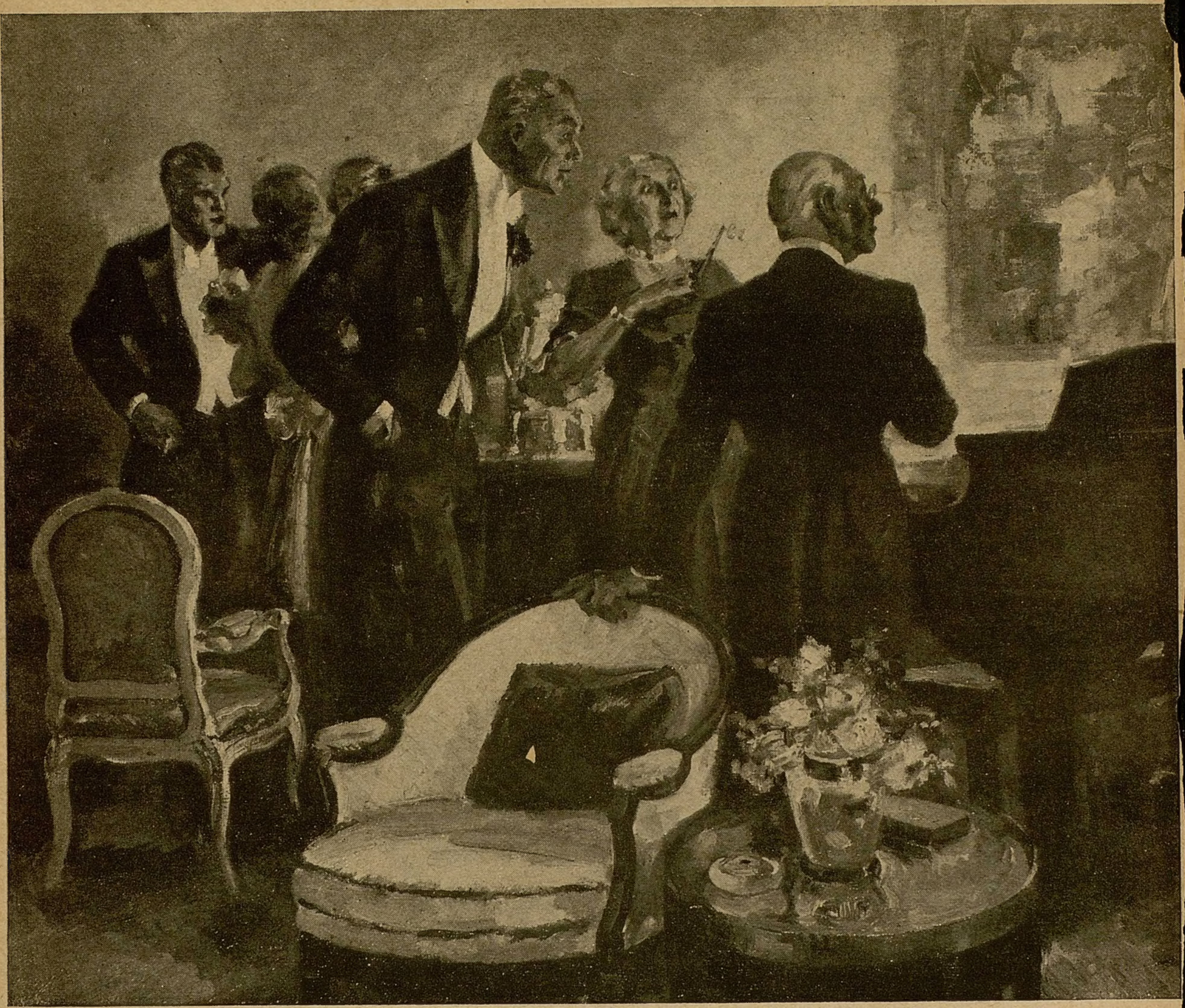
Patrick Coleman and Ralph Mazzerella, both married men with families, were porters in the basement of a Boston department store. They bought jointly a ticket in the Sweepstakes. It won them $37,500 apiece. Coleman took his family to Ireland and collected there. Mazzerella bought a low-priced car and toured the East for a month. Both returned to the job, where they are yet. Asked what they have done with the rest of the money, they both reply, "Banked it for the wife and kids."

And so on—I spare the reader any more cases. They all point the same moral or immoral. I do not presume to say whether buying lottery tickets is moral or immoral. I will say that it is not the most productive form of gambling. Only one purchaser out of several hundred thousand wins such prizes as I have cited here. Further, the public has spent millions on spurious tickets.

However, if the data here collected be typical, there is a moral aside from the right or wrong of gambling. This craze for sweepstakes tickets has raged during the depression. Had it occurred in the wild days of 1926-29, I suspect that we should have a different story to tell—money squandered on dissipation, moonshine stocks. These results point to a new mood in the American people. By their stable and sensible bearing through the depression, Americans have already proved that they can stand adversity. These instances go to prove that they can now stand prosperity also.

THE END

AS GAY AND LIVELY A LOVE STORY AS YOU ARE LIKELY TO FIND—OF A PRINCE



Mrs. Moulton stopped and forgot to close her mouth. The prince couldn't see why. The lady was striking

IF Mrs. Feversham Moulton had had eyes in the back of her head she probably wouldn't have been so complacent as she glanced around at her assembled guests. If she could have seen what the prince was staring at so intently over her shoulder, she wouldn't have smiled so coyly at him while she spoke to the bishop.

"I'm putting dear Victoria beside Feodor at dinner, you know!" she said, blandly innocent. "I'm sure they'll love each other!"

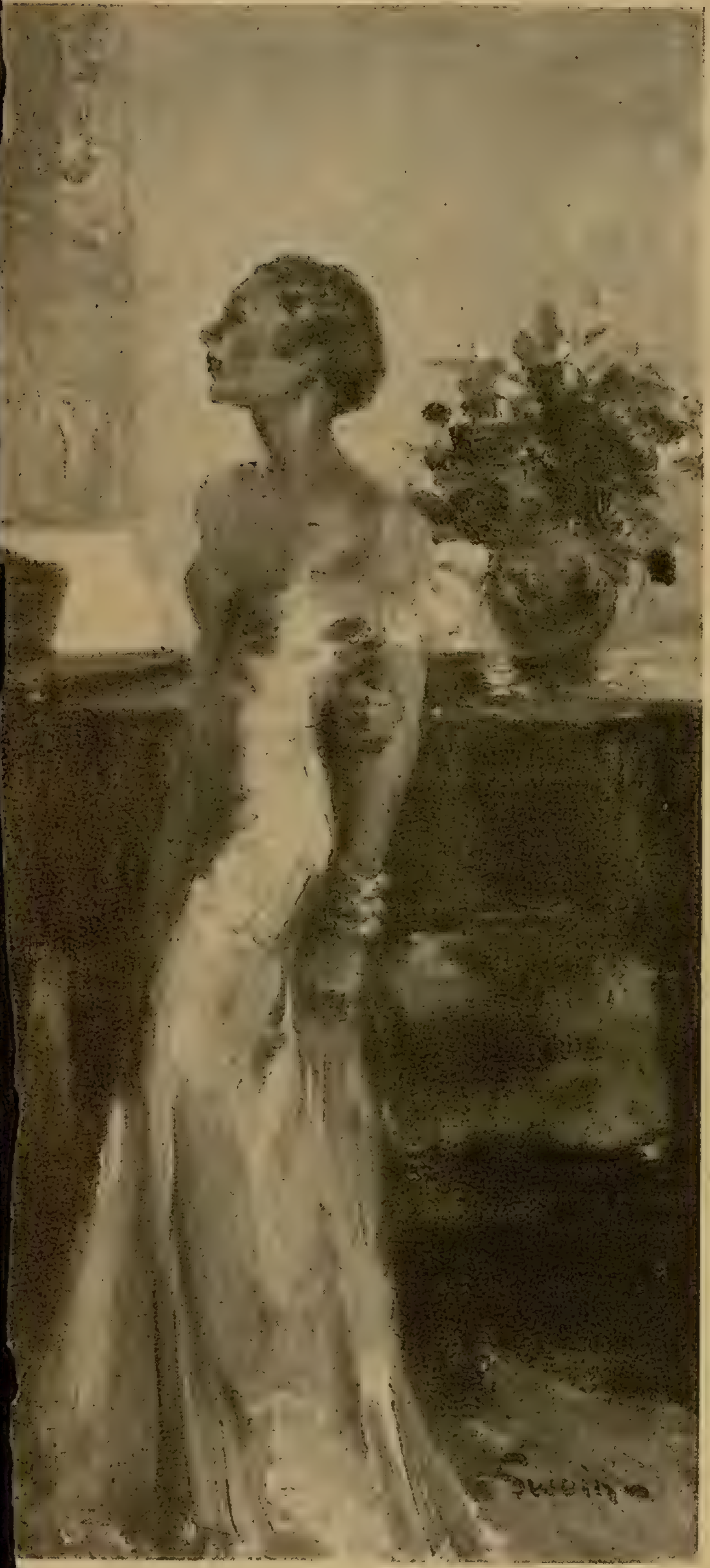
"Victoria?" The bishop frowned a little. "Next to the prince? H-m-m!" He didn't think much of the idea, but, remembering the quiet invisibility of his orphan niece, he supposed it would be all right. It must be all right, for didn't Mrs. Moulton have the prince staked out for her daughter Frances? "Yes," he concluded, giving his hostess his famous mischievous-martyr smile, "I'm sure they'll love one another!"

"Yes," the prince murmured absently. Then, still staring, he asked, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Moulton, but who is the lady who has just come in? I don't believe I've met her."

"Why, it must be Vic—" Mrs. Moulton began, turning around at the same time as the bishop. She stopped in the middle of the word and forgot to close her mouth. Also, her eyes goggled and her face turned a shade of purple that did not go well with the lavender of her dress. She looked, decided the guest of honor, almost as unattractive as the bishop, who was having precisely the same reactions in addition to a horrible choking noise in his throat.

The prince couldn't see why. The lady was striking but certainly not horror-striking. A golden girl in not very much of an attractive golden gown. A small girl with creamy skin in a gown whose hard brilliance exhibited and emphasized the softness of her own delicate curves. Gold sandals on pale-gold naked feet with straight toes. And heavy gold bracelets on an arm that looked too young and sweetly incapable to carry their weight. And gold in the lovely brown hair, an elusive thread of it through the coronet braids. And—he had been sure of it even before he could see them—brown-gold eyes, big and darkly lashed.

HO WAS AFRAID OF GIRLS AND A LITTLE BROWN BOOKWORM'S AWAKENING



t certainly not horror-striking.

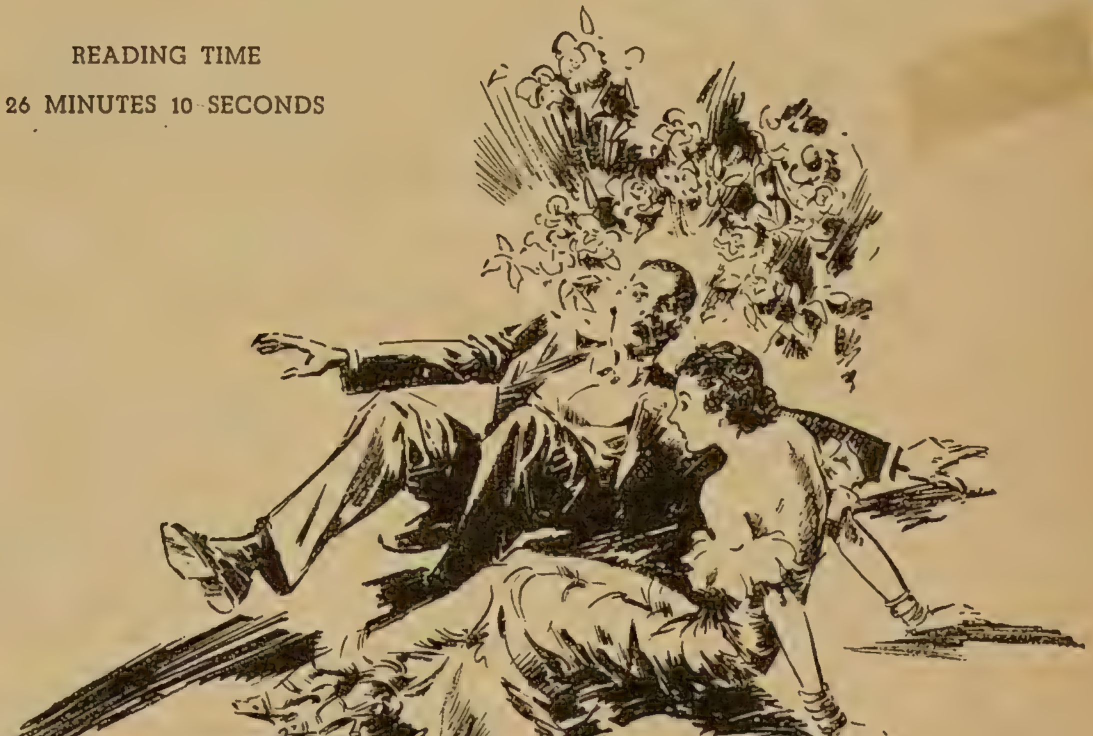
This ONE BRIGHT Night

by

PETER PAUL O'MARA

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

READING TIME
26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



Mrs. Moulton remembered her long line of well-bred ancestors and gallantly controlled her impulse to tear the clothes off Victoria when that young lady halted in front of her.

"Am I late, Mrs. Moulton?" she asked in a whisper. "I'm so sorry!" She turned to the bishop, looking, the prince thought, nervous but proud. "How do you do, Uncle James?"

Uncle James's voice was still not quite under control, "How do you do, Victoria?"

He hoped he sounded more in sorrow than in anger.

"Late, dear?" Mrs. Moulton gurgled. "Of course not! You're just in time!" She was thinking: Oh, the little snip! The nasty deceitful little hypocrite! Pretending to be a little brown schoolteacher that nobody ever notices, and look what she turns into! A regular what-you-may-call-it! A such-and-such!

"Victoria," said the bishop, fighting hard to remember his reputation for broad-mindedness and social poise, "may I have a word with you? You'll excuse us, Mrs. Moulton? Prince Feodor?"

He put Victoria's hand over his arm, thus giving them a chance to notice that her fingernails were gilded to match her gown, and went with her into one of the deserted window bays.

“Victoria! I must—”

“Oh, please, Uncle James!” she interrupted, her voice unsteady. “Please don't scold me! If you do, I'll cry, and then what will people think? I told Aunt Marion you wouldn't like this gown, but she insisted that you would and—”

“Don't call that woman ‘aunt’! So this is her work, is it? And she said I'd like it?”

“But she *is* my aunt! She's my Uncle Thompson's wife. All I wanted was a pair of stockings; but she didn't have any brown ones to go with my brown-lace dress, so she made me wear this whole ensemble instead of my own things. She said—”

“She said I'd like it! The—” The bishop spluttered in a successful attempt not to say the only word he could think of. “Spite—that's what it is! Spite! She wanted to get even with me! That's what comes from your Uncle Thompson having married his secretary! She knew it would mortify me to have my own niece, a teacher in my own school, my own ward, appear in a disgraceful costume like that!”

Victoria glanced down at her own person, then hurriedly glanced away again, blushing more at the rebellious thought that in her own opinion she looked rather nice than at the sight of herself. “I didn't want to come, but Aunt—I mean, Marion—drove me here herself,” she admitted miserably. “Don't you think that perhaps I ought to go home now? Could I, please?”

The bishop considered this proposal for a moment, and then, regretfully, shook his head. “No; I'm afraid you'll have to stay, now you're here. But I'm going to have a talk with brother Thompson about this in the morning. And this evening you had better attract as little attention to yourself as possible. You can leave very soon after dinner. And be careful to discourage any of these fortune hunters that may be deceived by your costume into thinking that you are a—a—a woman of no standards!”

Walking back toward their hostess and the prince, Victoria held her head high, trying to ignore the various scandalized or admiring glances she was receiving. In another moment she knew that she was going to sink through the floor with shame. Or faint, perhaps. Or, at the least, burst into tears.

The prince didn't know about the tears or the shame. To him, she looked as cold as she was lovely. And completely uninterested in him. That was nice. That was very nice. He was afraid of women, especially beautiful women, and most especially beautiful women who showed any interest in him. Miss Daly didn't.

“Miss Daly?” he repeated after his hostess. “How nice! Mrs. Moulton says we are neighbors at dinner!”

“I suppose we should leave you two to get acquainted!” Mrs. Moulton capitulated gracefully, and then, spoiling the grace, added venomously, “My dear, you really should have worn your glasses! Vanity doesn't pay in such things. I'm sure you can't see a thing without them!”

SHE glided away with the bishop, and Victoria turned her puzzled gaze on the prince. “But I can!” she protested. “Perfectly well. I only need them for reading, really.”

“Like myself,” he informed her, smiling. “I must wear glasses to read also. But I get headaches anyway. It's a dreadful bother. But I just had the lenses changed, so it can't be that!”

Victoria looked at him carefully for the first time, in the same manner as she sometimes looked at some of the boys in the Bishop's School, wondering if their bad work was not caused by some physical deficiency. She noticed his slight squint, enlarged pupils, and slightly frowning forehead. At the same time, inadvertently, she noticed that he was tall and slightly stooped, and that his blond hair was silky and had a wide wave that no one could call a curl. Also, that he had sensitive, kindly lips, and that he looked very shy—and nice.

“The new lenses can't fit very well,” she informed him. “Or else you should wear your glasses all the time!”

“I'll have them looked at when I get back to London!”

“It's wrong to wait—your eyes look dreadfully strained! Why don't you try Dr. Schmeller? He's really good.”

She was as stern with him as she sometimes was with her students when she thought they weren't taking care of their health. He was delighted. It was a long time since anybody had been stern with him. He felt a sinking sensation—not sinking, either, but distinctly a flutter—in his stomach. Before dinner, too. It couldn't be indigestion.

Going in to dinner, they clung to each other for mutual aid and comfort. The prince was afraid of Mrs. Moulton, whom he suspected of an ulterior motive called Frances. Victoria was afraid of everybody, but mostly of Mrs. Moulton's left-hand neighbor, who glared at her silently but continually, reminding her that her costume was a disgrace to the way he had brought her up, to the cloth he wore, and to their family name of Daly. Victoria, trying to avoid those accusing eyes, talked desperately to the prince.

THEY found things to talk about. Eyes, for instance. You can find lots of interesting things to say about eyes. And eyes lead to doctors. And doctors to Vienna. And Vienna to the fact that Victoria had never been abroad. She didn't tell the prince that the uncles had decided that abroad wouldn't be good for her—so many girls of rich family met such unscrupulous people in Europe—and, worse, married them, thus giving the unscrupulous ones a toe hold in the vicinity of good American fortunes.

In a little while, unconsciously, they began to really enjoy their conversation. The prince forgot Mrs. Moulton, and Victoria forgot her uncle, her gown, her hair, and her lipstick. It took her a long time to realize that she was talking to another adult as though he might be interested in what she had to say. When at last she did notice it, she was forced unbelievingly to decide that he really was interested. He was a very nice young man and not at all frightening. And he had a mind. Victoria looked at him wonderingly. Something exploded inside her.

But Mrs. Moulton wasn't enjoying their conversation. Twice she had spoken to the prince and he hadn't heard her. At last, goaded beyond endurance, she none too gently pinched his arm.

“Feodor! Dear boy!” Her voice was as sweet as prussic acid.

The dear boy grunted with pain—the sharp red nails of a dowager being no more of a joke in their application than they are in their appearance—and turned to face her so abruptly that she forgot what she was going to say. However, her tongue had been long conditioned to automatic reflex action.

“What do you think of American women, Feodor?”

Feodor winced—it was the thirty-second time for that question in eleven days—and then he smiled, reflecting that this was the first time he had anything important to answer.

“In essential things, madame,” he replied, “there is not much difference between the women of one nation and of another.” He turned back to Victoria. “But between individual women of all nations there is sometimes all the difference between the divine”—he smiled at Victoria, bowed, and politely turned back to his hostess to finish his sentence—“and the almost subhuman!”

He paid no further attention to Mrs. Moulton, who said “Well!” in a strangled voice, wondering if his remark could possibly have meant what it sounded as though it meant.

Victoria was wondering the same thing. When she finally succeeded in wringing all the implications out of Feodor's words, a blush began at her toes and worked upward to drown itself under her confused eyelashes and among the roots of her hair. The prince was so enchanted by it and so confused by having caused it that he blushed too. “But I mean it!” he reiterated firmly.

“Don't be silly!” Victoria ordered, trying to sound severe. But she didn't feel severe. She felt odd. After all, she thought, rebelling against her early training, why shouldn't he be silly if he wants? It's everybody's inalienable right to be silly occasionally, and a prince is, basically, not much different from other men. He has his rights, too. This is a free country!

"I'm not silly!" the prince defended himself, leaning forward to see her better and blinking rapidly and joyously.

He looked very solemn and nice—he was really handsome, in a confused sort of way. Victoria giggled, because she was nervous, because she was happy, and for reasons so involved that for the moment they eluded her. And when Victoria giggled she wrinkled up her little nose, caught her underlip with tiny even teeth, and produced slight but unmistakable quivers of her shoulders.

The prince noticed all these things and was enchanted. "Do you know," he asked, "you remind me much of my Aunt Anastasia?"

Victoria flushed again, but painfully. Even if one is thirty, one doesn't care to go around reminding nice young men of aunts named Anastasia!

"Do I?" she asked, keeping her unhappy eyes cast down.

"You do!" he insisted happily. "For instance, I just now noticed those little freckles on your nose that show up when you laugh, just like hers!"

Dragging her freckles into it like that, on top of the aunt! Victoria thought her heart would break as she remembered how much time and effort she had spent vainly on those freckles when she was a young girl. She had had to work in secret, too, because the uncles resented any effort to improve the Lord's handiwork.

"SHE told me once," the prince continued, innocent of the havoc he was playing, "that those freckles used to make her weep when she was a *jeune fille*. It wasn't until after she married Ladcaster that she realized they weren't unattractive. I think they're beautiful!" He smiled shyly. "Like yours!"

Ladcaster? Victoria's heart temporarily suspended breaking and stood nervously in a corner, waiting for more information.

"Ladcaster?" she asked urgently. "You mean— You're not *her* nephew? Not—" Her eyes pleaded with him to say he was.

"But of course!" he assured her. "And she is wonderful! You will adore one another when you meet! I know you will!"

Ladcaster! Victoria scarcely heard what he was saying. The famous, infamous, beautiful, brilliant, adored Duchess of Ladcaster! So that was the Aunt Anastasia he thought she was like!

"Oh, dear!" said Victoria limply. She repeated, "Oh, dear!"

When dinner was over, there was dancing. Feodor, being a well-bred young man, went to offer his first dance to the hostess, armed with the intention of hurrying back to Victoria. But Mrs. Moulton, when she was finished with him, handed him over to her daughter, and Frances

Paul wins the ring and the Girl
EXIT
ED, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ALONE A MINUTE
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DITCHING YOUR BOY FRIEND?
PAUL'S NO FRIEND OF MINE! MY FRIENDS DON'T HAVE BAD BREATH!
NEXT DAY — Ed gives Paul a tip
MY DENTIST SAYS THAT'S STRAIGHT— COLGATE'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH
Dentists say: "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH"
COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR BREATH SWEETER
THANKS FOR THE TIP, ED

AT THE NEXT OUTING
YOU TWO GO ON! PAUL'S GOING TO CATCH A BRASS RING FOR ME
AND I HOPE A GOLD RING, TOO!
THANKS TO COLGATE'S

BOY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH ...AND MY TEETH NEVER LOOKED SO BRIGHT!

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

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MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

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Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

handed him to no one whom she could not trust to return him heart-whole and undamaged at the end of one dance. The prince was unhappy but helpless. He was that kind of man when it came to determined women. Unhappy. But helpless.

Waiting for him, Victoria had a ready supply of partners—a state of affairs which did not surprise her, despite the fact that it had never happened to her before, even at her own debut. She simply danced with them tonight and paid no further attention to them, not caring how she piqued their curiosity and their vanity. She was waiting for Feodor.

A newborn intuition told her that he was doing his best to return to her. The same sense made her want to get savage with Mrs. Moulton, who was keeping them apart.

She was dancing with the bishop when the crisis came. He was well known as the best dancer of all the bishops of his denomination on the whole of Long Island, but at the moment he was paying more attention to his blood pressure than to his feet.

"Victoria!" he rumbled. "I must say that I don't care for your actions this evening! Appearing in those awful clothes, and then running after this foreign fortune hunter in such a shameless manner! You had better go home right now. I'll—"

Six women had pushed the prince into a corner and were trying to break his spirit by looking clever and talking at him in chorus. Victoria broke away from her uncle's solid embrace.

"Excuse me!" she said in an absent voice. He stared after her, looking as though one of his own pastors had bitten him.

Dreamily, in her glittering gown, she walked through the dancers, who cleared a path for her regal progress. When she reached the group of women surrounding her objective, she waded through them and put her hand on his arm.

"Feodor," she said calmly, "I promised to show you the garden. I'm so sorry I'm late! Have you been bored?" She turned and led him through the flabbergasted enemy. "Excuse us, Mrs. Moulton? I was telling Feodor about your lovely early roses!"

They went out through one of the French windows. Victoria in a daze at her own temerity, and Feodor stumbling awkwardly, too lost in admiration of her to notice where he was going. Imagine that! he thought, astonished. A little girl like her putting that crowd of prehistoric monsters to rout. Imagine!

"They were asking me about entomology," he confessed.

"Entomology? You?" Victoria looked startled. "Why?"

"Ever since that stupid newspaper let out a week ago that I worked under the name of Robert Thomas, all I've done is answer silly questions about insects for people who don't really care!"

"Robert Thomas!" Victoria came to a full stop and gazed at him. "Are you that Prince Taliarknitz? Are you Robert Thomas?"

"That's my entomological name," he confessed apologetically.

"You wrote Hymenopterous Apoidea?"

"I did."

"Oh!" Victoria looked stunned and awed. "Oh!"

Feodor was worried. "What's—what's the matter? Didn't you like it? Did you read it?"

"Like it?" Victoria breathed. "Like it! It's the loveliest book! I read every word of it!"

"Lovely," applied to a scientific treatise of weighty content, was a new adjective to the prince. "Did you agree with my reclassifications?" he asked tentatively.

"Agree with them? They all sounded so exactly right! Of course I don't know a thing about them. But I loved the pictures! It all reminded me so much of my father!"

"Your father?" Feodor was startled.

"Yes." Victoria smiled a little painfully at the memories the word evoked. "He was an entomologist, too. Jeffry Daly!"

"Jeffry Daly!" he exclaimed reverently. "Are you Jeffry Daly's daughter?"

Victoria nodded proudly. "Yes," she admitted.

"My heavens! The great Daly! It seems impossible!" The prince ran his fingers through his hair and stared at her with respect. "He's become so much of a god in our line that one scarcely thinks of his ever having been really alive!"

"He and my mother went down on the Titanic," she said simply. "Is he really so famous now? I wasn't sure! You see, I don't meet many entomologists!"

Enthusiastically he launched into a description of her father's work and its lasting importance. It took about an hour in the telling, and she listened entranced all the while. They might have talked longer if they hadn't heard Mrs. Moulton calling.

"Oh, Feodor! Victoria!" Her voice sounded terrifying.

"Victoria!" That was the bishop's pulpit roar.

Victoria and the prince looked at each other in dismay.

"Don't you have another name?" he asked finally.

"My father used to call me Merrily when I was little. Silly!"

"Merrily! It's not silly! It's you. Merrily! Lovely!"

Heavy footsteps approached them, and Feodor jumped to his feet.

"They're coming looking for us! Let's hide! Quickly!" Obediently Victoria followed him; but she hesi-

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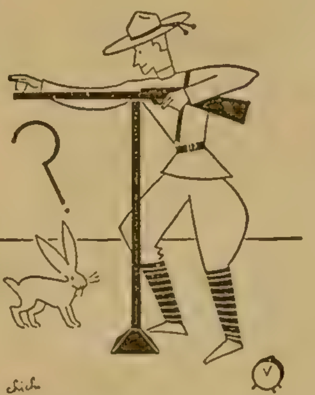
Not one in a thousand KNOWS . . .

Shoot a Bullet; Drop a Bullet. They Hit the Ground at the Same Time!

by E. G. CONKLIN



THOUGH how you can actually prove it is more than I can tell you. If you had plenty of scientific apparatus, you could; but since you haven't, you will have to take my word for it!

It's absolutely true, though, provided that you do your shooting under strictly fair conditions.

Say you're standing in the middle of a wide flat Iowa plain, or some place where the ground is absolutely level.

And, further, you have your gun so fixed that it is equally level—with no tilt up or down whatsoever. Next, be sure the two bullets—the one in the gun and the one in your hand—are the same kind of bullets. No wind should be blowing—or not much, at least; and be absolutely sure that you hold the bullet in your hand at *exactly* the same distance above the ground as the barrel of the gun.

All right. Now—one—two—three—*shoot and drop!*

And even though you cannot see the shot bullet land, you can swear on a stack of Bibles that that bullet hit earth at exactly the same split second as did the bullet you dropped from your hand!

Perhaps it doesn't sound true—but a lot of scientific facts are hard to believe only because we have never personally had a chance to study and observe them.

In the case of these bullets, the pull of gravity, which is what makes the bullet fall from your hand to the ground, has an identically strong effect upon the bullet you shot. And though the latter may travel hundreds or even thousands of yards *horizontally*, due to the muzzle velocity the explosive substance in the gun gave it, still it falls to earth *vertically* just as fast as the one you dropped.

A very simple fact—but rather hard to believe!

tated when he tried to pull her down into a crouching position between a hedge and some rosebushes. It seemed a little undignified.

"Come on down! They'll be here in a minute!"

Reluctant but thrilled, she obeyed.

"Merrily!" His whisper was soft and decidedly nervous. "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Don't be silly!" Victoria-Merrily returned, startled.

"But do you?" he insisted.

"I—I—I suppose so, sometimes. Yes."

"So do I, now. Because I'm in love with you."

"Feodor! Don't be silly!" His hand on her arm prevented her from rising. That and a guilty desire to hear some more.

"I'm not silly. Do you love me, Merrily?" She was too agitated to notice that his voice was frightened and hopeful and pleading.

"But I just met you tonight!"

VICTORIA tried to make herself remember the duty she owed the uncles. But, oddly, she found her mind darting back through the years since her adored and faintly remembered parents had died; remembering the loneliness; the elderly female who had taken her to and from the university daily to scare away undesirable companions. And apparently all companions were undesirable. She was just finding out what she had missed then.

"But you just said you believed in love at first sight!" Feodor reminded her. "Do you love me, Merrily? Please!"

"Oh, dear! I—I—"

"You do! You do, don't you?"

She had to shut him up. The footsteps were getting dangerously close. "I—I suppose so. Yes, I do! Oh, Feodor, stop! They'll hear you!"

It's hard to kiss a girl when the two of you are crouching between a hedge and some prize rosebushes. It takes practice, which is what Feodor lacked completely. And the night's events had already made their knees unsteady. Anyway, Feodor didn't stop when he was told to do so, and his lack of restraint invited catastrophe. They tottered and fell backward into the prize bushes of early roses.

"Well!" said Mrs. Moulton, peering at them. "Well!"

Her remarks were repeated verbatim by her companions—Uncle James, two elderly females, and Frances. Feodor and Victoria looked up at them silently. There wasn't very much they could say.

"Victoria!" The bishop cleared his throat. "I—"

But Victoria, one coronet braid hanging down her neck and the other over her left eye, fled, leaving them to fight it out. She was laughing heartily to herself as she ran.

Feodor tried to follow, but before he could get to his feet he was surrounded by four females and a bishop, all indignant. . . .

At eleven the next morning Vic-

If you had X-Ray Eyes

you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

Be sure the laxative YOU take is correctly timed

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking and jolting your system. No wonder its violent action leaves you weak and exhausted.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains. Drastic purgatives should be employed only upon the advice of a doctor.

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When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And the effects are thorough and complete, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

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toria was requested to visit her Uncle Thompson's study. She had been expecting it nervously all morning, and she started to obey at once. And then, halfway down the stairs, she changed her mind.

She smiled to herself with grim satisfaction when she found her aunt's room unoccupied. As she crossed to the wardrobe she stripped off her sensible brown-linen dress. She didn't waste time, because she knew what she wanted. She had seen it on Marion—a snug golden-orange suit with a little Robin Hood hat to match. And a touch of make-up. Since she wasn't going out, she wouldn't need the hat, but it gave her a feeling of gay—or gallant—defiance which she would probably need.

When she got downstairs the uncles were together, which was portentous, as they hadn't spoken since Thompson's marriage.

"Victoria!" Uncle Thompson opened fire. "Your Uncle James has been telling me about your conduct last evening!"

Victoria looked at the bishop. "You're a—a"—she fished successfully for a word the boys at school used—"a squealer!"

"Victoria!"

"Yes, Uncle Thompson?"

"Don't be vulgar! Who was this young man?"

"Oh, just a young man I took a fancy to. Why?"

"Do you carry on like that with every young man you fancy? James says he's a Russian. A prince."

"Not every young man, uncle. About every third. He may be a Russian. Prince Taliarknitz."

"Fortune hunter!" sneered the bishop. "He wants to marry you?"

Victoria's face whitened with pain. They were probably right, but there was no need to say it. He must have been after money. Or he must have been drunk or sick. It couldn't be her. But, oh, not Feodor! Not Feodor! Her pain changed to anger at the two men who wouldn't leave her just that one bright evening to herself. After all, that's all there was to it. There couldn't be any more. One evening in a lifetime of evenings!

"Marry me? I don't believe so. It was all very casual!"

"Casual!" the uncles spluttered in mechanical horror. They were patently relieved at her disclaim of marital intentions.

"And, Victoria," Uncle Thompson continued, more kindly now that his principal fear was allayed, "James tells me that your gown last evening was almost—ah—indecent!"

"Uncle James has an eye for indecencies. It was a nice gown!"

"Don't be impudent, Victoria! I forbid you to wear it again! And I don't like the one you have on, either."

"Don't you? Sorry, but they're both Aunt Marion's!"

THE confusion of Uncle Thompson and the badly hidden satisfaction of Uncle James, who had deliberately led his brother into this trap, might have brought the conversation to an end right there if one of the maids hadn't entered the room.

"A gentleman to see Miss Daly!" she announced, pop-eyed with surprise. "Prince—" She hesitated. "Well, here's his card!"

Victoria took it without looking at it. She was pale and she felt giddy. "Tell him I'm out, Jane!" she stammered whisperingly. She saw the uncles' acquiescent smirks. She changed her mind. "No, Jane. Ask him to wait for me in the little library."

Jane, open-mouthed, waited for something else to happen.

"Bring him in here, Jane!" Uncle Thompson contradicted.

"No, Jane!" Victoria implored. "Tell him— Oh, don't go!"

"Show him in, Jane!" the bishop barked. "Remain, Victoria!"

Jane went and Victoria remained. In a moment Jane returned with the prince and then departed as fast as she could go.

Feodor came straight to Victoria, paying no attention to any one else. He caught her two hands and blinked joyously at her.

"Merrily! Where did you go? When I got rid of those old asses, I looked for you, but I couldn't find you anywhere!"

"I—"

"Never mind! I've found you now, and you are just as I remembered you. I didn't believe you could be, but you are!"

"Am I? Am— Oh, I'm glad!"

"You're glad? Sweet! Are you ready? Shall we go?"

They started to leave, but they were halted by an elephantine trumpet from Uncle Thompson. Victoria had forgotten about the uncles. "Victoria! Young man! What does this mean?"

"Oh, yes!" she recollected unhappily. "Feodor, this is my Uncle Thompson. You've met Uncle James."

Feodor began to say something polite, but Uncle Thompson roared angrily: "Where are you two going?"

FEODOR came down to earth. He was not used to being roared at. Despite his amiable nature, it made him angry. His grandfather had struck a crown prince of Russia once for roaring at him.

"Sir," he replied coldly, "that depends on Merrily. She must decide whether we lunch before we get married, or whether we get married before we lunch. I prefer the latter plan."

Uncle Thompson sat down heavily. The bishop gaped. Victoria whispered, "Oh, no, Feodor!" and turned very white.

The bishop found his voice: "Impossible! I forbid it!"

Feodor raised his eyebrows coldly. "Why?"

"They think," Victoria said bravely, "you're a fortune hunter. Are you? No, don't tell me, after all. It doesn't matter!"

"Fortune?" Feodor asked, surprised. "Whose fortune?"

"Mine."

"Do you have a fortune?"

Victoria nodded sadly. "I've got a fifty-thousand-dollar trust fund my father left me."

"You sweet!" Feodor laughed gently and put his arm around her shoulders. "Fifty thousand dollars! Ten thousand pounds?" He laughed again. "Well, well! You can use that to buy dresses like that one and the one you wore last night. Would you mind living in Devon? I've got a house there. A nice house. Comfortable. And I'll teach you to help me with my work. Like that? Coming?"

They went out of the room arm in arm, smiling at each other with mutual satisfaction.

"I'm thirty!" announced Victoria.

"I'm thirty-four," the prince returned.

Probably because she knew she never could, she continued in her effort to disillusion him: "But I'm not really attractive! It's just these clothes, and they're Marion's. And the make-up."

Feodor stopped, took her in his arms and kissed her. "An attractive frame, darling," he said seriously, "can't make a picture beautiful, but it can make a beautiful picture lovelier than ever!" He kissed her again. His kisses improved with practice.

They were in Feodor's car, ready to start, when the uncles recovered sufficiently to follow them.

"Victoria!" shouted Uncle Thompson, waving his arms frantically from the top step.

"Victoria!" roared Uncle James, straining his lovely pulpit voice. "Come back at once and be a good girl!"

Victoria—now and for all time Merrily—looked back at them and remembered the twenty-two years she had spent under their thumbs, since her parents died, being a good girl. At that moment she came to the high point of her rebellion. She giggled, wrinkling her small nose.

"For all I care," she replied meticulously and loudly, "you may both go"—she paused a second to shiver at her own temerity—"to hell! Feodor and I are going to City Hall!"

THE END

$2,000 IN CASH PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD PUZZLERS!

PUZZLE NO. 1 IS ON THE COVER!

YOU CAN WIN ONE OF THESE!

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

2. To compete, solve each puzzle as it appears, and save them all until you have a complete set of ten.

3. It is not necessary to clip the puzzle from the magazine. Tracing will be acceptable if accurate and legible.

4. When you have all ten solutions, send them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than seventy-five words on the subject, The Story, Article, or Feature in Liberty I Have Enjoyed Most During My Participation in This Contest, and Why.

5. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best and awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on that basis, prizes will be awarded to the next best 222 entries. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Statements of preference will be rated on the basis of clarity and convincingness.

7. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORD EDITOR, LIBERTY MAGAZINE, P. O. BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before Friday, June 12, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

9. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

ONLY TEN PUZZLES TO BE SOLVED AND 223 BIG CASH PRIZES TO BE AWARDED YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT!

COME on, crossworders! It's your turn now. Liberty is going to pay you $2,000 in substantial cash prizes. You members of the crosswording fraternity have been mighty patient waiting for the contest schedule to swing around to your favorite sport once more. Here is the reward!

This begins a ten-week contest with 223 cash premiums to be puzzled for. It's a challenge as well as a reward! Will you be among the winners? Can you capture one of the 223 awards? Your chance to win is excellent. Will you make the most of it? Just imagine the thrill of winning the $500 First Prize!

The rules are brief and simple. Read them over before you start to solve the puzzle which appears on the cover of this issue. Note that no answers are to be submitted until you have a complete set of ten. Also please note that it is not necessary to clip the puzzles unless you wish to do so. Copy or trace them if you wish.

ABOUT LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

No answers to contest puzzles will be published during the contest. However, if you solved last week's puzzle and wish to compare it with the correct solution, you will find the answer on page 26 of this issue.

WATCH FOR PUZZLE NO. 2 OF THIS SERIES NEXT WEEK

WHY JACK BENNY

ENTERTAINER

The Surprising Story of a Young Man from Waukegan and a $400,000-a-Year Trick

by FREDERICK L.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHO would have thought that Mayer Kubelsky's little boy Benny would become the world's highest salaried entertainer?

Not Mayer! He was a haberdasher himself, and a jolly earnest one. But he was broad-minded. He didn't insist on Benny's taking up haberdashery. In fact, when son Kubelsky—left to mind the store—fell asleep and let a phony customer steal eleven pairs of pants, he handed the boy a monkey wrench.

"Plumbing," he said, "is a good business too."

Certainly the pedagogues of Waukegan, Illinois, saw no promising future for Benny, for they fired him before he had completed his second year in high school. He was more interested in the theater, they said, than he was in the pursuit of learning.

Nor was the Waukegan theater manager especially impressed when little Benny came looking for a job. He had taken violin lessons since he was six. At fourteen, his rendition of Home, Sweet Home was a knockout. But when he applied at the local theater for a job, the best he could get was doorman. It was weeks before he reached the orchestra pit. Then the theater folded up. "I didn't have anything to do with it," Benny still insists.

When Benny—both he and Mayer insist the name was Jack, Jack Kubelsky, but I like Benny Kubelsky better!—suggested going on the vaudeville stage with his fiddle, Mayer's blood got up. All actors, he insisted, were bums, and all actresses were immoral.

But Benny or Jack—or Jack Benny, as he now called himself—formed an orchestra of his own, played for dances all over Lake County, and finally landed a week's booking with his boys in the Opera House at Racine. They stayed twenty weeks. Then that theater folded up too.

Undismayed, Jack formed a partnership with a piano thumper named Woods. Benny and Woods toured the small time for four years. High point was an engagement at the old Kedzie Theater in Chicago.

When the war came along, Jack enlisted in the navy—and landed in the entertainment department, with headquarters in Illinois. There he was expected to play Love in Bloom, or whatever his favorite tune was at that time, to a lot of gobs in training at the Great Lakes Naval Station. The idea was to get contributions to something or other. Jack played. Faint applause but no coins. Pat O'Brien, out in front, said, "For God's sake, *talk!*"

Benny didn't throw away his fiddle, but he did stick it under his arm instead of under his chin.

"I was having an argument with Pat O'Brien this morning," he began, "about the Irish navy—"

The coins began to fall. The violin, with a few notable and chiefly private exceptions, has stayed under the arm ever since. Jack still feels that this was a major calamity—but for the last three years he has been voted the most popular comedian of the air.

For the last two years his program has been chosen the outstanding radio program of the country.

The 1936 vote wasn't close enough to be a contest. Two hundred and thirty-nine radio editors throughout the United States and Canada took part in the voting under the auspices of the New York World-Telegram. Counting three points for first choice, two for second, and one for third, the results were:

Jack Benny	240
Rudy Vallee & Co.	91
Fred Allen	90
Major Bowes's Amateur Hour	85
Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians	53

Benny's weekly pay envelope for his Sunday-evening half-hour on the air is admittedly more than $6,000; probably $7,500. He gets $100,000 every time he makes a motion picture. Whenever he wants to pick up a little extra change, he can make personal appearances indefinitely at $5,000 a week.

The combined weekly take sometimes exceeds $20,000.

It isn't all profit, of course. But even two years ago he is said to have turned down extra work because it would take him out of the $400,000 *net* income class.

But why should all this happen to Benny? What has he got that others haven't got?

Well, the answer didn't stand out during his first years of trouping as a vaudeville single act. He found the road to the Palace in New York a fairly rough one. And once he had arrived there, he died the death. In a week he was back in Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, and Altoona. Then he met the champion of champions.

"Why don't you try New York?" asked Dempsey.

"I did!" he said. "And flopped all over Broadway."

"So did I," said Dempsey, "twice. But I went back and licked 'em. And so can you."

Benny tried it again. He was a wow. It wasn't long before he was heading the bill at the Palace. With Lou Holtz, he established a record for vaudeville longevity at one house.

Even so, Jack Benny was just another vaudeville headliner. Meanwhile, however, he had formed a nontheatrical alliance. In Vancouver, about 1923, the Marx Brothers came into his life. They and he were playing the same theater. One night after the show, Zeppo Marx, who was always the promoter—he is now a Hollywood agent—invited Jack to visit some people named Marks, who had a marriageable daughter named Florence and a twelve-year-old child named Sadye. The latter, under the name of Mary Livingstone, is now Jack's wife and favorite stooge.

Seven years passed, and Sadye had become a lingerie buyer for a Los Angeles emporium. She had also become engaged to a local youth, and was leisurely shopping for her trousseau when an invitation for a visit came from her sister, who had married and was living in Chicago.

Sister met her at the train. So did Benny. He quickly persuaded her that she was too young to marry anybody but him. That was Monday. They were married Friday in Waukegan.

Meanwhile, in 1928, when Benny was master-of-ceremonying at the Orpheum in Los Angeles, Louis B. Mayer saw him, and decided he was just what Metro needed for The Hollywood Revue of 1929. He was. Directly after the preview, Mayer signed him to a long-time contract.

IS THE HIGHEST-PAID in the WORLD

COLLINS

N.B.C. photo

Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, his wife and favorite stooge.

Under this contract Benny made Chasing Rainbows, with Bessie Love and Charlie King; then, about a year later, The Medicine Man. He might have loafed around Hollywood, making a picture now and then, for another couple of years at $1,500 a week, but he was getting restless. He was used to working every day. So he went back to Broadway as head man in Earl Carroll's Vanities, and afterward took a try at radio.

It was a very tentative try, that first experience on the air in 1932. Columnist Ed Sullivan needed a " voice " in his act. Jack volunteered "for one night only." A sponsor heard the voice and liked it. Within a week Jack signed his first thirteen weeks' contract as a radio star. And that's what he has been ever since.

He has never wholly given up his first love, the stage. And the movies continue to fascinate him. He went out to Hollywood a couple of years ago, and did Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round with Nancy Carroll. Last year he tried again as the keyhole-peeking Broadway columnist in Broadway Melody of 1936. Dramatically, this was the best role he had yet had —but the sparkling feet of Eleanor Powell danced away with the picture.

M-G-M was delighted, however, with Benny's work. But after making one more picture, In the Air, he took to the road, and made more money in a few weeks than most movie stars make in a year.

The first—and Mary, his wife, thinks the greatest—thing that radio did for Jack Benny was to give him a chance to have a home of his own. Mary—whom her husband calls Doll—hated trouping, and still does. Her main interest is in a home; and Jack seized the first opportunity to give her what she wanted, in New York. They took a three-room-and-kitchenette apartment overlooking Central Park; and, in spite of their mounting fortune, they're in it yet.

IN Hollywood the Bennys rented Bill Powell's old house on Walden Drive. But there were no real signs of " going Hollywood." Jack liked the place—especially the climate. He called it " June in January." But he is glad to be home. So is Mary. So, presumably, is adopted daughter Joan, who is at the age when she prefers New York styles in bibs.

Mornings, Jack works over his scripts. Afternoons in the summer, he plays golf; afternoons in winter, he goes down to the Friars and talks about it. Mornings, afternoons, *and* evenings, he smokes the longest and fattest ten-cent cigars he can buy.

In short, Jack Benny is folksy. When he says, " Hello, folks," we know he means it. When he has finished, he isn't going out to a uniformed chauffeur in an elegant limousine and say, "The Ritz, James." He is going to say, " Come on, Doll, let's go home."

This genuineness is a primary reason for his hold on his public and for his amazing earning power. A Benny broadcast is, after all, a triumph of personality. Although the glibbest of gagsters, he doesn't depend for his laughs wholly on gags. He deals in human situations. And he knows that an audience's sympathy always goes out to the underdog.

Most radio comedians are always on top, always riding the boys below them. They ask all the questions, and know all the answers. Benny lets the other fellow tell the answers—and nine times out of ten they leave him, the star, out on the limb. Jack seems to suffer when the joke turns against him, and we suffer with him—and he is the only radio comedian about whom we feel that way.

He is much more subtle than other comedians in many of his appeals for sympathy. That Love in Bloom sequence, for example, when Jack would try to play his favorite tune on his violin, and Mary and Don and Frank wouldn't let him. Knowing Benny's thwarted ambition to be a violin virtuoso, which had been played up plenty in the ballyhoo, strong men and brave women broke down and wept. Thousands of Americans will go to their graves sorry for Jack Benny because he wasn't allowed to play Love in Bloom.

That's it—the sympathy gag. And Benny is its master.

Flo Ziegfeld glorified the American girl, but it remained for Jack Benny to glorify the American stooge.

It's a great trick, a $400,000-a-year trick. Nobody has topped it yet.

THE END

She Was Just an Old Steam Roller, but There's Joy in This Tale of Her Riotous Rumble on the Road to Romance

Our Nell

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE men in the world may be divided roughly into two great groups: (1) Those on whose vests a good woman is irresistibly impelled to sew the missing button; and (2) the others. Kim Drake belonged to the first class. I am told by those in a position to know that as early as the age of eight months there was something about the nonchalance of Kim's sartorial ensemble, something in the engaging smile on his homely pan, that made women of all ages drop to their knees on sight and fold him in. By the time we were in college, it came to be quite a familiar spectacle during house-party week ends to see some hard-bitten prom trotter ranging through the Sig house, Kim's vest in hand, looking for a needle and thread.

In fact, about the only woman of Kim's acquaintance who had never got protective concerning Kim was Mary Sherman, and, as you might expect, she was the only one he fell for. Not that there is any mystery in that. There isn't time to go into detail, so I will merely say if Helen of Troy's face launched a thousand ships, Mary Sherman's could have got twice that many down the ways.

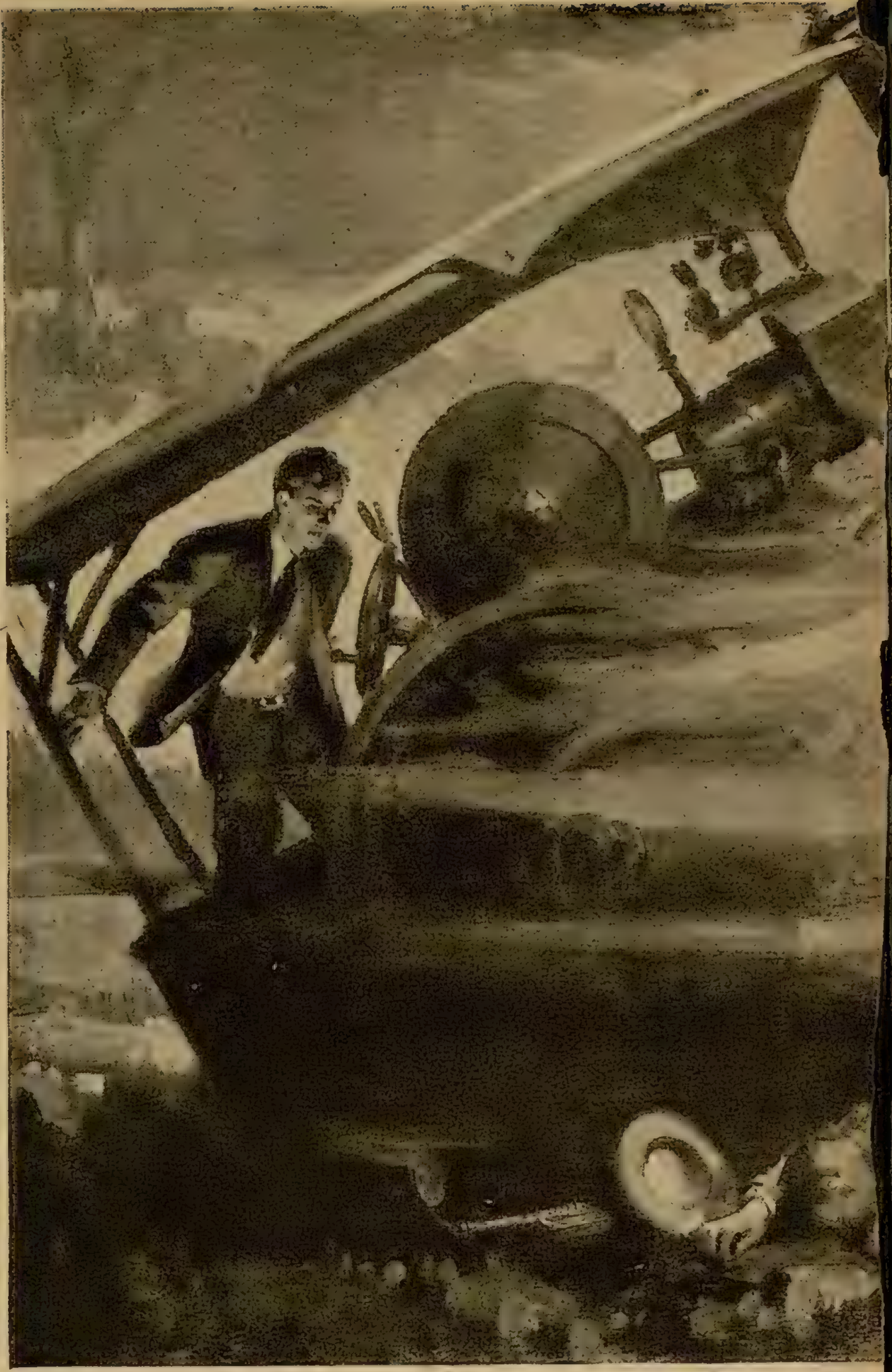
The summer after we got out of college we were in Brazewick, and Kim was working in the Drake Construction Company, which was owned by old Kimberley Drake, his uncle. He was getting hardly anything a week, but he knew he was his uncle's favorite heir, so he did not worry about the future. He lost very little time asking Mary to marry him.

"But," said Mary, "how would we live?"

"Why," Kim says, "I have my job to get started on, and in the course of time I will come into seven or eight million smackers on which we can fight our way hand in hand to success."

"If I love a man," Mary replied, her blue eyes flashing and her chin becoming firm in a decorative manner, "I do not care how little money he has."

This threw Kim for a slight loss, although probably a lady reader will see nothing but the soundest logic in these two remarks.



Four of the mob were rolling on the ground. They ha

"I see," Kim said finally, frowning. "You don't love me, then."

"I didn't say that," Mary said indignantly.

This made it even tougher for Kim.

"Well," he said after a while, "I guess I just don't understand—"

Mary smiled and put her hand on his arm.

"Don't you see, Kim?" she said. "It isn't just the money. When a woman marries a man, she wants to respect as well as love him. Your uncle worked hard for his money, and you certainly won't deserve much credit just for inheriting it. I like a man who works up from nothing."

Kim had no trouble with that one.

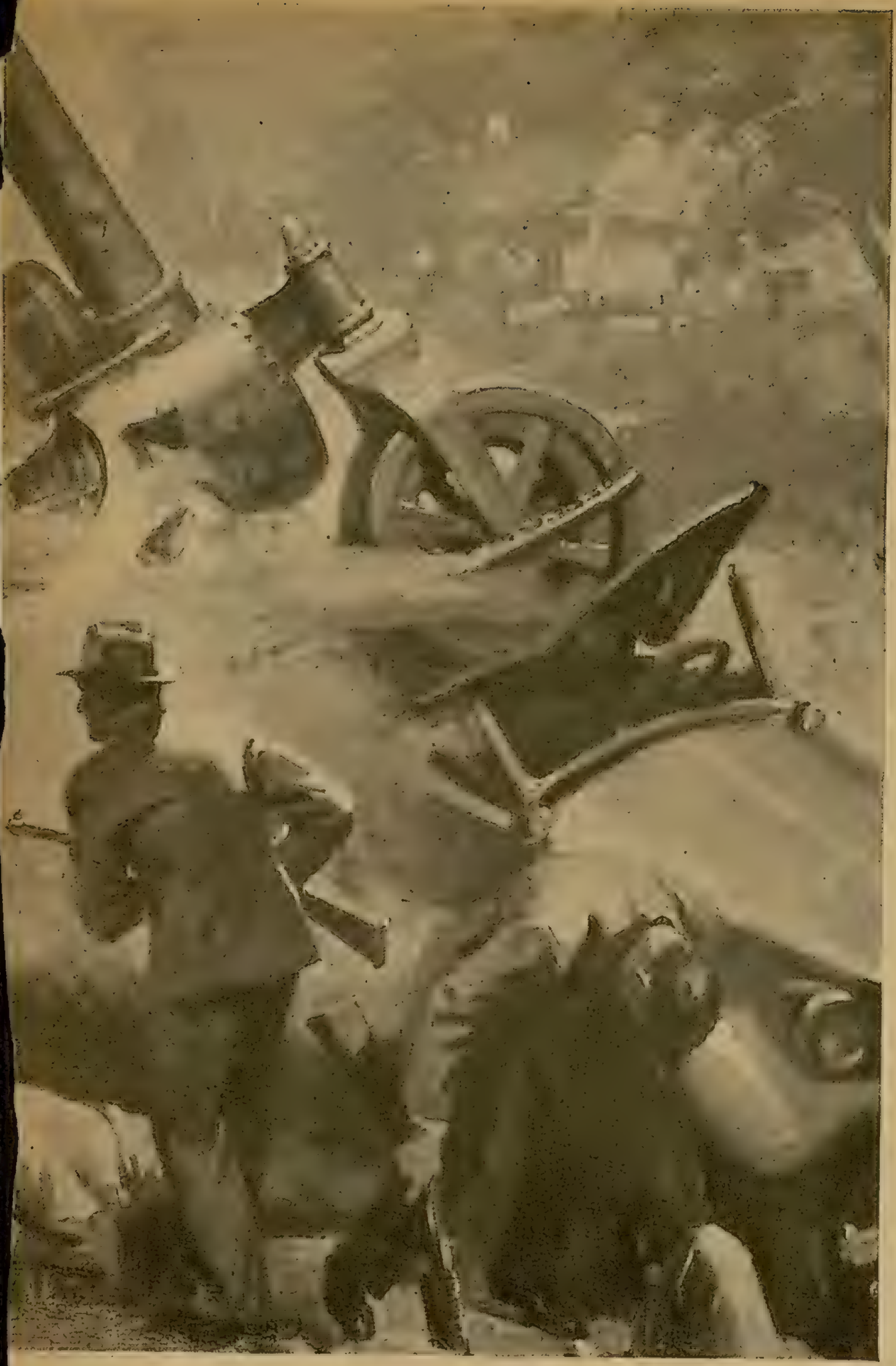
"Oh," he said, "I see. Dale Kennedy."

"At any rate," Mary returned with dignity, "Dale worked for everything he has."

This Dale Kennedy was a local citizen, a bit older than Kim and I, who had risen to the general managership of the Drake Company from a job as Uncle Kim's office boy. Furthermore, he was distinctly the compelling type. He was not as big as Kim—few people are, if it comes to that—but he was dark and glossy in a well bred way, and absolutely crawling with mystery. It was in his deep-set eyes, his smile, his voice; while Kim, though one of the world's finest, was not much more mysterious than a road map of the Great American Desert. Dale could talk a gal dizzy and make her thirst for more, whereas Kim's

by HERBERT DALMAS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG



got scalded. Fulton was inching around with a gun.

procedure in social chitchat was to look slightly stuffed and to contribute an occasional "Uh—yes" or "Heh-heh" to the community of ideas.

One night, about a week after this, Dale called Kim on the telephone and invited him to a masquerade party at the club.

"And I wonder," Dale said, "if you would co-operate with me to make the thing a real masquerade. I am asking every one to keep his costume a complete secret until the party. Do you mind?"

Kim didn't mind, his chief interest being to ask Mary to go with him. But it turned out Dale had already asked her.

Kim made probably the most effective entrance in history when he showed up at that party. He was dressed as Little Eva, with long golden curls and a frilly little red dress that came about one third of the way to his knees.

The principal reason that he got over so big, though, was that he was the only one in costume. Everybody else was in the usual evening attire, with the gents very correct in dinner pants and white jackets.

Kim just stood there kind of dazed while the throng collapsed in glee at the sight. After a while I saw a light in Kim's eyes, and I began to worry for Dale, because Kim did not collect two light-heavyweight intercollegiate titles for anything at all except bouncing a good many contemporaries around various rings. But Dale was too smart to let the merriment get out of hand.

He stepped up and shook Kim's hand, saying that he just couldn't help getting a prank like that off his chest every so often, and he hoped Kim would take it in good part. Kim hesitated, and Dale said, Come, come, he mustn't take it so seriously. Besides, Dale said, he had a favor to ask. He unfortunately would be detained after the party and would Kim be able to escort Mary home? Kim would have forgiven an attempt at murder after that, and Mary said she would wait right there for him while he went home and changed his clothes.

So Kim barged happily away, and when he got about five miles from town his car went dead. It was some little time before he thought of looking at his gas tank and found it had been drained except for just enough to get him that far. It was late, and that road is pretty quiet anyhow, so all the gas stations were closed. Kim spent a few minutes wondering whether to walk back to the club and dismember Dale without any more shilly-shallying, or telephone to town for some gas so he could get his clothes changed. His better nature told him to get to Dale, but he shrank from being laughed at again, so he went to a near-by farmhouse to telephone.

The farmer's wife opened the door. For

"Darling!" she cried in an earnest voice. "You're hurt!"

about a half minute she feasted her eyes on Kim with her jaw hanging lower and lower every second. Then, moaning faintly, she flopped over backward and presently started to scream and kick the floor with her heels. And I do not know that you can call her a sissy at that, because Kim is six and a quarter feet high and does not look so normal with golden curls and a short red dress, especially in the dark.

About this time the farmer came loping up, complete with shotgun, and Kim withdrew, followed by a dog, who probably would have bitten him if he hadn't been rather confused himself.

The five miles into town were a bit of a trial on account of the patent-leather slippers that went with his costume, and he had to slink home by the back streets. By the time he had changed and finally got back to the club, it was pretty late, and Mary had gone—with Dale.

You can see from this that Dale Kennedy is something of a pixy at heart.

I said to Kim the following day, "Why don't you see him after work and scatter him to the four winds?"

Kim looked wistful but he shook his head.

"Go on," I urged. "The exercise will do you good."

"No," he said. "You don't understand, Johnny. Remember, I am a poet."

I forgot to mention this before, and as far as I am concerned it is the only flaw in Kim's character.

I figure that it is maybe a weakness somewhere in his family. He keeps saying that, and he really did unload a lot of jingles about love and the bosom of the sea in the Lit at college; only, if they were poetry, you can have them—in tooled leather.

"Besides," Kim went on, "there's another angle. I think Dale is trying to knife me with Uncle Kim. I've been making a lot of mistakes at the plant lately, just following Dale's orders, and the uncle is beginning to hear of them. The trouble is I am kind of stymied. Uncle Kim thinks a lot of that guy, and if I start promoting mayhem on the premises, it might finish me. You know how sentimental he is."

Everybody in Brazewick knew that. Sentimental isn't the word. You couldn't open even a telephone book in Uncle Kimberley Drake's house without having a rose leaf or something drop out, although Uncle Kim once admitted to me that he couldn't remember what some of them meant. The steam roller will give you a fair idea. He got his big start thirty years ago building roads, and he always kept the steam roller he used on his first job. Kept it in the plant yard, all shined and fired up ready to go every day for thirty years—just out of sentiment.

Kim figured if Dale was out to get him, the best thing to do was to get another job. So he wangled a portfolio as emptier of wastebaskets at the Empire Mills office, where Mary secretaried for the prexy. He grossed twelve fifty a week for this, but it gave him a chance to dash off a sonnet about how being where he could see her brought his salary up to a million a week, so he was happy. He explained it to Uncle Kimberley by saying that he wished to forge ahead on his own merits and not run the danger of being promoted just because he was the boss's nephew. That wowed the old gentleman.

WHEN Kim took the job, Mr. Spinns, Mary's boss, took a quick look and hastened to bond him so he could carry the mill pay roll over to Millstone every Friday. Then, one afternoon, a stranger around town made the mistake of trying to stage a stick-up just when Kim was trying to find an original rhyme to describe Mary's eyes. Kim—poets are irritable that way—pushed this interloper's lower teeth up around his eyebrows and carried him and the pay roll on to Millstone. This made pretty much of a hero of Kim, and Empire upped his pay to fifteen a week. Success was practically within sight, was the way Kim figured.

About a month after this Uncle Kimberley caused a good deal of surprise by passing quietly to his heavenly reward. Then the terms of his will were made known, and they went something like this:

The town of Brazewick got his house and surrounding real estate for a museum and park, with enough money to keep them up. His other gifts to the town were to be endowed also. Dale Kennedy was to have fifty-one per cent of the Drake Company stock as a reward for his twenty years of unremitting and faithful service. Kim was mentioned as follows:

> To my beloved nephew and namesake, Kimberley Drake II, I bequeath my most valued possession, Old Nellie, my steam roller, which was the foundation of my fortune and which I hope and confidently expect will be the foundation of his. As an added incentive to hard work and as a further mark of my affection, two hundred thousand dollars shall be set aside to be given Kimberley Drake II when he shall have earned the sum of one thousand dollars by means of Old Nellie.

OF course this was all quite astonishing to the population of Brazewick, and there were muttered suggestions about Kim's contesting the will. These made Kim weary indeed.

"As if the old boy hadn't done it in perfect good faith," he said to me. "Of course it's a special mark of affection, because he thought more of Old Nellie than almost anything else he had. Just the same, though, what can I do with a steam roller?"

"You might sell it," I suggested in a vague way, "and pyramid on the proceeds."

"Faugh!" said Kim.

I agreed with him. He stared moodily at the ground.

"Well, anyway," I said, anxious to expose the silver lining, if any, "Mary can't hold your unearned millions against you now."

"That's right," Kim said, and he brightened quite a lot.

The next morning Kim called and asked me to meet him at Baldy's for lunch. When I got there, he was sitting at a table moodily blotting up a glass of beer and musing on a letter which he handed over to me without a word. It was from Dale Kennedy. Here is part of it:

> . . . Of course you realize that your ownership of Old Nellie, the steam roller, is virtually a public matter now. Thousands of citizens are panting with eagerness to see you climb into the cab, to see what road you will take to fortune. Permit me to urge you not to keep them waiting—Old Nellie is being held in constant readiness for your pleasure.

"What do you think it means?" Kim said.

I said, "It looks to me as if he wanted you to come get your steam roller."

"I know that, but what else?"

"Well, he seems to be enjoying it quite a bit."

"That's it," Kim said quickly. "He thinks he's got the laugh on me again. You got that part about the thousands of citizens, I suppose? He's probably planning to have a crowd there to jeer when I come to take it away."

"Even so," I said, "I can't see what there is degrading in driving a steam roller off the premises of the Drake Company. Sounds fun, as a matter of fact."

"With Dale Kennedy running the show? There's Mary, remember. Little Eva," he added bitterly.

I understood.

"Still," I said, "you can't just leave it there."

"Hah!" said Kim, sounding like a cracked plate. "Can't I?"

He sat there, smoldering with the injustice of it all, the way poets will. Presently I began to notice a fairly decent-looking young guy hovering around bashfully in the background. Finally he got his courage all in one heap and came over to our table.

"Pardon me," he said to Kim. "Is your name Drake?"

Kim said it was, not looking too jubilant about it.

"My name's Folwell," the young bloke said in a disarming way. "I'm from the Toledo office of Empire Mills, and I wondered if you'd have a beer with me. You see, we've heard a good deal out there about your encounter with the holdup man."

Kim is slightly susceptible to flattery, this being the way poets and other men are, so he stopped being sore about Dale, and we had a very clubby little gathering.

"I'll admit I have a selfish interest in you," says this

Folwell, "and I am more than glad to see you are big. I'm starting out on a swing through the East today, but I'll be back in Millstone Friday, and I'm kind of interested in knowing that the pay roll gets out there all right. I've got a nice fat bonus coming to me in it. And, by the way, may I congratulate you?"

"Sure," Kim said. "What about?"

Folwell grinned at me. "Gee," he said, "I'd never be that blasé if I were going to marry a girl like Miss Sherman."

"What are you talking about?" Kim said. "I'm not—"

"Hey, wait a minute! Wait, now!" Folwell said, holding up his hands to stop him. "Maybe I'm speaking out of turn here. I thought from what she said— Well, forget it."

Kim looked thoughtful, but I could see a contented little smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

"Have a beer on me," he said.

FOR the next couple of days Kim was riding the stratosphere from that bit of inside dope spilled by Mr. Folwell. In that time he got three letters from Dale about the steam roller, but he couldn't be bothered with such things. He wrote to Dale saying to regard Old Nellie as a gift with love and kisses, and then forgot it.

He had more vital things to worry about anyhow. Friday was Mary's birthday, and he knew Dale would be planning some kind of coup. Mary, probably feeling that the day was too important to promise to either of the competing gents, was preserving a strict neutrality. She said she was spending the evening with her family.

But she did not figure on the fighting spirit of the Drakes. Friday morning Kim watched his chance, and when Mr. Spinns was out of his office he sneaked in and had a few minutes' fast workout with the presidential dictaphone. Then he stuck the cylinder on Mary's desk and waited around in the offing till she got ready to play it off. When she did, she was quite amazed, because instead of the usual guff that big executives emit in their dictating moments, there was this birthday ode. It must have been pretty special, because Mary was enchanted. Personally, whimsey like that slays me, but it seems the feminine outlook is broader.

Anyway, Kim played it over for her again and she did not stop him. They sat there listening, Kim looking fatuous and Mary blushing, and all of a sudden this voice breaks in:

"Very charmingly expressed indeed, Drake, but may I ask if that is one of my records you are using?"

This was nobody at all except A. J. Spinns in the flesh, and Kim sat there gulping. After a while he said yes, it was.

"Mm-hm," Mr. Spinns said.

There was a stretch of silence, and then Mr. Spinns said, "And, if I am not mistaken, a good number of my memorandum pads have been put to similar use. Am I correct?"

The mystery of the Missing Whiskers

—and 12 clues that solved it

by Boake Carter, Famous Radio News Commentator

IN MY RAMBLINGS here and there I've noticed a very definite decrease in the number of unshaven faces among my fellow men. And being a newspaper man, I found myself asking "Why?" Is it because men are more conscious of their personal appearance . . . or is it because shaving itself has become more pleasant?

To find the answer to this question, I betook myself to Boston, the home of Gillette razor blades. There I browsed through a great modern factory and found:

That . . . even a newborn babe never received more constant care and supervision than that which is expended on the steel that goes into this blade.

That . . . square cut diamonds—80 times harder than any other known substance—are pressed against samples of the steel strips from time to time, to test their temper and keep their hardness to Gillette's exacting standards.

That . . . giant sharpeners, weighing tons, yet adjustable to watch-like fineness, hone and strop the Gillette blade in one continuous operation. The resulting shaving edges are so sharp that they can be measured only by a beam of light cast along the edges by a photo-electric tester.

That . . . after the edges are put on, no human hand touches the blade until you and I use it in the bathroom. Furthermore, the blades are processed to prevent rust and are sprayed with a powerful antiseptic before being wrapped, so strict are Gillette's hygienic requirements.

That . . . in the manufacturing process this blade is tested by photo-electric devices; by fire; by electro-magnetic machines and by keen-eyed inspectors aided by high-power microscopes. Finally, each blade is anchor-wrapped in its package so that the original keenness cannot be marred by jarring against the envelope.

And so, I found not just *one* answer to my question, but a dozen of them. And after what I saw, it became clear that Gillette represents an investment of millions of dollars in machinery, in accuracy, labor, laboratory testing and scientific research—all working together like a well oiled machine, turning out a potential of millions of perfect shaves a day.

What I saw solved for me the "Mystery of the Missing Whiskers." Now I know why the vast majority of men these days are clean-shaven—and insist on Gillette when they buy razor blades.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Famous G-Man Corners Dodge Economy

By MELVIN PURVIS, Former Ace of Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Dept. of Justice

One of the most surprising discoveries I've made is the way my new 1936 Dodge saves money!

It gives me 19 to 20 miles to the gallon of gas consistently in city driving and as high as 22 miles out in the country.

At the same time, this Dodge certainly saves on oil. Excepting for regular changes, I've had to add no oil at all.

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NEW LOW FIRST COST

NOW ONLY $640 and up, List Prices at Factory, Detroit

And under the new Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company 6% Time Payment Plan, Dodge is *now so easy to pay for!*

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

Kim nodded, his face turning red.

"Well," said the boss, "aside from the fact that you are undermining the best secretary east of the Rockies, it seems likely to prove expensive keeping your muse supplied with materials. Perhaps the Empire Mills would do better to try to win through without your help after this. It is a shame, too, because you are the best pay-roll carrier we have ever had around these parts."

He walked away, and Mary looked at Kim with a stricken face. He snapped his fingers lightly.

Mary said, "Oh, Kim! I'm so sorry." She hesitated. Then she said, "Kim—you come over to my house tonight, and we'll see if we can't think of something. Do you want to?"

THIS is the kind of rhetorical question women cannot refrain from asking at even the most crucial moments. But Kim knew the answer.

I had dinner with him at his house and he told me about all this.

I said, "You'll get another job all right. Probably a better one."

"But it won't be where I can see Mary," he said sadly.

"I wouldn't worry about that," I said, "after what this bird Folwell spilled by mistake the other day."

"I wonder if it was really true," he said in a depressed voice, and I could see he wanted to be reassured. "After all, she hasn't—"

"Of course she hasn't," I said. "You don't expect her to go around broadcasting that she's going to marry you, do you?"

"I've asked her once," he said.

"Ask her again, you clown," I told him. "No girl is going to fall in your arms the first time you ask her. Try again tonight."

He looked at me with resolution.

"By heavens, Johnny," he said, "I will!"

At this point the doorbell rang. Kim went, and in a minute came back with one of the local cops, a gent named Harry. We both knew him, of course, so he sat down, looking at Kim.

Pretty soon he said, "What is all this between you and Dale Kennedy, Kim?"

"Oh," Kim said, "the steam roller. He is just trying to make a pest of himself about it. He isn't worrying me too much, though. Why?"

"Nothing," Harry said. "Only he's got a warrant out for your arrest about it."

"Warra—" Kim's jaw fell open. "But—what are you talking about?"

"He says he wrote you a letter warning you that he would do it if you didn't have your roller off his property by five o'clock this afternoon."

A gray look came over Kim's face. He fumbled in his pocket as if he were in a trance and brought out a letter.

"It came this morning," he said in a hushed voice. "And I didn't even bother to open it."

He opened it, read it, and gave it to me. It was just what Harry said it was, saying that Dale had warned Kim he was perpetrating a nuisance in keeping the steam roller there. The toughest part to take was the last sentence: "I am afraid you are not doing right by Our Nell." When the Dale Kennedys of the world start cracking wise, whither can we turn?

"But look here!" Kim exploded suddenly. "You can't take me to jail. I've got to go to—" He stopped short, naturally not wanting to bring his date with Mary into it.

"I know all about that," Harry said. "You've got to take the Empire pay roll over to Millstone."

"That's right," I said quickly, snatching the straw. Kim stared at me dully. "That's right," I said. "Don't worry, Harry. Kim's just been pulling a gag on Dale. He's going over now to move the roller."

"I wish you would," Harry said. "Tell you what I'll do: I'll give you an hour. If it isn't off then, I'll have to haul you in. It's screwy, I'll admit that, but orders're orders."

He left, and Kim whirled indignantly on me.

"I know," I said, stopping him. "You'd rather be boiled in oil than give in to Dale. But use your head. If you don't, he'll have you in jail tonight and take Mary out on a pretty gaudy birthday party. That's all he's after—he's been building up to it, probably. You know how women are about birthdays and things."

That got him.

"Quick!" he said, lunging at the door. Then he stopped. "But I don't know how to run it," he said.

"Don't quibble," I said, pushing him. "Pull all handles. I'll get over to Mary's in the meantime and explain. Then I'll drive out and pick you up. All you need do is take it off the property."

WHEN I reached the Sherman residence, however, Mary's mother was the only member of the family visible.

"Mary's gone," she said. "She went with Dale."

"Oh," I said. "With Dale."

She nodded. "He called up the police station," she said, her voice becoming a little severe, "and they told Mary how Kim was being arrested over that silly steam-roller business. I think Mary was a bit hurt," she added confidentially, "that Kim thought more of sticking to some picayune principle about that than he did about coming to see her on her birthday. But," she brightened, "Dale is so thoughtful. When he heard about it, he hurried around and arranged a last-minute party for Mary at the country club. He even routed a caterer out after business hours and had the most lovely cake made. It's to be a surprise for Mary, but he told me about it."

Rude or not, I left then. Last-minute party indeed! This will give you an idea of the things Dale Kennedy would not stop at.

I drove out toward the Drake Company's reservation to get Kim. About a quarter of a mile this side I saw him jolting along in Old Nellie, making a fearful racket. I stopped the car and got out.

"Wait a minute!" I yelled when he came. "I've got something to tell you."

He turned several wheels and pulled a lever here and there.

"I can't stop it!" he yelled back. I trotted alongside.

"Pull that one," I bawled, pointing to a likely-looking gadget he had missed.

He pulled. Old Nellie coughed deeply and shook with appalling violence from end to end. But she did not stop.

"Better hop on," Kim advised in a whooping voice.

So I hopped on. The noise was like a convention of riveters. Smoke was puffing, steam was hissing; the rollers were clanging along the macadam, and every joint was ringing. I had to do a hog-calling act to make Kim hear the story.

After I had finished, he didn't say anything. His face was hard and he shoveled more coal. The steam gauge jumped a notch, and there was a crescendo of speed and noise.

"What are you going to do?" I asked him in a loud tone.

"Going out to the club," he bellowed grimly.

Nellie hit a bump and bounded stiffly forward.

"Better not," I trumpeted.

"I can't stop it anyway," he clarioned. "And as long as Mary's thrown me over, I might as well go out and have a talk with Dale."

"Don't do anything rash," I cautioned him.

"I won't," he reassured me. "I'll just break his neck."

I SWUNG to the ground and watched him go; he was throwing more coal on the fire. My voice wouldn't go above a whisper, so I couldn't argue with him further. The only hope I could see was in that pressure gauge. Old Nellie might blow up. I went back to the house.

The telephone bell was ringing when I got there. It turned out to be police headquarters.

"Where can we get Kim Drake?" the sergeant said.

"It's all right," I told him. "He's taken the steam roller away."

"Out on the Millstone road?" he said.

"Yes," I said. "To the club."

"With the Empire Mills pay roll," the sergeant said.

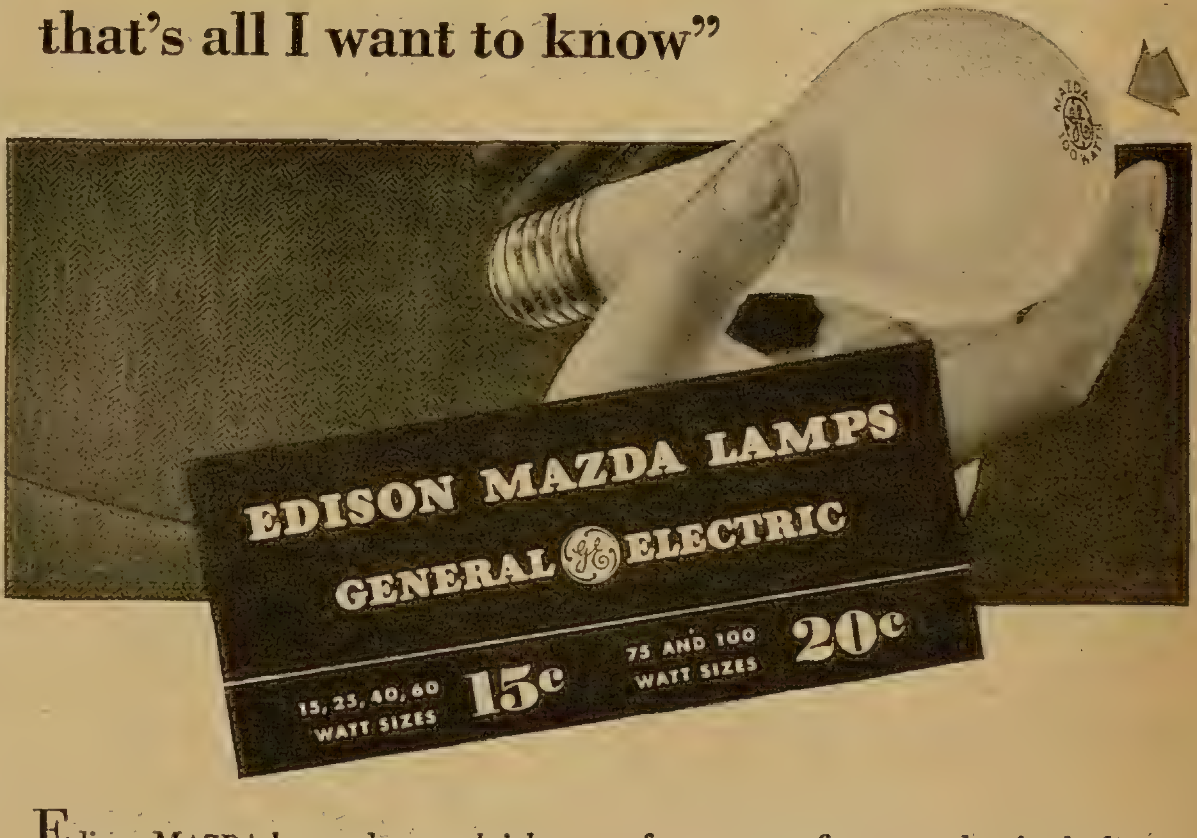
"He was fired from Empire this afternoon," I said.

"Yeh," the sergeant said in a dry voice. "That's Spinns's story too, but you don't need to lie to us. We know it's a bigger pay roll than usual this time—and so does the Fulton gang."

"The who?" I said.

"Baby-Face Fulton and his gang," the sergeant said. "A tip just come through about twenty minutes ago

"I'll take G-E's word for it...when they say Edison MAZDA lamps *stay brighter longer* that's all I want to know"



Edison MAZDA lamps do *stay brighter longer* than lamps less skillfully made. This fact is not surprising when you consider the millions of dollars and the more than 40 years General Electric has spent in research. During the manufacture of these lamps, more than 480 tests and inspections are made to guard against imperfections costly to the user. When you buy an inferior lamp you may save a few cents on first cost—but in the long run you are likely to lose dollars in wasted electricity. To be sure of good light at low cost, always look for this mark GE on the bulb of every lamp you buy. Prices are now the lowest in history.

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that they're going to stick Kim up. If we'd got the tip in time, we'd 've slapped Kim in jail anyway—for his own good."

I said, "Listen. Call the country club and tell Mary Sherman what you told me. She ought to know who really has the pay roll. That Fulton gang might have let a phony tip leak out just to fool you."

He said all right and hung up. Then I piled into my car and opened it up on the Millstone road.

I caught sight of Kim on the two-mile stretch a little way out of town where there is nothing but farms and woods on each side of the road. He was about a half-mile ahead, still ladling on the coal, and even from where I sat I could see Our Nell quivering.

Then all of a sudden I heard the high whine that a big engine makes, and in the rear-view mirror I could see a touring car built like a locomotive coming up behind me and doing about eighty. When it got even, it slowed, and I could see five men inside. A face leaned out, and I recognized the pleasant-looking bird who had introduced himself as Folwell to Kim that time at Baldy's.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

A	P	E	R		C	O	I	F		S	L	A	P	
S	E	V	E	R	A	N	C	E		A	I	S	L	E
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T	A	L	C	■	C	L	A	R	A	■	S	I	T	S
A	N	Y	■	M	O	A	N	S	■	S	P	R	E	E
I	T	■	H	U	M	I	D	■	S	T	E	E	R	S
		M	I	L	E	R	■	S	T	A	N	D		
B	R	A	K	E	S	■	F	L	I	R	T	■	T	O
E	A	S	E	S	■	B	R	A	N	T	■	B	A	R
M	I	S	S	■	P	L	A	I	T	■	M	A	N	E
U	S	E	■	T	R	A	I	N	■	C	A	L		
S	I	■	B	R	O	I	L	■	S	O	R	T	I	E
E	N	D	U	E		N	E	U	R	O	T	I	C	S
	S	O	R	T		E	R	R	S		A	C	E	S

The big car speeded up again, and a couple of sticks of flame spat out of the back window. I ducked, but I did not need to, because they were aiming for the tires. The right one blew, and my car leaped about ten yards off the road and cuddled around a tree.

In a minute I realized that I was still in one piece, so I got out and started to run.

The touring car went past the steam roller and squealed to a stop across the road in front of it. The five men jumped out, a couple with tommy guns and the rest with short rifles, which they brandished at Kim. I saw him wave back, meaning he could not stop the thing. Then he ducked. I saw the flame spitting and heard the *t-t-t-t-t-t* of the machine guns. Then suddenly there was a lot of steam where the bullets went through Nellie's boiler, and after that a low exasperated boom when she exploded. She came to rest on top of the touring car in a cloud of hissing steam, with Kim crouched in the cab out of the way of it. I sprinted.

Four of the mob were rolling around the ground, holding on to their faces and screaming like an army of rats in distress. They had been standing too close and had got scalded. Fulton was inching around to get a nice clean shot at Kim. I yelled, and Kim poured out of the cab right on to Fulton.

Baby-Face naturally did not expect showers of pay-roll carriers from above, so his shot was not accurate, and he fell under Kim, losing his gun. They scrambled upright, and Kim stepped back. It was as nice a right cross as I have ever seen, and Fulton went bye-bye.

By the time I charged up, Kim had salvaged a gun and was waving the mob into line along the side of the road. The left shoulder of his coat was soaking a rich red.

"What is all this?" he said to me in an annoyed voice. "Can't a man go out and beat up an acquaintance without a gangster saga unfolding itself under his feet?"

"It's the Fulton gang," I told him.

"I don't care who it is," he said irritably. "I want to get out to the club. You'll have to lend me your car. They've done Old Nellie in for me."

Before I could point out that my car was stacked neatly by the side of the road half a mile away, a roadster came wheeling up from the opposite direction, and from it jumped Mary in a blue evening gown, looking as if she had just been O.K.-ed by a Fifth Avenue beauty salon.

"Darling!" she cried in an earnest voice. "You're hurt!"

Poet or not, Kim can grasp an elementary situation.

"Hold this, will you, Johnny?" he said to me, giving me the artillery. I took it and watched the Fulton boys, who were now lapsing back to consciousness.

Pretty soon I heard a conversation behind me.

Mary said, "Ah, darling—all that blood!"

"Blood?" Kim said in a questioning voice. "Oh, yes. I must have got hit or something." Silence.

Then Kim said, "But I'm no good. I haven't even a job any more. I'm still a failure."

Mary thought that over. "Well," she said finally, with a woman's disregard of consistency, "it doesn't make any difference. You need somebody to take care of you." . . .

Next evening Mr. Spinns gave a dinner for the engaged pair.

"Kim Drake's unselfishness in getting in with the Fulton gang and tricking them singlehanded after he had been discharged from the Empire Mills Company," Mr. Spinns said, over the coffee, "is an example of loyalty and devotion. In asking Kim to come back to us as assistant sales manager, I make only one small request: that he write no more poetry during business hours."

Cheers and laughter as Kim promised.

Then Mr. Spinns said: "It affords me unbounded pleasure to pass on to Kim this check for seven thousand dollars—the total reward for Baby-Face Fulton and his killers. Inasmuch as Kim earned this with the direct assistance of Old Nellie—now regrettably deceased—he comes into a larger sum under the terms of his uncle's will."

Kim took the check, bowed to the cheering throng, and sat down, looking quite foggy.

"Holy smoke!" he whispered to me. "Was that Baby-Face Fulton I kayoed?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Who did you think—Peter Pan?"

"Why," he whispered back, "I thought it was Folwell. I just socked him because I thought he had told me a dastardly lie the other day about Mary planning to marry me."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What prominent American violinist, who made his debut in Paris, 1905, is shown in the early photo at the right as he appeared when serving as a liaison officer during the World War?

2—Are beta rays rare tropical fish?

3—By what name is Frederick Chase Taylor better known?

4—Was there ever free trade between Canada and the United States?

5—Which word is correctly spelled: ichthyology, sacharine, flourescent, gazeteer?

6—What is the highest speed ever attained by a man on a bicycle?

7—Is diamond powder—the polishing material—made from diamonds?

8—Who was a stenographer to one President, assistant secretary and secretary to two others, and subsequently Secretary of the Treasury and Postmaster General of the United States?

9—Where in the Bible are trimmed beards prohibited?

10—Who said, "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?"

11—Does English, German, or French contain the fewest words?

12—Who is prominent in the United States as the "Divorce Judge"?

13—The bylaws of what society require each member to keep ready a horse to pursue thieves?

14—How many Presidents vetoed veterans' bonus legislation passed by Congress?

15—Who was known as the "Bloodless Surgeon"?

16—What motion-picture actor is a great-nephew of a former President?

17—Which club, with members in twenty countries, held its 1935 meetings early Thursday mornings?

18—What causes March winds in the United States?

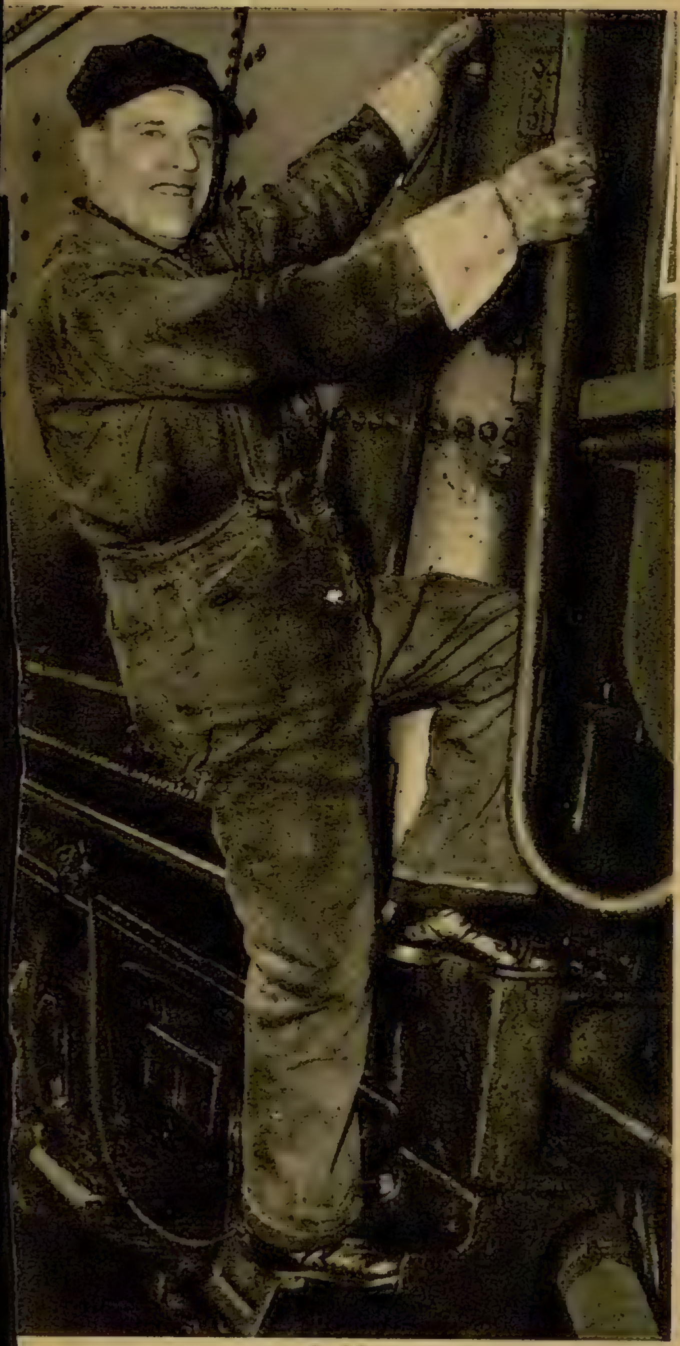
19—Do circuses use African or Indian elephants?

20—Who was the Iron Duke?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

"Safety is Religion with a Railroader’

"I PICKED THE WORLD'S SAFEST LOW-PRICED CAR!"



CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH
JAMES U. McNAMEE, BALTIMORE; PASSENGER
ENGINEER, BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS at a locomotive's throttle! Today he has one of B & O's crack New York-Washington trains.

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You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment—cash or trade-in.

Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

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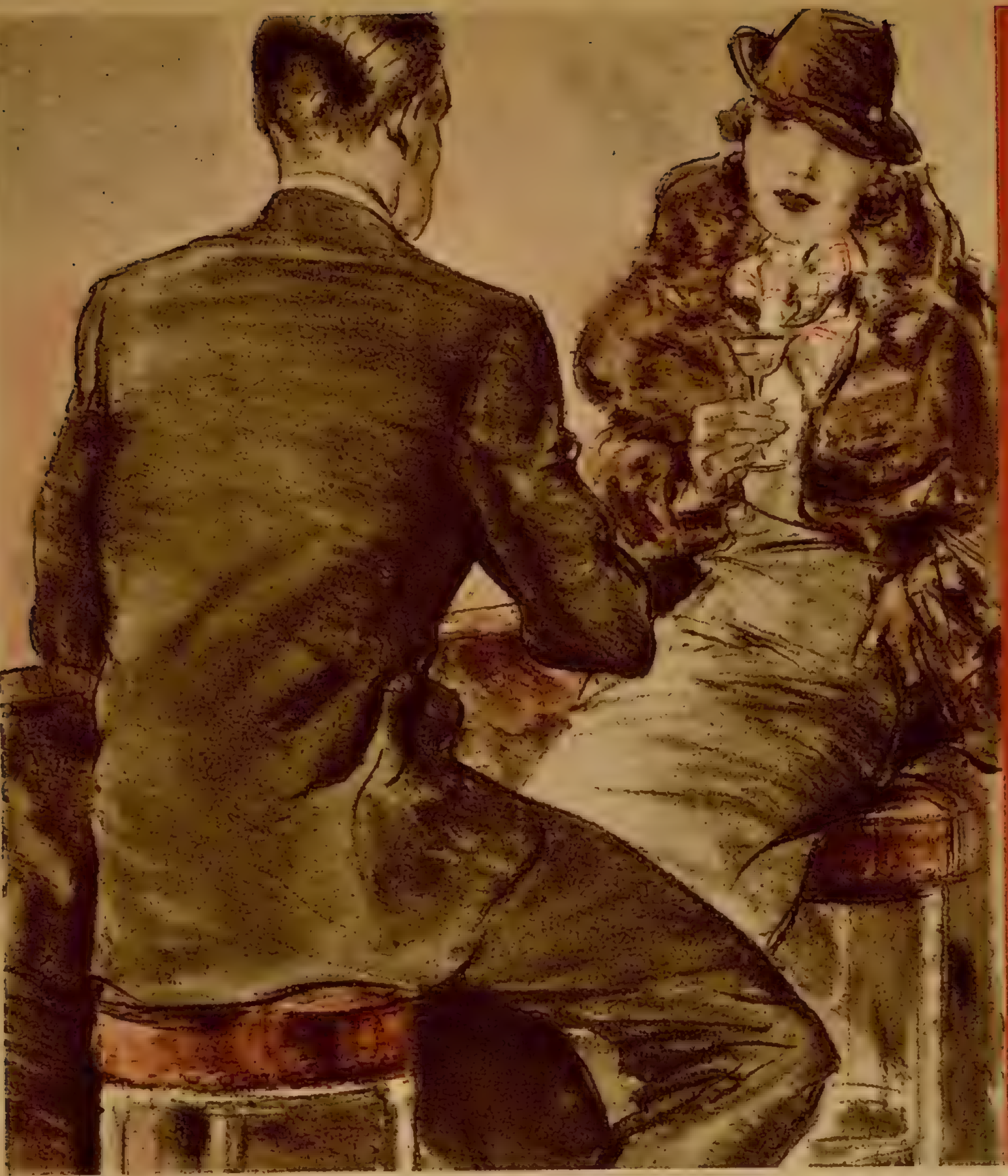
$510 AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT—SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

ENGINEER McNAMEE AT THE "THROTTLE" of his beautiful 1936 Plymouth. "It's a pleasure to drive," sa
Mr. McNamee. "There's no road-shock at the wheel ... the car is steady on curves ... and it sure rides grand

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



The girl was tall and dark—a dress model, Jeff guessed.

Rich Man's SON

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

JEFF LORIMER, scion of a wealthy and socially elite New York family, is determined—as he puts it—to "take the world by the tail and swing it around the other way." Instead of abiding by the family tradition of following in the footsteps of his predecessors in the Lorimer bank, Jeff believes his future happiness lies in making his own mark. He also has a few humanitarian ideas he would like to put into practice. "Money as a useful weapon and as a means of doing good is fine," he tells his shocked father and equally alarmed Uncle Hal, "but I'd never be happy making money just for the sake of hoarding it." Conveying this proposition to his mother is something else, however, for Mrs. Lorimer has long since decided that Jeff is to marry Margot Rogers, daughter of another wealthy and socially prominent family. And although Margot is bitterly disappointed at Jeff's postponement of their engagement until he has time to see his ideas through, she is reasonable about it all. But Mrs. Lorimer does not bear up under the shock so well. Subject to heart attacks, this sudden reversal of her plans brings on another serious spell. Later the doctor's warning that the next shock might prove fatal moves Lorimer senior to reprove Jeff for upsetting his mother with his doubtful talk about marrying Margot. Enraged, Jeff promises to go through with the marriage, and walks angrily out of the house into the winter night.

At the corner he hops into a taxi and into the lap of Doris Fenton, a night-club entertainer. He is completely overcome by her beauty, and later, over a few drinks at her club, Jeff tells her his troubles. When she admires his ring, he hands it to her. But when he asks her address, she excuses herself and leaves the table. When she fails to come back, Jeff returns home and is looking out his window when he spies his younger sister Natalie and a strange man arguing in the street below. Nat rushes into the house. A few minutes later Jeff hears her sobbing in her room. He knocks on her door.

A Frank and Revealing Novel of Today—Start Reading It Now if You Didn't Do So Last Week

PART TWO—"FIND HIM A GIRL TO PLAY WITH"

THE door opened a few inches.

"Let's have a nightcap together, Nat," Jeff said, pushing his way in and pretending not to notice that she had been crying. "I was awake and heard you come in. Get a chaser, will you?"

She seemed about to protest, then turned abruptly and went into her bathroom. Jeff saw her anxiously powder her nose and run a comb through her hair. When she came back with a glass of water he handed her a stiff drink, pouring a small one for himself which he diluted with water. Nat gulped hers down and held out her glass. After a second drink she said, without looking at her brother:

"What are you prowling around at this hour for?"

"I might ask you the same question," Jeff returned.

"I went to a supper party at the Ritz with Barry Levering—an impromptu one."

"Who brought you home?" Jeff asked.

"Barry."

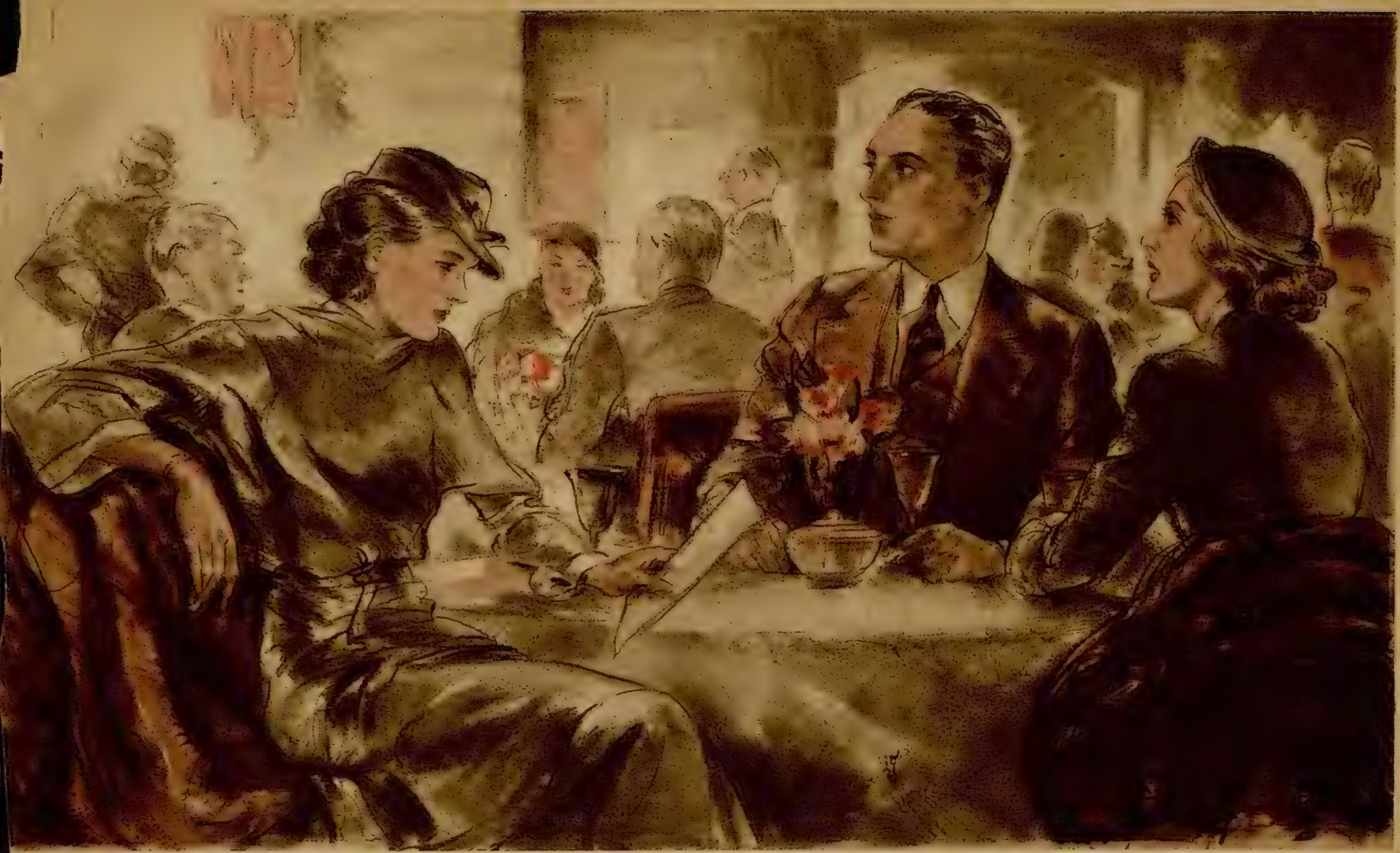
"You're lying to me, Nat," he said kindly. "I saw the man who brought you home and he wasn't Barry. What have you been crying about? Come on, sis."

She threw her arms about his neck, sobbing wildly. Jeff held her close and drew her down on the sofa. "You know you can trust me."

"I never dreamed I would get in so deep," she sobbed. "At first I just thought he was attractive—and I liked having a secret."

"How did you meet him?"

"At the Plaza. I was waiting for Harriet Farnsworth, and a page boy called my name. It was Harriet phoning she couldn't lunch with me. As I was leaving the booth he came up and spoke to me. He asked me if I was Ruth



Following her line of vision, Jeff saw a man and a girl sitting at the bar. Margot had not noticed the interruption.

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SWAIN

Lorimer of Chicago. He really did know such a girl. When he asked me if I would have lunch with him, I said yes. He didn't seem like a stranger!"

"I understand, Nat." Doris Fenton hadn't seemed like a stranger, either.

"I gave him our telephone number and he called me the next day."

"I suppose you have seen quite a lot of him?"

"Almost every day for three months," Nat admitted.

"Why didn't you bring him to the house?"

"And have every one snub him? Anyway, he said it was better not to mix our friends."

"Do you love him, Nat?"

"Oh, Jeff!" the girl breathed. "It is so much bigger than ordinary love that—"

"Then why don't you marry him?"

"He doesn't believe in marriage." Nat dragged the words out. "But what hurts most is that I know he has stopped loving me and won't tell me. Oh, Jeff—what am I going to do now?" she wailed.

"How far has it gone?" Jeff's tone was strangely cold.

"All the way," she said—"all the way. You won't tell mother or father?" She was frantic.

"Of course not. Where have you been seeing him—alone, I mean?"

"At his apartment."

"He is the man I saw you with at Anton's?"

Nat nodded. "But I won't tell you his name, Jeff. I don't want you to get mixed up in this. Be glad I didn't bring home a baby to lay on the Lorimer doorstep." She laughed so unnaturally that Jeff said:

"Have you told me everything, Nat?"

The girl hesitated before she said: "I have given him money and I gave him my jade bracelet and my diamond-and-sapphire dinner ring to pawn. Oh, I know I've been a fool!"

"I wish you'd make a clean break with him, Natalie."

Lifting her face, she kissed him good night. "Telling you has helped a lot, Jeff dear," she evaded. "Don't worry; I'll be out of it soon—I hope." . . .

High noon sun was flooding Jeff's bedroom when he was awakened by the footman, Robert.

"I said I couldn't disturb you, sir, but the young lady won't go. She's in the red room. She has a ring that belongs to you."

Jeff was buttoning his collar and his tie was slung over his shoulder as he pushed the button for the elevator. Riding down, he tied his tie.

The girl sat in the darkest corner of the room. He walked quickly toward her.

"Doris—" But the rest of the sentence died in his throat. A tall blonde girl was rising—a girl on whom Jeff had never set eyes before.

"Mr. Lorimer?" she asked.

"I am Geoffrey Lorimer," he answered.

She held out his ring. "I am Marjorie Callahan. Doris Fenton asked me to return this. She left with the revue for Canada early this morning."

Jeff took the ring, slipping it on his finger.

"Are you a friend of hers?" he inquired.

"Doris lived with us. My mother has a rooming house uptown."

"Do you know where a letter would reach her?"

The girl explained that Doris wasn't sure of their bookings when the troupe left, but she expected to hear from her. "I could let you know when I do," she suggested.

"By all means," Jeff agreed quickly. He wrote down her name and address and gave her his private telephone number. Then he saw her to the door, and went back to his room, undressed and went to bed again. But not to sleep. The ring made his finger tingle. Doris Fenton had everything a man wanted in a woman—beauty, per-

"—don't try to get well in a day..."

no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

—there is usually a definite reason for these

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

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SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

sonality, poise, and understanding.

A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts. It was Nat, in hat and coat. As she approached Jeff's bed a faint flush tinged her cheeks.

"Don't take too seriously what I said last night, Jeff. I was upset. I'm sorry if I worried you—but you forced me to tell you, you know."

Jeff sat up in bed and caught her hand. "O. K., Nat." He smiled back at her. "But don't forget that I'll never be very far away if you want me. Lunching out?"

"I'm meeting Margot for some shopping. She has so much to do before they sail."

"Sail?"

"Jeff Lorimer!" she cried. "Didn't you call Margot? She phoned after you went out last night. Her mother has had a relapse and the doctor says she must go to Vienna for some special kind of baths. Margot has to go with her, and she's sick about it."

Jeff reached for his gown and rushed over to the phone. Margot had left the house.

"Tell you what, Nat," he suggested. "I'll take you girls to lunch. See you downstairs in ten minutes."

Jeff was nearly ready when the house phone rang.

"Mrs. Lorimer would like to see you before you go out, Mr. Lorimer," his mother's secretary told him.

He found his mother sitting up in bed reading her mail. Miss Purdy was at a desk close by. The prim little secretary, who had been in his mother's employ ever since he could remember, did not look up. The boy had never won anything from her but unexpressed disapproval. However, he greeted her cordially as always. Margaret Lorimer, who was also in the room, rose and left without speaking to him.

Mrs. Lorimer smiled and held out both her hands. As Jeff leaned down to kiss her she whispered, "Your father has told me about Margot and you. I am so happy, darling!"

He drew away quickly. "Margot is going abroad with her mother. Didn't you know that?"

"Natalie just told me. But she will be back in two months and by then we will have returned from Florida."

"You are determined to drag me down to Florida, aren't you?" Jeff smiled. "Well, mother, I suppose I can manage a few weeks."

"DARLING—I knew you would do it!" his mother cried with delight. "I feel better already."

"You're nothing but a low-down vampire!" her son chided. "Now I must run. Nat is waiting for me."

Downstairs, Jeff found Nat in the hall. They got into a cab and she gave the driver an address on the far East Side. "I'm sure you have never been there," she told Jeff. "What food!"

Margot was there when they arrived. At sight of Jeff her face lighted up in surprise.

"I'm sorry I couldn't call you back last night," Jeff hastened to explain, "but I received your message too late. Nat woke me less than an hour ago."

"I thought it was something like that," she answered.

"Must you really go away again?" he asked. But the question sounded so coldly polite he wished he hadn't asked it.

"Why don't you come with us this afternoon?" Nat suggested. "We're shopping for hats and you have such good—" She broke off suddenly and Jeff saw her turn pale.

Following her line of vision, he saw a man and a girl sitting up at a tiny bar at the far end of the room. The girl was tall and dark—a dress model, Jeff guessed. The man appeared to be around forty, good-looking in a dissipated way, with a head of sleek black hair. They were joking with the bartender. Margot, who was reading the menu, had not noticed the interruption.

Nat's eyes met Jeff's for one instant of panic. Jeff knew this was *the* man.

MEANWHILE, in the office of the president of the Farmers and Merchants Trust Company in lower New York, Geoffrey Lorimer senior and his brother-in-law were discussing young Jeff.

"You know, Hal," Lorimer was saying, "I don't believe we ought to bring Jeff into the bank right now. He is too serious. He should play hard for a while. If I were to find it impossible to go to Florida"—Lorimer was thinking aloud—"then I might convince him that he should go down on the yacht with Ada and the girls."

"You want Jeff to play? Then find him a girl to play with," Uncle Hal offered.

"You mean a chorus girl?" Lorimer frowned. "I wouldn't want a scandal."

"There are smart girls," Uncle Hal explained, "who would take Jeff on as a job. That would divert him. When the girl gets under his skin and starts asking for a diamond bracelet or a roadster, he will discover how important money is."

"Where does one find these—these smart girls you speak of? I never met one."

"More's the pity, Geoffrey," Harry Potter mused. "You remember Harry Berwyn?"

"The chap who has the brokerage office?"

Uncle Hal nodded. "Harry can find us the girl, and fortunately Jeff likes him. Furthermore, he is old enough to take the thing seriously."

"Hal," Lorimer said, "if you can bring that boy of mine to his senses, you have my permission to go the limit. Sometimes I wonder if he can really be my son. We are miles apart."

Harry Potter paused for a moment. Then he said:

"Taking a good square look at the world today, it's no wonder that Jeff and other intelligent young chaps are disgusted with the way things are being run. Jeff is on fire to crusade for some noble purpose. That boy has real humanity in his heart! I'd make use of it after the fire in him burns down a bit. Right now Jeff is dynamite that I wouldn't relish handling."

Geoffrey Lorimer amazed his brother-in-law by saying quietly, "You're right, Hal. It's hard for me to remember that Jeff has grown up. We'll give this plan of yours a try—the girl, I mean."

"All you have to do, Geoffrey," Uncle Hal advised, "is to keep Ada off the scent."

"No scandal, remember," Lorimer warned.

"No scandal," Uncle Hal promised. "And that is what you will be paying for. Girls like that come high." . . .

Back in the little East Side restaurant, the two girls and Jeff were waiting for the check. The man and girl were leaving, passing so close that Jeff could have touched them. His attention was drawn to the odd boutonniere on the man's lapel. It was a purple bachelor's-button. Nat kept her eyes down as they went by, but the man did not appear to see her.

When they were gone, Jeff and the girls left, walking to the corner for a cab. Suddenly Nat said: "I'm going in this drugstore to phone."

When they were alone, Margot spoke hurriedly:

"You were right in all you said last night, Jeff, and I was wrong trying to make you see things my way. This separation is going to give us both a chance to find out what it is we really want. We must want the same thing with all our hearts and souls if the future is to hold any lasting happiness for us. And I will be praying that it will work out someway, Jeff dear. If it doesn't—" She shrugged and smiled.

AN exhilarating sense of freedom swept through Jeff. And then he hated himself—on Margot's account. She was so sweet—so understanding. If only she could have roused him as Doris had!

A cigarette stopped halfway to his mouth. "But see here! I told father last night I'd ask you to marry me—and he has already told mother."

Margot laughed. "Maybe you will some day. My going to Europe right now lets you out of it very gracefully. Here comes Nat!"

"You're a sport, Margot," Jeff whispered.

He put the two girls into a cab, then started walking back toward the East River, wondering how to find Doris Fenton. Then he thought of Harry Berwyn, whom he hadn't seen in over a year. He was one of the few men about town that Jeff admired: a spade who called himself a spade.

Jeff had come to the foot of a dead-end street and stood looking out across the river to Welfare Island, under the menacing shadow of the Queensborough Bridge. His gaze shifted from one barred window to another, but the distance was too great to see any faces that might be peering out.

Now he noticed a woman leaning against the iron railing. A shabby

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A BLOW-OUT CAUSED
THIS ACCIDENT....
DON'T GAMBLE ON TIRES!

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Onlooker: "That was a mean blow-out you had, Mister. Is your daughter all right?"

Father: "She'll be O.K., but you can bet I'll never gamble on tires again."

* * *

It certainly doesn't pay to gamble on tires. Literally thousands of motorists are killed or injured in blow-out accidents every year. Do you realize that the chances are better than even that you, too, may have a blow-out some day?

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silvertown

At speeds of 40—50—60 miles an hour tires get blistering hot *inside.* Rubber and fabric pull apart. A blister forms. The blister grows bigger and bigger until—sooner or later—BANG! Your car shoots off the road and newspapers report one more blow-out accident.

But now you can get the protection of the Life-Saver Golden Ply—invented by a well-known tire engineer to cut down the mounting toll of accidents. Every Goodrich Silvertown has this life-saving feature built right into its carcass. The Golden Ply resists tire heat. It keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. Thus you're protected, because when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

"Road Drying" Tread

And, adding one safety feature to another, in the tread of Goodrich Silvertowns are *three* big center ribs. At the first sign of a skid, these three center ribs sweep away water and slush—a regular "windshield-wiper" action that gives the double outer row of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip.

No Extra Cost

It costs Goodrich many a dollar to put the Life-Saver Golden Ply into every Silvertown Tire. Yet they cost not a penny more than other standard tires. Ride in comfort and without worry. Get *months* of extra, trouble-free mileage. See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns now.

FREE! Prove that you want to prevent accidents. Go to your Goodrich dealer. Join the Silvertown Safety League—sign the Goodrich Safe Driving Pledge. As a mark of distinction your Goodrich dealer will get for you *absolutely free* a Safety League Emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

woman with ratty brown fur on her coat, heels that were run over, and a crazy-looking hat that failed to conceal her hair, dyed to the color and dryness of straw. The hands that clung to the iron fence were hard-work hands. She was looking so intently at the island that she was not aware of Jeff. But when he flicked the stub of his cigarette through the railing she turned quickly.

"Got a spare?" she asked.

"A whole package," Jeff answered, offering them to her. She took one and accepted a light.

"Got a friend over there?" she asked.

"No," said Jeff. "Have you?"

"My man's been in since August. Sometimes, when he knows I'm here, he waves a handkerchief. See that window way up on the top floor at the end? That's his."

"Will he be there long?" Jeff asked.

"Until next May. It went hard with him this time. His second offense. When a man's got a flatful of brats yellin' for eats he don't think much what's right or wrong. I used to feel like stickin' up somebody myself. You ever been hungry?"

It made Jeff feel like a rat to say "No."

"Lucky guy," she said.

Before turning away Jeff said: "Take these cigarettes." She did. From his wallet he took a five-dollar bill. But the woman made no motion to take it.

"Not me, mister," she grinned. "My sister did that once, and the next thing she was tryin' to explain to a judge about being a good girl. They sent her to Blackwells anyhow—for soliciting."

"I'm no detective!" Jeff insisted. He dropped the money on the ground and walked away.

On Fifth Avenue he stopped at a florist's and ordered a corsage sent to Margot. Then he went into the lobby of the Sherry-Netherland and called Harry Berwyn. The broker was out.

As it was still early, he taxied downtown to see how the reconditioning of his father's yacht was coming along. She was at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street in the New York Yacht Club anchorage.

While waiting on the dock for the tender, he thought how many times, as a little boy, he had crossed the ocean in the Moira, whose three hundred and fifty feet of seaworthiness made her ride the waves almost as smoothly as the big liners. The dozen or more sailors slung over the side of the ship with their buckets of cream-colored paint looked like so many black flies on the side of a house. The big stack amidships glistened with its new coat of ocher yellow.

The cost of operating the big Diesel yacht was at least ten thousand dollars a month for crew salaries alone, and the cost of their coming trip South would average twenty-five thousand a month. Jeff thought of this, and then of the shabby woman with the "flatful of hungry brats" for whose sake her husband had pointed a gun at a man. It didn't make sense.

"NICE afternoon, Mr. Lorimer," said the sailor who helped Jeff aboard the club tender. "Your ship is pretty near ready, sir. They put on extra hands this morning."

They were within a hundred yards of the Moira when Jeff noticed that, while his father's insignia flag was prominently displayed, the "absent" flag was missing. His father must be on board.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Lorimer," the steward greeted him at the top of the gangway. "Your father and Mr. Potter and another gentleman are inspecting the yacht, sir. It is short notice that he has given us, but I think we will manage."

"When does she sail?" Jeff asked.

"Tomorrow night, sir."

Why the sudden change of plans? Only yesterday his mother had said that they were going soon after the 1st of December. This was only the 25th of November.

At the foot of the companionway leading down to the staterooms he met his father and Uncle Hal and—of all people—Harry Berwyn! They were just starting up, and Jeff turned around and they all went up together.

Mr. Lorimer sent a steward for highballs.

"This is a coincidence, Harry," Jeff said as they waited. "I called your office this afternoon." Geoffrey Lorimer and Uncle Hal exchanged looks.

"Did they tell you I was 'in conference'?" Berwyn laughed.

"I'm afraid they told the truth this time, Harry. But I had no idea you were here—nor you, either, father," he said, turning to Lorimer senior.

There was no hint of last night's stormy scene in the banker's voice as he said: "Dr. Elliot thinks we ought to get mother away as soon as possible."

"Why not come to Miami Beach with me, Jeff?" Berwyn suggested. "I've inherited a penthouse on the Roney-Plaza."

Jeff's face brightened, then fell. "Thanks, Harry. I'd like to. But mother isn't well."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Jeff's father. "Your mother isn't that ill, son. She will be satisfied to have you close by. I think a vacation from your family will do you good right now. A last fling—" He turned to Berwyn. "Jeff will be down at the bank with me after the New Year."

"Lucky dog!" Berwyn laughed. "Why wasn't I born with a banker father instead of a passion for gambling and pretty girls? Ah, me!"

"So was I, Harry," Uncle Hal put in, "but my brother-in-law appealed to my better nature. Here come the highballs."

RAISING his glass, Berwyn said: "Here's a toast to you, Jeffie my lad. May you live as long as you want to, marry the girl you love, never know what it means to be broke—and die with your boots on!"

Later, riding shoreward in the tender, Geoffrey Lorimer said: "Look here, Berwyn—why not sail down with us?"

"That's a mighty attractive suggestion, Mr. Lorimer," Berwyn thanked him. "I was leaving the day after tomorrow anyway."

When they had docked, Jeff hung back and Berwyn joined him. When they were out of the hearing of the older men, Berwyn said: "Anything on your mind, Jeff?"

Jeff nodded. "I want to locate the floor show that just left the Palais Rouge for Canada."

Berwyn looked amused. "Sex rearing its ugly head?"

Jeff stifled a feeling of annoyance. It was merely Harry's usual line of chatter. "No," he answered. "I just want to find out about an—er—important matter."

"Tell me the gal's name and I'll make inquiries."

"Who said it was a girl?" Jeff parried.

"It's always a girl."

"Fenton is the name," Jeff said. "Doris Fenton."

They caught up with Geoffrey Lorimer and Uncle Hal, and all got into the Lorimer car but Berwyn. "This being practically my last day at the office," he said, "I've got to show my face again." . . .

Shortly before noon next day Nat and Jeff made a flying trip down to the Cunard pier to see Margot off on the Berengaria. There was barely time for hurried goodbys. Jeff noticed that Margot was wearing his gardenias, but before she could thank him other friends joined them, and then the warning gong sounded. Jeff found himself brushing her cheek with his lips and murmuring something about writing him. As he went down the gangplank he noticed that his lips tasted salty.

Home again, he called up Berwyn for news of Doris.

"Nobody knows anything about the act," Berwyn told him. "The manager must book it himself. But I have friends who will keep after it. See you on the Moira at six."

Jeff wrote to the Callahan girl, giving her the Roney-Plaza at Miami Beach as his address until further notice. But he wished Margot hadn't cried.

At four o'clock, as he was throwing the last of his belongings into a trunk, Jeff heard a step behind him. It was his brother, Ogden, who was to be left at home with his tutor, Barnes.

"I wish you weren't going," the boy said. "I wish you would stay home with me. It's going to be very lonely."

"Want to come along, Skipper?"

"I'd like to—but I'd be in the way, Jeff." Ogden's eyes were shining with eagerness. His frail little body was trembling. Then:

(Continued on page 36)

THE SIGNAL TO GO ON A BUYING SPREE!

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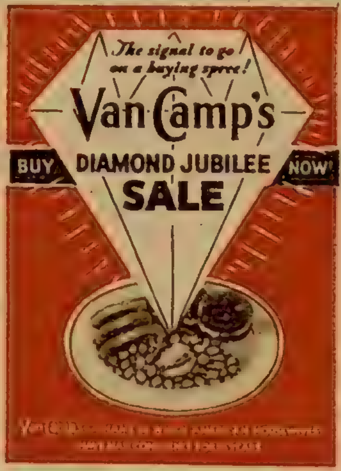
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of the Economical
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Chili Con Carne
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Tomato Soup
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"Smartest Bu

ACTION WHEELS ide Stabilizer for a , gliding ride . . . with- sidesway or body roll.

OOMY INTERIORS el, unobstructed floors -cushioned, form con- ats for extra comfort.

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(Lower right) **SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES,** self-energizing and self-equalizing for quick, smooth, straight-line stops. Big, Low-Pressure Tires for extra stopping traction as well as additional riding comfort.

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SIXES $665 and up • EIGHTS $810 and
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OLDSMOBILE 6 & 8

"the Car that [illegible]"

(Continued from page 32)

"Father doesn't want me." He turned to go.

"Hey, wait!" Jeff called out. "That's no way to win a point. Look, Skipper—I'll show you how it is done. Now pick up the house phone and dial father's number. Tell him that you want to go on the Moira with us."

"I can't do that!" the boy cried in a frightened treble. "Father wouldn't like it."

Jeff could remember the time when he too feared Geoffrey Lorimer. He still did—a little—when it came to asking favors for himself. But now he picked up the phone, dialed his father's apartment, and said:

"Ogden wants to go with us, father. There's no reason why he shouldn't, is there?"

"I suppose not. But your mother and I thought—"

"This big house will be like a mausoleum when we've gone!" Jeff interrupted.

During the pause at the other end of the wire he winked encouragingly at his younger brother. Then the answer came back: "If Barnes can get him packed in time—"

Jeff put the receiver down and turned triumphantly to the boy. "Presto—you're all set, Skipper." He laughed. "Just like that! Give me a hand with the rest of these things and we'll go down and dig out your summer duds. Won't this set Barnes on his ear, though!" The tutor, as Jeff very well knew, disliked haste.

At six thirty the Moira hove anchor from her mooring and slid down the East River in splendid dignity. An hour later she was making twenty-eight knots in the open sea.

Her passengers awoke on their first morning out to find the world bathed in sunshine and the thermometer at 65°.

Jeff had breakfast in the corner of the dining salon, which seated fifty persons. When he had finished he went out on deck. Half a dozen or so able-bodied seamen were mopping and polishing. In the radio room the operator was reading a magazine.

On the port side the pilot and mechanic of his father's amphibian airplane were playing pinochle. Geoffrey Lorimer insisted upon carrying the big amphibian, which could be swung over the side at a moment's notice, because once he had been stricken with appendicitis five hundred miles at sea.

It was handy, too, when he wanted to make a hurried trip to Europe. The Moira could precede him as far as a thousand miles out to sea; then he could overtake her in the plane.

Jeff was sunning himself, stretched out in a deck chair, when Nat and Berwyn stepped from the companionway door.

They chatted, and finally Nat said, "I'm going down to annoy mother."

"What's happened to Nat?" Berwyn asked when she had gone. "She hasn't that old come-hither spark."

"I HADN'T noticed," Jeff lied. "She's pretty fagged out—gets around too much. Say, how come you took an apartment at the Roney-Plaza?" he asked. "Don't you usually put up at the Miami-Biltmore?"

"I couldn't turn it down, Jeff," Berwyn said. "A client offered it to me gratis for as long as I want it. But I won't be staying on long after the holidays. When must you go back?"

"Frankly, I'd as soon turn back right now," Jeff answered. "I have things to do in town."

"You're not serious about this Fenton girl, are you, Jeff?" Berwyn asked, studying Jeff's face.

"I'd rather not discuss her, Harry," he answered. "Find her for me, though, and I'll tell you the whole story."

"What about Margot?"

"Margot? Oh, that's all over."

"Look here, Jeff," Berwyn said, putting a hand on his friend's arm. "I hate meddlers, but I happen to be fond of you and of your family. I'd hate to see you go chasing pretty clouds. I know these show girls better than you do."

"Not this one," Jeff said seriously. . . .

Three days later the Moira dropped anchor two miles off the Florida shore. She was too large a boat to enter the Palm Beach harbor. The palm-studded shore line could easily be seen from her decks. The Lorimer car would be waiting at the yacht club.

Geoffrey Lorimer had insisted that Jeff and Harry stay aboard the yacht for the rest of their trip to Miami, instead of going by train from Palm Beach as they had planned.

He handed his son a check for a thousand dollars. "Let me know when that is gone," he told Jeff, "and have a good time."

Mrs. Lorimer exacted Jeff's promise to spend the Christmas holidays in Palm Beach.

Ogden and the tutor were the last to go over the side. "I'm going to paint all the time I'm here, Jeff—that is, when I'm not studying," his little brother said. "I'm going to paint you a special picture."

When the launch had raced away, a larger boat took off the luggage. Then the Moira pulled anchor once more and steamed on southward.

"Laddie," Harry Berwyn said, putting an arm around Jeff's shoulder, "now it can be told! The whole world waits for us—and so does Carol."

"Carol who—and what?"

"Carol Carson—the singer. Torch songs. Blues! You must have seen her in Desert Love last winter."

"Oh, that one? Do you really know *her?*"

"Well enough to call her Carol—but that is all. You'll like her, Jeff!"

"Must I?" Jeff smiled.

PUTNAM PELL, society dilettante and American Playboy Number One, and Carol Carson were lolling in beach chairs in front of one of the cabañas on the Roney-Plaza sands. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Carol had not been up long; her day rarely began before three o'clock. She performed twice nightly in the Emerald Room at the hotel—at eleven and again at two. After that there was usually a party at the Villa Venice, Ira's Supper Club, or the Palm Island Casino. So she rarely got to bed before four or five o'clock. Blondes simply must get their sleep, and Carol was too close to thirty to be taking chances with her beauty.

"Put," as he was affectionately called, was deep in the throes of infatuation. His eyes kept roving over her from head to toe, missing nothing—the firm high breasts that more than one prominent artist had put on magazine covers, the thighs that rounded just enough to be tantalizing, and the slender shapely legs that set men's hearts going a bit faster when the spotlight followed her around the dance floor each night.

On a gay-tiled table between them was a pitcher of Miami's newest and most potent drink—the Talmadge Swizzle.

"F'heaven's sake, Carol," Put was pleading. "You've got to eat breakfast—a couple of eggs or something! The waiter can bring it out."

"For the thousandth time—no!" Carol insisted. Then, draining her glass and dropping her sandaled feet into the sand, she exclaimed: "Oh, Put! I can't go swimming with you! Legitimate business—and here it comes right now! See you later."

She hurried to meet Harry Berwyn, who was plodding toward her through the sand.

They took the underground passage to the hotel, where a special elevator for bathers whisked them up to Carol's fifth-floor suite.

"Make yourself comfy," she told Berwyn, "while I wind something around me. Order up a couple of swizzles, will you?" she called out from her dressing room.

"Swizzles?"

"They're the rage here—two thirds coca-cola, one third Bacardi rum, half a lime, a dash of bitters, and ice."

Doubtfully Berwyn obeyed, and presently the waiter was knocking at the door.

"Here!" exclaimed Carol, who had just emerged in a green-satin negligee. "Give me the check! Drinks are on the house—or rather on my new expense account. Now tell me everything!"

Berwyn, sipping his drink, told her.

"The kid mustn't fall too hard for you," he finished.

"There mustn't be a scandal. And you mustn't fall at all for him. Five hundred a week for you as long as Jeff is enjoying himself, and a bonus of a thousand which we split when we deliver him safely into his father's hands."

"Say! I don't have to—live with him, do I?"

Berwyn grinned. "Have no qualms, little woman. He fancies himself in love. We want him to forget her."

"Exactly," Carol agreed. "Scram now."

"Righto! At eight, in my apartment. Remember—I didn't invite you. You just happened in. And we're only good friends." . . .

A special elevator lined with zebra skin was at the disposal of the tenant of the apartment on the eighteenth floor of the Roney-Plaza.

When Berwyn returned from his campaign talk with Carol he found Jeff out on the sun deck looking out over the miles of palm-lined ocean front, hotels, private homes, estates, golf courses, polo fields, swimming pools—in fact, everything that drew people from all parts of the world to Florida.

The sun deck was thirty feet long and wide, covered with brilliant blue canvas. There were colored beach chairs, Spanish tiled tables, and a weatherproof piano and radio.

"You should see this place on a moonlight night when there's a crowd," Harry said.

They went in to the immense studio living room taking in the two entire stories. Large divans were massed with squashy pillows and Oriental rugs covered the tiled floor. A mahogany bar stretched across one end of the room.

"I've ordered dinner," Berwyn said. "Let's mix a cocktail."

Jeff was shaking up the drink when the elevator door slid open and Carol Carson floated out, a vision in white fox and shimmering satin.

"Harry Berwyn!" she exclaimed. "I just heard you were here, so I popped up to say hello. I'm singing downstairs in the Emerald Room."

Berwyn greeted her delightedly. "Have you met Jeff Lorimer? And look—you're just in time for a cocktail!"

As she swallowed the martini Carol was thinking that, in spite of Jeff's youth and all that Berwyn had told her, he wasn't going to succumb immediately to her charms. She too had discovered that indefinable "something" that all women saw in him.

After the second cocktail Berwyn suggested that she remain for dinner.

"Please do!" Jeff urged, sincerity in his voice.

Jeff had been doing some studying on his own account. He admired Carol.

The three sat down to dinner, Jeff so close to Carol that occasionally their hands touched. He wondered what it was about Carol that reminded him of Doris Fenton.

Before she left them, then, to go to her own apartment to prepare for her appearance in the Emerald Room, she had agreed to go dancing with them "after work," and to bring along one of the prettiest girls in Miami. . . . .

The foursome—Carol, a girl named Emily Love, Harry Berwyn, and Jeff—ate and drank and danced at Ira's until five o'clock. The sun was lifting itself slowly out of the ocean when they returned to the Roney-Plaza. Before leaving the girls they all made a date to go swimming at twelve.

"But, Carol, you never get up before three o'clock!" Emily Love exclaimed.

"You worry about your own beauty sleep," Carol laughingly retorted. "I'll be in my suit on the dot of twelve!"

They were indeed playdays that followed. Jeff was constantly running into his own and Nat's friends. He was amused to see the look of conjecture when they saw him with Carol Carson.

Jeff was surprised to learn that Carol knew more about polo than he. In fact he had discovered that there were several things about which she was better informed. Chief among these was how to be happy.

Carol Carson found as much pleasure in eating sea food with her fingers at the famous Stone Crab restaurant as the most elaborate meal served in the fashionable Surf Club.

On her night off, to Jeff's delight, she wanted to go to the Pirates' Den, because then they wouldn't have to dress in evening clothes.

After ten days Berwyn put in a long-distance call.

"It couldn't be working out better!" he reported to Lorimer. "And I don't think we need worry about that other matter—the Canada business. Understand?"

But the plan wasn't working out at all as Geoffrey Lorimer had anticipated. The more Jeff saw of America at play, the less he enjoyed or understood the spectacle, the more impatient he became about settling the problem of his future.

Carol and he were riding back from Hollywood one evening in a car Jeff had rented. Just outside Miami Beach the road ran close to the ocean.

"Stop a minute, Jeff," she said. "It's so beautiful."

Jeff pulled off to the side of the road. They sat in silence—Carol completely relaxed. But Jeff was ill at ease. Again there had come over him that confusing sensation of nearness to Doris whenever Carol was close to him.

Yet this feeling aroused no emotion for Carol in him. It was Doris he ached for. It was Doris's tantalizing mouth—and not Carol's—that he longed to drink his fill of. What did it matter that he had never kissed her? He knew exactly how her lips would feel pressed against his, and how sweetly yielding her body would be.

Now Carol threw her head back and, because Jeff's arm was stretched across the seat, she rested her head there. Her hair was brushing his face.

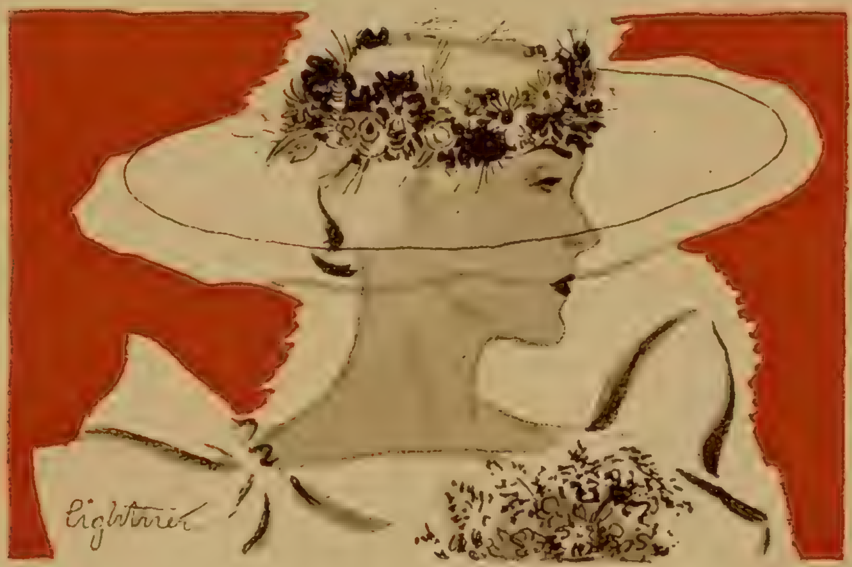
Maybe Berwyn was right, after all, in reporting to Jeff's father that he needn't worry about "that other matter—the Canada business." But suppose Jeff learns of the trick. What will the result be then? Don't miss the amazing turn of events in next week's issue.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

They say that ladies who wear glass dresses shouldn't throw parties, but Agnès's new Venetian spun-glass picture hats would throw a radiant glamour over any party. They're enormous—translucent, in the new opaline pastels or the clearer Lido sea and sky shades—and trimmed with flowers.

The ravishing things they do to skin and eyes make beauty doctors think of retiring. Agnès recommends them for wear at the race track and at garden parties and by bridesmaids who want to "make happy brides." And, by the way, they've been ordered for bridesmaids of the smartest of the coming spring weddings.

—DORAMILLER.



Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

A Poignant Chronicle of Seven Days and the Dire Tragedy of Six Bottles

by

NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

MONDAY: Up feeling cheery and bright and, like the carefree canary that sings at the sound of running water, did lift my voice in the tub in gay song causing my wife Daisy to peer around the bathroom door with grave misgivings, and she did inquire if I were feeling all right, and I did laugh lustily and pound my chest with great vigor and remark that life begins at forty, and my wife commented on the fact that I was late as usual.

So on with my ablutions and caroling and I did conceive the idea that, inasmuch as people sang so much better while laving, mighty fine radio programs could be broadcast direct from different bathrooms, and my wife did agree with me that the idea was novel but that she would hate to have her mother, or any one else, listen in on me shaving.

After a hearty breakfast did turn on the radio and hearkened to so many cures for headache, earache, toothache, backache, and stomach-ache that I felt fair sick and did tell my wife to send for the doctor and so back to bed.

TUESDAY: Up to find my dear wife gone to visit her sister Electra in Brooklyn and a note in the kitchen to defrost the electric ice chest, and I did turn every gadget and doodad I could find but nothing happened, so broke up a peach basket into kindling wood and built a small fire under the refrigerator and in so doing inadvertently tipped over a can of gasoline which my wife uses for cleaning gloves, and when I did open the window and shout "Fire!" two small boys on the roof across the court pelted me with snowballs.

So in great haste to the telephone and said to the operator, "I'm on fire," and she did reply, "One moment, please, and I will connect you with the Complaint Department," and by the time I had convinced her that what I wanted was a fireman, Mr. O'Toole the janitor had arrived and quenched the conflagration.

So with Mr. O'Toole to a publick to celebrate the big quenching and we talked about this and that and the lady in apartment 3B, and then Mr. O'Toole kindly phoned his son Michael to fetch the luggage truck, which he did and he did convey us home, but Officer Mulcahey did chance by and would have given us a ticket for going the wrong way on a one-way street had I not had the presence of mind to push him into a privet hedge.

WEDNESDAY: Up and did remark to my dear wife what a foggy day it was, and she did inform me that on the contrary the sun was shining and had I been entertaining Boy Scouts in the apartment the day before, which question reminded me of the wag who did say that he could start a fire by rubbing two Boy Scouts together and I did laugh heartily but quickly ceased upon noting my wife's expression.

So to the bathroom and seeing my reflection in the glass was sorely shocked at my deathly pallor but was mightily relieved when I did discover that my dear wife had stretched a lace handkerchief across the mirror.

So to shaving, finding it an extremely difficult chore what with my quivering as if with the ague and it did remind me of the poor jittery wretch who dropped into a publick of a morning and asked the barkeep for a pickup and as he sipped his drink with shaking, palsied hands the barkeep passed the time of day by inquiring as to his customer's state of health and what he was doing now, and the poor wretch did stutter, "Oh, the s-same old j-j-job, J-J-Joe, re-p-p-pairing watches."

Thence into the shower and the soothing warmth of it did make the day seem a bit less cheerless until some one in the flat below turned on the cold water causing me to be enveloped in a scalding-hot stream, and I did leap with great haste through the shower curtain and in so doing fell through the bathroom door and out into the bedroom in time to greet Mrs. Pratt who had dropped in from next door to see my dear wife's new hat.

So back to bed.

THURSDAY: Awoke to find my dear wife tiptoeing about in the bitter cold closing the windows, and could not bear the sight of her suffering so did turn my face to the wall.

Up and my wife did suggest going to a cinema and I made remark that I was sick of seeing the Roosevelts but we did go nevertheless and I did enjoy hugely a Popeye the Sailor comedy which Daisy deemed not funny at all and I commented upon the fact that women have no sense of humor, whereupon she did ask how in God's name could she have lived with me all these years had she not it.

The Pratts in to dinner and I did tell Mr. Pratt of my thrilling hunting experiences the month before and was in the act of describing to him how I had killed a deer singlehanded when my dear wife did interrupt and say, "Finish him off, dear; dinner is getting cold."

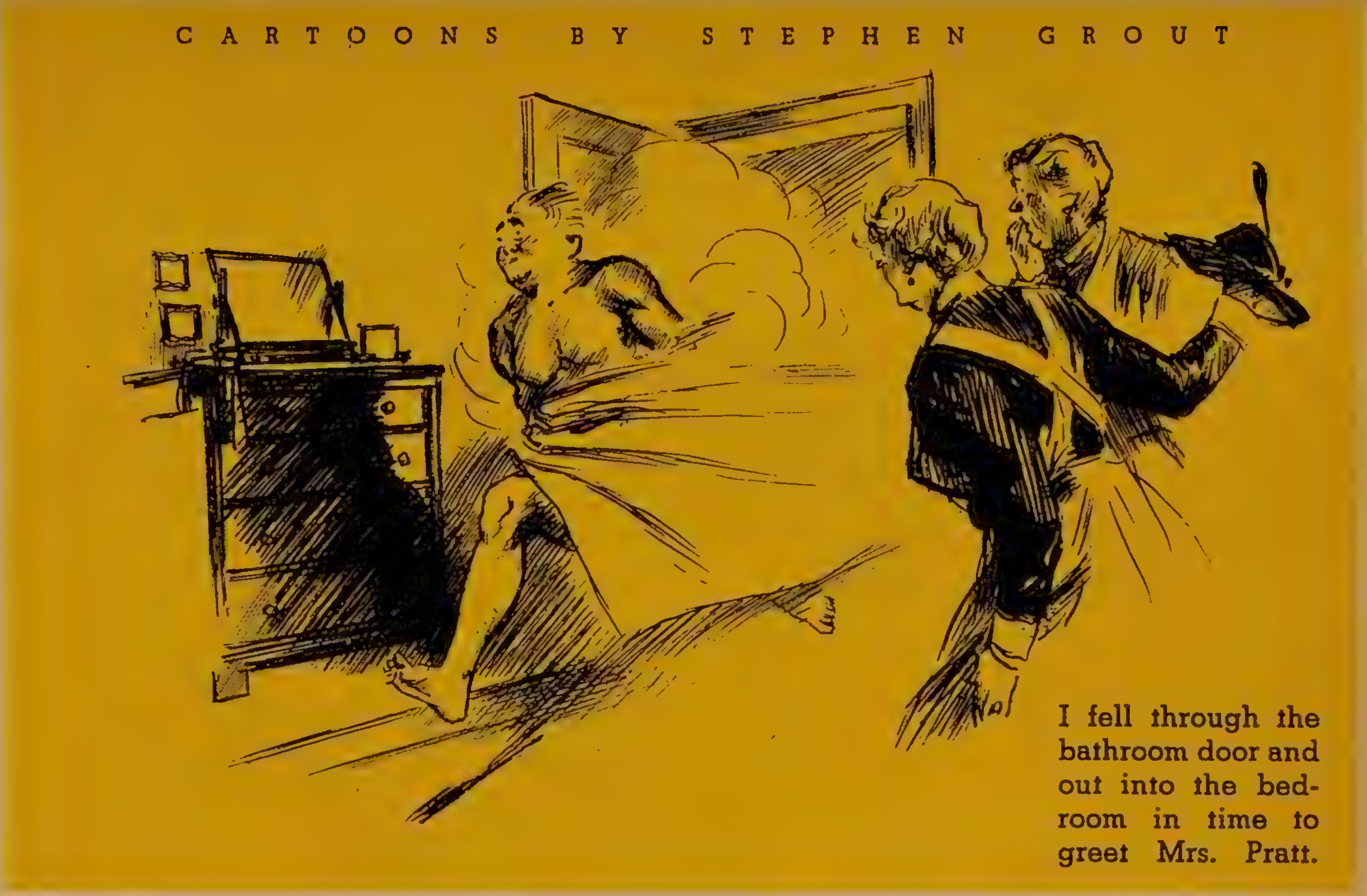
So in to dinner and my wife did open a bottle of kümmel from her Uncle Otto in Germany which I did say reminded me of a hymn and when Mrs. Pratt asked, "What hymn?" I did reply, "Kümmel ye faithful."

FRIDAY: Up betimes and out for a brisk walk and a

CARTOONS BY STEPHEN GROUT

man did approach me on the street and he did ask if I could spare two bits for a dry Martini with a dash of absinthe and I replied, "My good man, you have an honest approach. I will not only give you the two bits for the dry Martini with a dash of absinthe but I will join you in the imbibing of it."

So to a publick and my friend did tell me all about the mendicant trade and how it had progressed since the Hoover administration from what was practically an infant industry to a flourishing business and how for the fiscal year ending December 31, 1935, they had almost doubled their input.



I fell through the bathroom door and out into the bedroom in time to greet Mrs. Pratt.

So home and to bed without meeting Officer Malcahey.

SATURDAY: Up to find my wife gone to visit her cousin Nettie in Yonkers leaving me with no funds and a note instructing me to change the water in the goldfish bowl, so I removed the fish and placed them in my pocket the while I poured out the old water and replenished the bowl from the tap.

Thence to a publick but when I did put my hand in my pocket to pay for my libation did discover nothing but the goldfish and I did offer the barkeep one of the finny denizens for payment but he informed me that I should well know we were off the gold standard and that a fifteen-cent goldfish was now worth only a nickel.

Having spent the six goldfish made my way to the club where I did see a friend of mine sitting in a corner by the bar and he was staring sadly into space and shaking his head like a man sorely beset, and when I did ask him what the dire trouble was he replied, "I am worried about Ethiopia!"

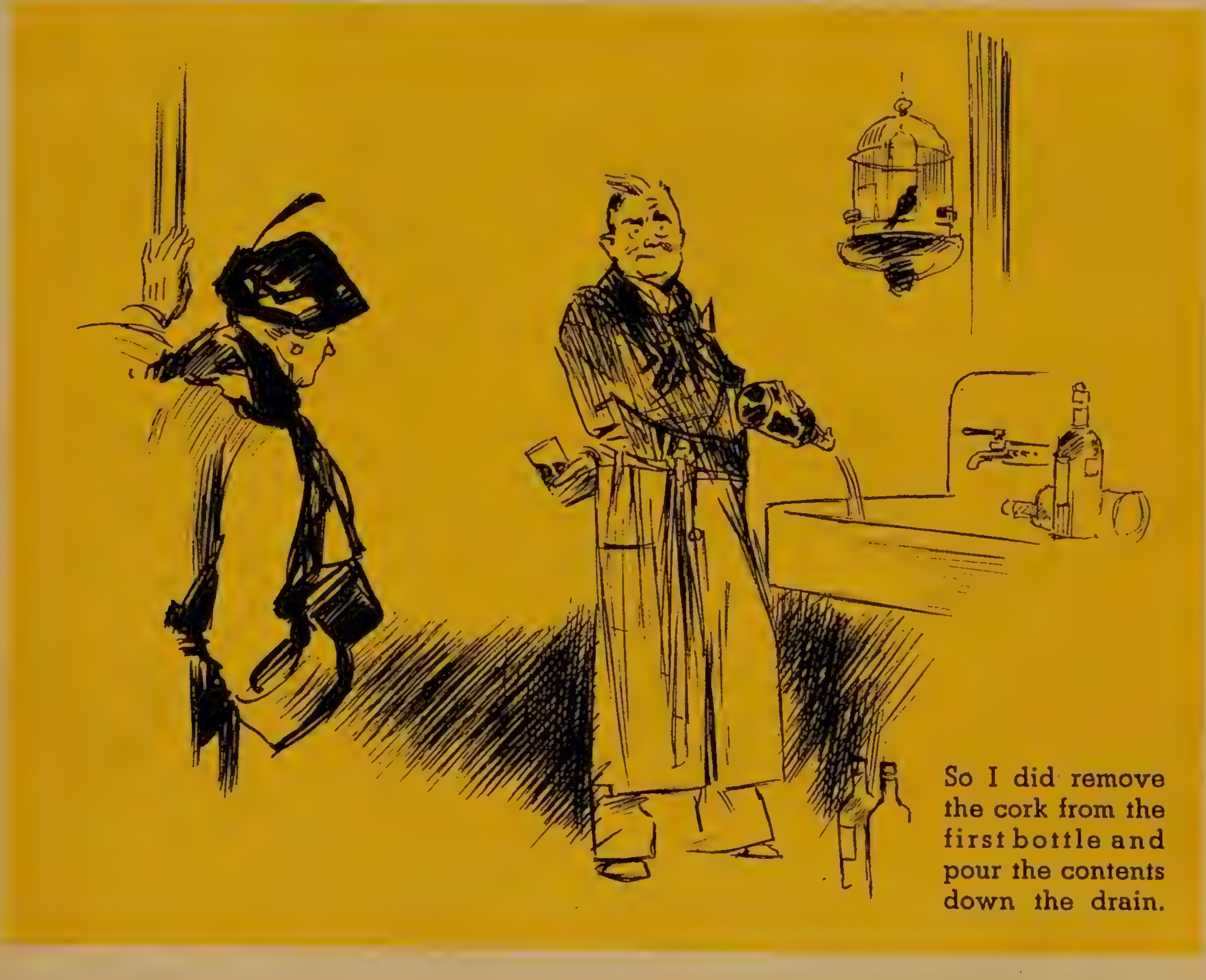
So did join him in his worrying and things did look black indeed until they did raffle off twelve bottles of whisky and I, being fortune's fool, won them.

SUNDAY: Up to find the world and my dear wife looking bleak indeed and my wife did inform me that either she or the six bottles I had brought home with me would leave the apartment.

So to the sink with the six bottles and I did sorrowfully remove the cork from the first bottle and pour the contents down the drain with the exception of one glass which I did drink, then I removed the cork from the second sink and poured the contents down the bottle with the exception of one bottle which I drank.

Having done this I did pull the sink out of the third cork and weeping copiously did pour myself down the contents with the exception of one drain which I drank, and so counted the bottles and found that I had thirty-six more than I had the first time I counted them, and my dear wife did remark that I shouldn't overtax myself and I did thank her commenting that she was the wifest nice in the world.

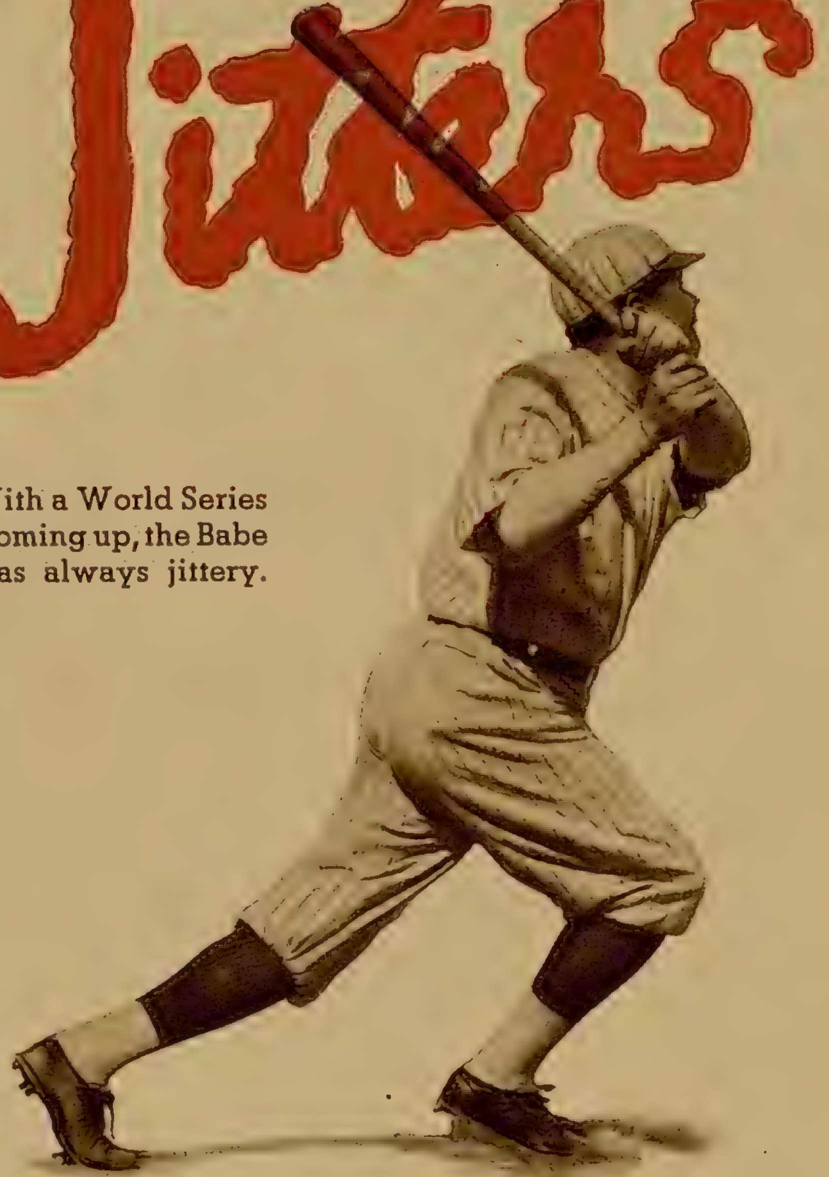
So back to bed.



So I did remove the cork from the first bottle and pour the contents down the drain.

Further candid extracts from Mr. Dunkle's diary will appear in an early issue.

A PLEA FOR THE Jitters



With a World Series looming up, the Babe was always jittery.

ARE you nervous? Does your spinal fluid congeal when some fiend of fiends pops his knuckles? Can you sit still in the subway while a garlic lover devours your morning paper over your shoulder? Can you wait patiently on some nameless street corner with evil characters leering at you from the shadows until somebody arrives at nine fifteen to keep an eight-o'clock appointment?

If your answer to the first question is "No," and to the others "Yes," then your chances of becoming a first-class athlete are remote. You may become a fairly good one, but you'll never be a champion unless, perchance, your bent is for chess, six-day bike racing, flagpole sitting, or archaeology.

The nervous athlete is the great athlete. We have the word of the greatest living athletic coach for that—the solemn, well considered and deeply convincing word of a man who should and does know.

By the nervous athlete the coach does not mean, necessarily, the specimens who drum on the theater seat behind you with their toes, or play faint xylophonic symphonies on their teeth with their fingernails. What he does mean is the alert, tingly, light-sleeping fellow.

Recently this coach was running a group of prospective sprinters through their starting paces. After an hour's patient drilling, he turned away in woeful silence. "They haven't got it," he mourned. "They're not nervous enough. There never was a good sprinter, or any other kind of athlete, who wasn't nervous."

The statement was a stunner. If you'd asked almost any casual observer of sports what temperamental type made the best athlete, he probably would have said the calm, placid, easygoing type. Yet results tell the story. From polo players to sprinters, from football stars to swimmers, from golfers to baseball players, from tennis champions to boxing immortals, the nervous, high-strung, trigger-quick athletes have been topping the heap, and the men without imagination, without the hair-line reactions of the nervous temperament, have run good substantial seconds and thirds.

What this coach meant when he said his sprinters weren't nervous enough was that they didn't poise on the starting line with every muscle in their bodies aching for release, every nerve atingle, crying out, silently but none the less fiercely, "Give us the gun—for the love of Mike, give us the gun and let us get out there and run our darn-fool legs off—run until we drop dead, if we have to, just so we can run!"

Every one who has followed baseball knows the story of Ty Cobb, that bundle of dynamite and lightning. He'd jump over a hotel-lobby chair if some one as much as dropped a wad of chewing gum behind him. He'd whip seven times his weight in wildcats if some one popped his knuckles within hearing of his acutely sensitive ears. Yet no man ever has approached his sheer genius as a baseball player, and they still call him the wealthiest man baseball has produced, even after Babe Ruth's spectacular earnings.

Nor is it necessary to speak at length of the temperament of Jack Dempsey, probably the greatest of all heavyweight champions. For forty-eight hours before a fight he couldn't be shaved or shave himself. His nerves were so on edge that the touch of a razor or the necessity of sitting still in a barber chair drove him into a frenzy. And his hands were so unsteady that he didn't dare try to shave himself.

The nervousness of Bill Tilden is as well known as the nervousness of Dempsey and Cobb. How many have seen Big Bill, whose peer as a tennis player has yet to poke his beak over the horizon, stop a match midway and order the typewriters in the press box stilled? Why, the press row at Forest Hills virtually was rebuilt because of Tilden's nervousness, and those who had to use typewriters and telegraph wires were shoved back toward the rear of the stands.

They used to call Helen Wills Moody nerveless. But the final telltale revelation came when illness overtook her and she could no longer go on. Then she broke, and the pent-up fury of that emotional storm sent her to bed for many, many weeks. She deserved tribute, not for nervelessness but for the most amazing self-control in the history of women's sports—a far greater tribute than mere stolidity ever could have earned.

Run down the list of great tennis players—Bill Johnston, Maurice McLoughlin, Henri Cochet, Norman Brookes, Ellsworth Vines, Fred Perry, George Lott, Wilmer Allison. Consider them and their temperaments. Allison came closest to stolidity among them, yet, lean and attenuated as he is, he never went through a major match without losing many pounds.

It is by citing those who were supposed by the public to be nerveproof that the truth of the nervousness theory is best established. Any one watching Paavo Nurmi, still the greatest piece of human running machinery, in his races would have said that here was a man utterly without nerves. Yet so keenly attuned was his nervous system that he had to follow a rigid diet throughout all the months of his active training. He had to eat the same things day after day, week after week, month after month, to prevent a complete smashup.

Once, just before a race in New York—long enough before, to be sure, to give the food adequate time to digest—he varied his diet. He ate a veal potpie. Now a veal potpie probably is one of the easiest dishes in the world to digest. Yet Nurmi worried about varying his diet and

Ty Cobb, "bundle of dynamite," at bat.

The Nervous Athlete Is the Great Athlete—Don't Believe It? Consider These Champs!

by

DICK WILLIAMS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

became ill in the middle of the race that night so that he was forced to drop out ignominiously, losing the only race he ever lost in this country at one of his regular distances.

The general verdict would be that Babe Ruth was a man totally without nerves. An athlete who could, in a World Series game, point to a spot in the distant bleachers and then bat a baseball almost exactly to that spot would be called a freak, a man totally without the reactions of the ordinary man.

Yet Ruth, before an important game, before a season opening or the first clash of a World Series, always was a bundle of nerves, a grousing, ill-tempered martinet, snarling at his fellow players and cursing under his breath the day he had taken up baseball as a profession.

Remember those digestive collapses of the Babe's? It doesn't stand to reason that a man reared in poverty, as he was, is going to collapse under a bottle or two of soda pop and a pair of hot dogs.

And Ruth *did not* collapse from the hot dogs and the red pop alone. He collapsed from an overwrought nervous system rebelling through his stomach.

SMILING little Eddie Tolan outwardly personified the self-controlled, calmly assured athlete. Yet he was the most nervous of sprinters, so nervous that after his Olympic triumphs in 1932 he was ill. His system was so dehydrated that his skin cracked and fever sores appeared on his lips and he went through a series of severe headaches. It was part of the nervousness that enabled him to beat every opponent, including the Japanese, away from the start in both the 100- and 200-meter events. Had Ralph Metcalfe, then a tyro, possessed such nervousness, Tolan never would have been a double Olympic champion, or even a single one. But Metcalfe did not have it in the degree Tolan did, and he had to depend on a finishing drive that was not enough to overcome the start Tolan's then keener nervous system gave him.

There is a unique story about Metcalfe, probably the greatest sprinter that ever lived, that aptly illustrates the point. When Conrad Jennings, the canny Marquette coach, first got him, Metcalfe was placid, secure in the knowledge of his tremendous driving power, and inclined to be stodgy. He won all his races against ordinary opponents with ease.

Then he met some top-flight sprinters and they beat him. He went to the Olympics and won both the 100- and 200-meter tryouts by running down his opponents in the last few dozen feet. Then came the finals, and he lost both to Tolan. True, an official blunder that caused him to run three yards farther than any one else in the 200-meter may have caused his defeat there. But the facts are that he lost, and by half a step.

He went back to school and worried. He worried over his failure to start more quickly. From a calm, almost phlegmatic youth he metamorphosed into a high-strung, alert, lightning-quick, almost painfully nervous one—and developed almost overnight into one of the quickest starters in track history and certainly the most powerful of all short-distance runners.

If there be any dissenters to the theory that nervousness is essential for a sports champion, they probably will fall back on golf. They'll tell you to look at Bobby Jones. All right, let's look at him. Outwardly unmoved in the face of any and all obstacles, Jones was inwardly seething. No man loses from twelve to fifteen pounds in three days of golf from the sheer exercise of the game. Yet Jones invariably did that, and at Merion he dropped from 186 pounds to 171 in the week of the National Amateur.

Moreover, Jones, at other times a most agreeable, considerate, obliging man, became during tournament weeks a dour, silent, brooding introvert. He retained his sense of courtesy and politeness at all times, but he never went beyond that, and often, when a man whose nerves were as steely as his were supposed to be would have been sleeping, he sat up, silent, fighting his nerves.

Ben Eastman established five world records in the middle distances in four years. He looks like a good-natured, stolid fellow. Yet he wears glasses, not because he has defective vision but because of the terrific nervous headaches that come upon him when he faces a hard race and afterward. Without that nervousness he wouldn't have been a champion.

Like human, like animal. The greatest race horses of history have been the skittish high-strung ones. Twenty Grand, Man o' War, Equipoise, Gallant Fox, Phar Lap, even colorful old Exterminator—they were all nervous wild-eyed beasts who champed at their bits for action, and if they hadn't been they might never have passed the trainer's first appraisal on their way to the equine Hall of Fame.

So if you tingle always for action, if you start madly at little things, if your palms and lips go dry at restraint, don't worry. Your career might well be in athletics. There couldn't be a better litany for a champion than:

"For the love of Mike, give us the gun—let us go—let us go anywhere, even unto death, just so we go!"

THE END

Beginning NEXT WEEK!

COMPANY OF THE DAMNED

At Last an Inside Picture of the Hunted Men's Militia in India

by Captain Blackledge

UP there in the mountainous no man's land between Afghanistan and the North-West Frontier Province of India, the Kurram Militia marches. " Hunted Men's Militia " they call them at Peshawar. A motley force composed of the worst native elements — cattle thieves, outlaws, bandits, deserters from the Regulars. As ferocious and wild as any border country anywhere could muster. With only a half dozen sahibs to control them. That's what Digger Craven was—second in command to Colonel Strong.

It was Digger who volunteered to trek northward and find out where Be-akle Lenhai, the Mad Fakir, was getting modern arms and welding a dangerous array of tribesmen for a campaign down through the Khyber. And it was Digger who got captured. Starting with a description of tribal torture, an appeal to the mysterious Mahrila, woman of a reminiscent accent, and his escape down the Pass, you'll find Captain Blackledge's graphic account of this wild campaign more surprising, more thrilling and exciting, if possible, than HELL HOUNDS or MARCHING MADMEN. It is a story never told before. Begin it next week in Liberty.

ON THE STANDS **Liberty** WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

TO Dr. Elsa K. La Roe, plastic surgeon, a man showed one of his hands. The thumb was missing—had been chopped off in an accident. He said, "I want a new thumb grafted on. Can you do it?"

"Yes, I *could*," she replied; "but where are you going to get the thumb?"

"Advertise," said the man. "I'm sure I can buy a good thumb from some poor down-and-out fellow for a thousand dollars cash."

DR. ELSA K. LA ROE

Maybe he did. Not, however, with Elsa La Roe participating in the deal. She doesn't believe in buying other people's thumbs, or any part of their anatomy, which they certainly wouldn't dream of selling unless they were desperately poor. She mentioned the case just to show me what queer propositions turn up in her line.

There are only five women doctors in the world who do plastic surgery. Dr. La Roe specializes in figure work, breast lifting, etc. Quite a few actresses, both of the stage and of the screen, go under the knife for figure reconstruction. Sometimes Elsa La Roe puts them on a diet instead of on her operating table. Why slice 'em, she asks, when all they need is to quit stuffing?

One of her assistants is a Chinese woman doctor. Many Chinese and Japanese have smallpox marks removed from their faces when they come to this country. It is done by grafting a tiny piece of skin over each pockmark. One Japanese patient returned, some months after his operation, to have his pockmarks put back again. He was in trouble with the State Department—his face no longer looked like the photograph on his passport.

● Yes, *anything* can happen to a girl in New York. I'll give you a true story to prove it. The other day a girl from out of town rode up Fifth Avenue in a taxi, chatting sociably with the driver. As they passed the Central Park Zoo she said she thought it would be fun to have a lion cub for a pet.

"That's what I used to think until I got one," said the taximan. "Do you want to see him?"

"What!" squealed the girl. "Where is he?"

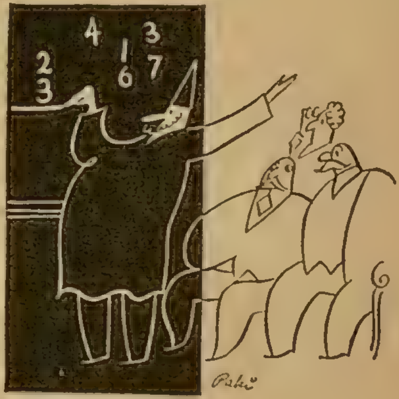
"Right here, lady." And I'll be jiggered if the taximan didn't have a young panther, or maybe it was a jaguar, tucked in beside him on the floor of the cab. Tame as a kitten. A friend, he explained, had sent it to him from Cuba. "He's good company," said the cabman; "but he eats a lot of meat, and meat costs dough."

● *Nexercise* to keep your *nexquisite*. Here, girls, is the latest neck advice from a famous beauty *nexpert:*

Strengthen your neck muscles morning and evening, she tells you, by holding your chin down hard while raising and lowering your shoulders. Do this twenty times. At night put on plenty of cleansing cream, rub off, then a second application. Wipe off again. Now a cloth wrung out in hot water. Three times with the hot cloth. Dry your neck thoroughly with paper tissues, spray on a mild astringent, massage with a little nourishing cream. In the morning massage your neck gently with ice wrapped in gauze.

● The old soothsayers who believed in magic numbers would have taken a special fancy, I am told, to this year 1936. They were extra fond of the number 11, and of the number 4. Now look: Divide 1936 by 11. The result is 176. Divide by 11 again. The result is 16. Divide 16 by 4. The result is 4. Divide 4 by 4. The answer is 1. Perfect unity! Isn't that optimistic?

● Letters from everywhere bring hundreds of suggestions for training ourselves to remember people's names. Read a few and take your choice.



From Kansas. Make believe you are reading the name from a piece of paper which you have just drawn out of a hat. This fixes the spelling of the name in your mind.

From Georgia. When you are introduced, look the person in the eye and say the name to yourself three times.

From Michigan. Associate the name in your mind with some individuality of the person—some peculiarity of face, clothing, or mannerism.

From Winnipeg, Canada. Associate the name with some picture it suggests—like "Mrs. Barnes—horses" or "Mr. Crampton—cramps."

Other ideas, too numerous to quote, have come to me. This name-remembering trouble appears widespread.

● For women readers I especially recommend Maurice Baring's new novel, Darby and Joan (published by Alfred A. Knopf); also A First Book in Home Economics, by Mata Roman Friend and Hazel Shultz (published by D. Appleton-Century Company).

● Excellent as a lunch novelty are cheese pancakes served with creamed mushrooms. I've just tried them out from a new book of Vienna recipes authored by Evelyn Bach and published in London by Cobden-Sanderson.

Cream yolks of 4 eggs with 3 tablespoons butter. Add 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese, 2 tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons cream, a little salt, and the whites of 4 eggs beaten to a snow. Drop tablespoons of the mixture on a hot buttered griddle, frying like pancakes.

Tortured by Love, a Murderer Tells His Secret . . . but the Story's Most Bizarre Surprise Is Still Around the Corner

Doubl
INDEM

by

JAMES M. CAIN

who wrote The Postman Always Rings Twice

The names and the descriptions of all the characters in Double Indemnity are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

WALTER HUFF, an insurance agent, and Mrs. Phyllis Nirdlinger, his guilty paramour, kill her husband to obtain an accident policy for $50,000. It is to be a "perfect" murder, with all trails covered and alibis ironbound. Mr. Nirdlinger's body is found alongside railroad tracks, as if he had fallen off a train and broken his neck.

But at the General Fidelity Company offices, where he is employed, Huff learns that certain suspicions are rampant. Norton, the president, suspects suicide in the case; while Keyes, the chief of the Claim Department, is positive it's the cleverest kind of murder. If either deduction proves true, of course no accident premium will be payable, and Huff and his beautiful accomplice will have gone to infinite pains and danger for nothing.

"Death in a manner unknown to this jury," is the verdict returned at the inquest. However, Norton determines to take the case to court, and Keyes confides in his confidential agent, Huff, that he will have Phyllis Nirdlinger shadowed day and night!

Tipped off as to what course of action is being taken, the double-dealing Huff advises his mistress on every move to make, though he has come to hate the monstrous creature. This change of heart is strengthened to an almost intolerable degree by the appeal made to him by Lola, the lovely daughter of the murdered man, who tells Huff that she is tortured with the feeling that her stepmother, Phyllis, not only murdered her father but her mother as well. And besides this, her sweetheart, Nino Sachetti, is now paying exclusive attention to the widow. Consoling the sorrowing girl, Huff finds himself falling in love with her.

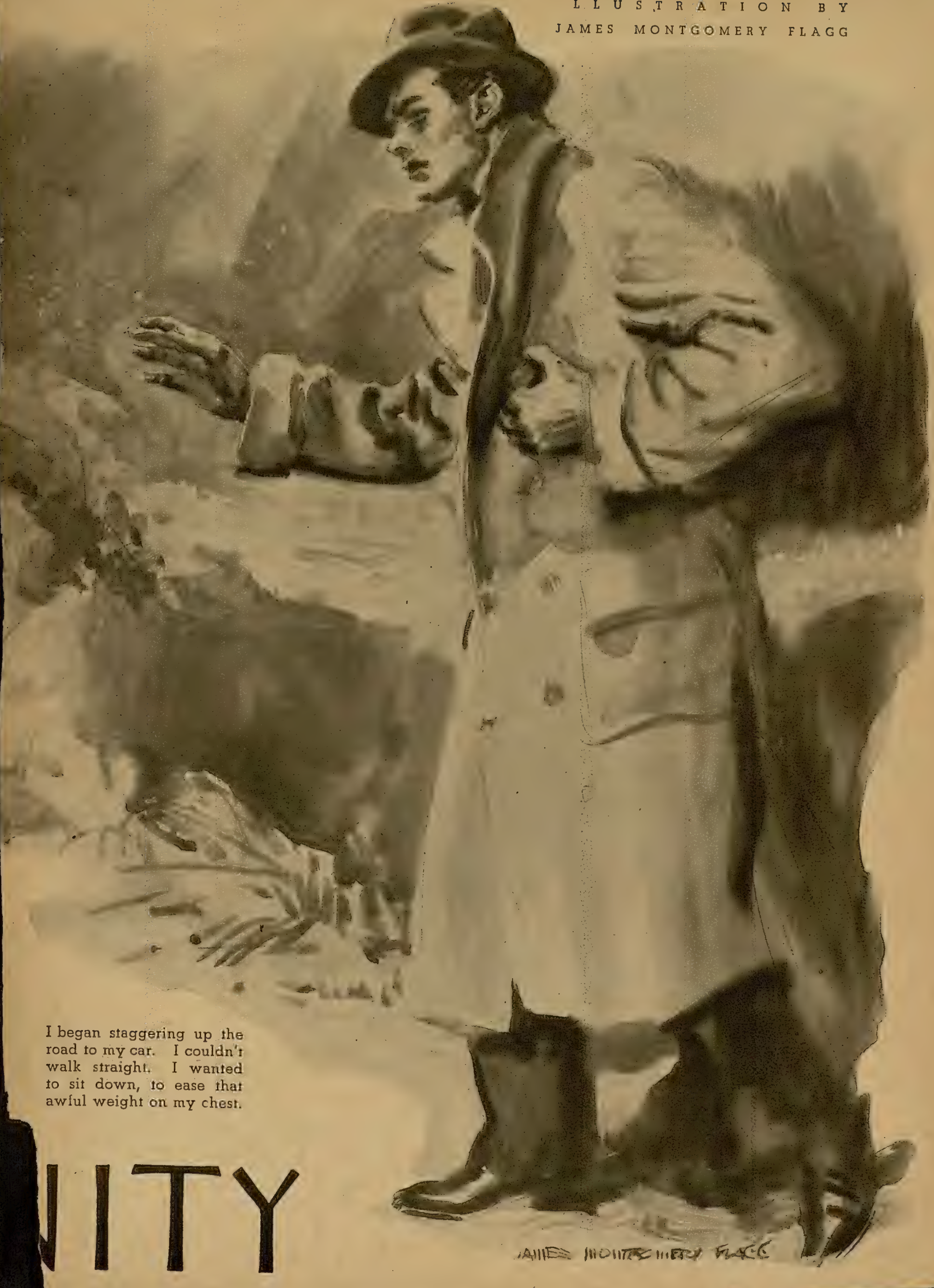
So he plots a second series of alibied moves through which he intends to kill his faithless paramour and make it seem as if Nino Sachetti did the deed. He sets a date with Phyllis for midnight in Griffith Park. But he waits impatiently for her to come. Suddenly there is a flash and a shot. Huff feels himself losing consciousness.

PART SEVEN—"IF YOU LET THEM BEAT HER . . ."

I KNEW then what had happened to me. I wasn't the only one that figured the world wasn't big enough for two people when they knew what we knew about each other. I had come there to kill Phyllis, but she had beaten me to it.

I fell back on the seat, and I heard footsteps running away. There I was, with a bullet through my chest, in a stolen car, and the owner of the car the very man that Keyes had been tailing for the last month and a half. I pulled

LLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I began staggering up the road to my car. I couldn't walk straight. I wanted to sit down, to ease that awful weight on my chest.

ITY

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328 Payne Ave., No. Tonawanda, N.Y.
I'm attaching my letterhead—please send free packet of MAK-UR-OWN *Index Tabs advertised in* LIBERTY, *March 28, 1936.*

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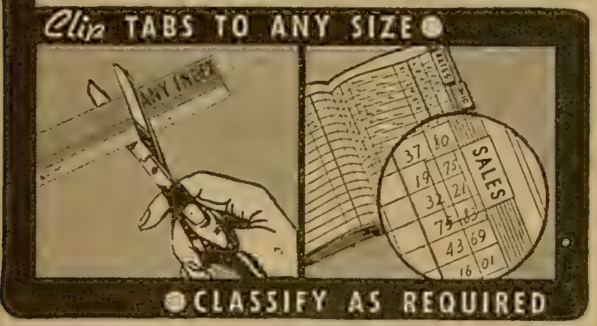

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The safe way to fight a cough is that good old reliable—a Smith Brothers Cough Drop. (Two kinds: Black or Menthol—5¢.) **Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A** This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

myself up by the wheel. I reached up for the key, then remembered I had to leave it in there.

I opened the door. I could feel the sweat start out on my head from what it took out of me to turn the handle. I got out somehow. I began staggering up the road to my car. I couldn't walk straight. I wanted to sit down, to ease that awful weight on my chest, but I knew if I did that I'd never get there. I remembered I had to get the car key ready, and took it out of my pocket. I got there and climbed in. I shoved the key in and pulled the starter.

That was the last I knew *that* night. . . .

I don't know if you've ever been under ether. You come out of it a little bit at a time. First a kind of a gray light shines on one part of your mind, just a dim gray light, and then it gets bigger, but slow. All the time it's getting bigger you're trying to gag the stuff out of your lungs. It sounds like an awful groan, like you were in pain or something, but that's not it. You try to gag it out of your lungs and you make those sounds to try and force it out. But away inside somewhere your head is working all the time. You know where you're at, and even if all kind of cockeyed ideas do swim through that gray light, the main part of you is there, and you can think, maybe not so good, but a little.

It seemed to me I had been thinking even before I began to come to. I knew there must be somebody with me there, but I didn't know who it was. I could hear them talking, but it wouldn't quite reach me what they were saying. Then I could hear it. It was a woman, telling me to open my mouth for a little ice; that would make me feel better. I opened my mouth. I got the ice. I figured the woman must be a nurse. Still I didn't know who else was there.

I THOUGHT a long time, then figured it out I would open my eyes just a little bit and close them quick, and see who was in the room.

At first I couldn't see anything. It was a hospital room, and there was a table pushed up near the bed, with a lot of stuff on it. It was broad daylight. Over my chest the covers were piled high, so that meant a lot of bandages. I opened my eyes a little bit farther and peeped around. The nurse was sitting beside the table, watching me. But over back of her was somebody. I had to wait till she moved to see who it was; but I knew anyway, even without seeing.

It was Keyes.

It must have been an hour that I lay there after that, and never opened my eyes at all. I was all there in the head by that time. I tried to think. I couldn't. Every time I tried to gag more ether out, there would come this stab of pain in my chest. That was from the bullet. I quit trying to gag out the ether then, and the nurse began talking to me. She knew. Pretty soon I had to answer her. Keyes walked over.

"Well, that theater program saved you."

"Yeah?"

"That double wad of paper wasn't much, but it was enough. You'll bleed a little bit for a while where that bullet grazed your lung, but you're lucky it wasn't your heart. Another eighth of an inch and it would have been curtains for you."

"They get the bullet?"

"Yeah."

"They get the woman?"

"Yeah."

I didn't say anything. I thought it was curtains for me anyway, but I just lay there. "They got her, and I got plenty to tell you, boy. This thing is a honey. But give me a half-hour. I got to go out and get some breakfast. Maybe you'll be feeling better then yourself."

He went. I tried to figure it out. He didn't act like I was in any trouble, or he was sore at me, or anything like that. I couldn't figure it out. In a couple of minutes an orderly came in.

"You got any papers in this hospital?"

"Yes, sir, I think I can get you one."

He came back with a paper and found it for me. He knew what I wanted. It wasn't on page one. It was in the second section, where they print the local news that's not quite hot enough to go on the front page. This was it:

MYSTERY SHROUDS GRIFFITH PARK SHOOTING

Two Held After Walter Huff, Insurance Man, Is Found Wounded at Wheel of Car on Riverside Drive After Midnight.

Police are investigating the circumstances surrounding the shooting of Walter Huff, an insurance man living in the Los Feliz Hills, who was found unconscious at the wheel of his car in Griffith Park shortly after midnight last night, a bullet wound in his chest. Two persons were held pending a report on Huff's condition today. They are:

Lola Nirdlinger, 19; Bernanino Sachetti, 26.

Miss Nirdlinger gave her address as the Lycee Arms Apartments, Yucca Street, and Sachetti as the Lilac Court Apartments, North La Brea Avenue.

Huff apparently was shot as he was driving along Riverside Drive from the direction of Burbank. Police arriving at the scene shortly afterward found Miss Nirdlinger and Sachetti at the car, trying to get him out. A short distance away was a pistol with one chamber discharged. Both denied responsibility for the shooting but refused to make any further statement.

They brought me orange juice and I lay there trying to figure that out. You think I fell for it, do you? That I thought maybe Lola had shot me, or Sachetti maybe, out of jealousy—something like that? I did not. I knew who shot me. I knew who I had a date with, who knew I was going to be there, who wanted me out of the way. Nothing could change me on that. But what were these two doing there? I pounded on it a while, and I couldn't make any sense out of it, except a little piece of it. Of course Lola was following Sachetti again that night, or who she thought was Sachetti. That explained what she was doing there. But what was he doing there?

None of it made sense. And all the while I kept having this numb feeling that I was sunk, and not only sunk for what I had done, but for what Lola was going to find out. That was the worst.

It was almost noon before Keyes came back. He saw the paper. He pulled up a chair near the bed. "I've been down to the office."

"Yeah?"

"It's been a wild morning. A wild morning on top of a wild night."

"What's going on?"

"Now I'll tell you something you don't know. This Sachetti, Huff, this same Sachetti that plugged you last night, is the same man we've been tailing for what he might know about that other thing—that Nirdlinger case."

"You don't mean it."

"I do mean it. I started to tell you, you remember, but Norton has got these ideas about keeping all that stuff confidential from agents, so I didn't. That's it. The same man, Huff. Did I tell you? Did I tell Norton? Did I say there was something funny about that case?"

"What else?"

"Plenty. Your finance company called up."

"Yeah?"

"They popped out with what we'd have known in the first place—I mean me and Norton—if we had taken you into our confidence completely from the beginning. If you had known about this Sachetti, you could have told us what we just found out today, and it's the key to the whole case."

"He got a loan."

"THAT'S right. He got a loan. But that's not it. That's not the important thing. *He was in your office the day you delivered that policy to Nirdlinger.*"

"I couldn't be certain."

"We are. We checked it all up, with Nettie, with the finance-company records, with the records in the policy department. He was in there, and the girl was in there, and that's what we've been waiting for. That gives it to us—the hookup we never had before."

"What do you mean, hookup?"

"Listen. We know Nirdlinger never told his family about this policy. We know that, from a check we've made with the secretary. He never told anybody. Just the same, the family *knew* about it, didn't they?"

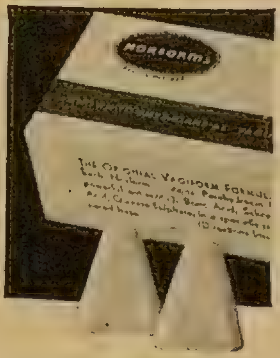
"Well—I don't know."

"They knew. They didn't put him on the spot for nothing. They knew, and now we know *how* they knew. This ties it up."

"Any court would assume they knew."

FEMININE HYGIENE

made easy



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Send for the Norforms booklet *"The New Way."* It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, *makers of Unguentine.*

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"I'm not a court. I'm talking about it for my own satisfaction, for my own knowledge that I'm right. Because, look, Huff, I might demand an investigation on the basis of what my instinct tells me. But I don't go into a courtroom and go to bat with it without knowing. And now I know. What's more, this ties the girl in."

"The—who?"

"The girl. The daughter. She was there too. In your office, I mean. Oh, yeah, you may think it funny, that a girl would pull something like that on her own father. But it's happened. It's happened plenty of times. For fifty thousand bucks it's going to happen plenty of times again."

"I—don't believe that."

"You will, before I get done. Now listen, Huff. I'm still shy something. I'm shy one link. They put you on the spot for something you could testify to when this suit comes up, I can see that. But what?"

"What do you mean, what?"

"What is it you know about them they would knock you off for? Their being in your office, that's not enough. There must be something else. Now, what is it?"

"I—don't know. I can't think of anything."

"There's something. Maybe it's something you've forgotten about, something that doesn't mean anything to you but is important to them. Now what is it?"

"There's nothing. There *can't* be."

"There's something. There must be."

He was walking around now. I could feel the bed shake from his weight. "Keep it on your mind, Huff. We've got a few days. Try to think what it is."

He lit a cigarette and pounded around some more. "That's the beauty of this—we've got a few days. You can't appear at a hearing until next week at the earliest, and that gives us what we need. For this little break, we can sweat them. A little help from the cops, a few treatments with the rubber hose, something like that, and sooner or later this pair is going to spill it. Especially that girl. She'll crack before long. Believe me, this is what we've been waiting for. It's tough on you, but now we've got them where we can really throw the works into them. Oh, yeah, this is a real break. We'll clean this case up now. Before night, with luck."

I CLOSED my eyes. I couldn't think of anything but Lola, a lot of cops around her, maybe beating her up, trying to make her spill something that she knew no more about than the man in the moon. Her face jumped in front of me, and all of a sudden something hit it in the mouth, and it started to bleed.

"Keyes."

"Yeah?"

"There *was* something, now you speak of it."

"I'm listening, boy."

"I killed Nirdlinger." . . .

He sat there staring at me. I had told him everything he needed to know, even about Lola. It seemed funny it had only taken about ten minutes. Then he got up. I grabbed him.

"Keyes."

"I've got to go, Huff."

"See that they don't beat her."

"I've got to go now. I'll be back after a while."

"Keyes, if you let them beat her, I'll—kill you. You've got it all now. There ain't no more. I've told you, and I've told you for one reason and one reason only. It's so they won't beat her. You've got to promise me that. You owe me that much. Keyes—"

He shook my hand off and left.

While I was telling him I hoped for some kind of peace when I got done. It had been bottled up in me a long time. I had been sleeping with it, dreaming about it, breathing with it. I didn't get any peace. The only thing I could think of was Lola, and how she was going to find out about it at last, and know me for what I was.

ABOUT three o'clock the orderly came in with the afternoon papers. They didn't have any of what I had told Keyes. But they had been digging into their files, after the morning story, and they had it about the first Mrs. Nirdlinger's death, and Nirdlinger's death, and now me being shot.

A woman feature writer had got in out there and talked with Phyllis. It was she that called it the House of Death, and put in about those blood-red drapes.

Once I saw that stuff I knew it wouldn't be long. That meant even a dumb cluck of a woman reporter could see there was something funny out there.

It was half past eight that night before Keyes came back. He shooed out the nurse as soon as he came in the room, and then went out a minute. When he came back he had Norton with him, and a man named Keswick that was a corporation lawyer they called in on big cases, and Shapiro, the regular head of the legal department.

They all stood around, and it was Norton that started to speak.

"Huff."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told anybody about this?"

"Nobody but Keyes."

"Nobody else?"

"Not a soul. . . . God, no!"

"There have been no policemen here?"

"They've been here. I saw them out in the hall. I guess it was me they were whispering about. The nurse wouldn't let them in."

They all looked at one another. "Then I guess we can begin. Keyes, perhaps you had better explain it to him."

Keyes opened his mouth to say something, but Keswick shut him up, and got Norton into a corner. Then they called Keyes over. Then they called Shapiro.

I could catch a word now and then. It was some kind of a proposition they were going to make to me, and it was a question of whether they were all going to be witnesses.

Keswick was for the proposition, but he didn't want anybody to be able to say he had been in on it.

They finally settled it that Keyes would make it on his own personal responsibility, and the rest of them wouldn't be there.

Then they all tiptoed out. They didn't even say good-by.

It was funny.

They didn't act like I had played them or the company any particularly dirty trick.

They acted like I was some kind of an animal that had an awful sore on his face and they didn't even want to look at it.

Of all the strange anticlimaxes to a confession of murder! Do Walter Huff's associates think he is raving in delirium, or are they hatching some conspiracy on their own account? And what of Phyllis — of Lola? Read the next issue of Liberty for the most unpredictable ending to this "perfect crime" story.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Albert Spalding.

2—No; beta rays are the atoms of electricity given off by radium.

3—Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle of the radio team, Stoopnagle and Budd.

4—Yes, for twelve years (1854 to 1866).

5—Ichthyology.

6—One mile in 57.45 seconds, made June 30, 1899, by Charles M. Murphy while paced by a locomotive.

7—Yes; it is produced by crushing diamonds of small value or from diamond-cutting operations.

8—George Bruce Cortelyou.

9—Leviticus 19: 27: " . . . neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard."

10—Patrick Henry.

11—French dictionaries list about 210,000 words; German, 300,000; English, 700,000.

12—Superior Court Judge Joseph Sabath of Chicago, who has heard more than 46,000 cases.

13—The Enfield Society for the Detection of Thieves and Robbers, organized in Enfield, Connecticut, 113 years ago and still in existence.

14—Four: Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, and F. D. Roosevelt (twice).

15—Dr. Adolf Lorenz, Austrian orthopedic surgeon.

16—Grant Mitchell; his great-uncle was President Rutherford B. Hayes.

17—The Amateur Short Wave Operators Club, formed by Paul J. Potter of Los Angeles, California.

18—The difference in atmospheric pressure between the northern and southern states.

19—Indian elephants, preferred because they are readily tamed and trained.

20—

Wellington

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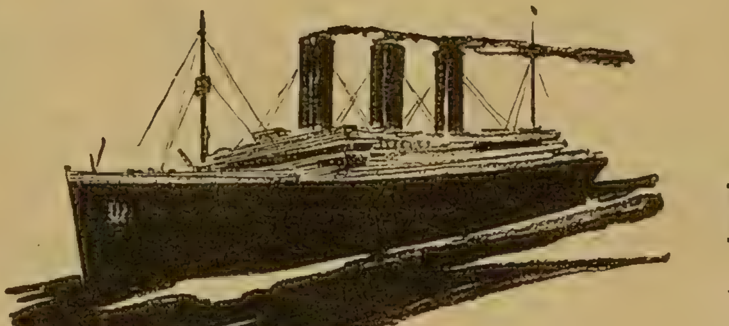
The $10,000 Sleep

Liberty's
Short Short

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

by
MARIA MORAVSKY



AN old man sat hunched in a steamer chair, his twitching fingers drumming on his thin knees. The heavy dinner, served on the S. S. Pallada at sunset, was long over; the orchestra had ceased playing; the cabins were dark, save that of the wireless operator on night duty. The sleepy sea veiled with warm mist rocked the boat gently. All around breathed peace. Only the old man fidgeted, complaining:

"Oh, why can't I sleep!"

With the selfishness of a chronic sufferer, he moaned louder:

"*Todos Santos!* Don't you hear me, Carmelita? I can't sleep!"

His daughter bent over him solicitously.

"Perhaps if you go inside, *querido?*"

"It's stifling inside! This tropical heat is killing me!"

"We'll be out of the tropics soon, and surely the American specialists will help you."

"I can't bear going without sleep any longer! Call the doctor!"

"But he is asleep!"

"*Todos Santos!* Can't I have some service, paying so much for it?"

Carmelita reluctantly rang for the steward, who shuffled out on deck, yawning wearily.

"Please wake up Dr. Hoffman—father feels worse."

The doctor came, rubbing his heavy-lidded eyes and smoothing his tawny beard.

"Give me a sleeping powder or a hypodermic!"

"I'm afraid it will affect your heart."

"Damn my heart!" the old man exploded. "I want rest! I am exhausted! Oh, God, I'd give ten thousand dollars for a good night's sleep!"

The doctor shook his head with cheerless compassion.

"Who is giving away ten thousand dollars?" asked Carlin, the impudent wireless operator going on duty.

The millionaire gave him a weary glance.

"Wireless, did you get the answer?"

"Not yet, sir. Electric storms, you know."

"Those earthquakes worry me to death. Take another message, please!" He scribbled it with shaking hands.

After taking the message the operator strolled away, keeping step with the doctor.

"Say, doc, isn't there any remedy for him?"

"Well—" The doctor thought. "There is despair, for instance; worry means hope struggling with forebodings of disaster. Once the struggle ceases—"

"I see." There was a speculative gleam in the young man's eyes. "I wonder did he mean real dollars or just pesos?"

"Well, even ten thousand pesos would be something," the doctor smiled.

The wireless operator sat in his cabin thinking about the wealthy insomniac. "That guy would like to keep all the world awake with him." He yawned lustily.

In a moment he was fast asleep, his head propped against the high back of his chair.

In the luxurious suite below, another man dreamed about the object of his desires in a tormented sleepless dream. The old millionaire imagined things pertaining to sleep which eluded him. He saw fields of nodding poppies. He heard the lullaby which his Indian nurse used to sing. He counted sheep jumping over fences. Oriental poppies reminded him of the yellow laborers whom his competitor was about to import from China. The wool of the imaginary sheep turned to the whitish dust of nitrate ore. The lullaby was transmuted into the threat of revolutionary songs of Chilean rebels. Worry—worry—

He looked at his daughter, who had promised to watch over him. Sleep had seized her unaware, and she lay breathing deeply, her face flushed with some happy dream, her arms flung wide as if to receive a lover.

Sh—ssh. The ocean swished gently against the ship's sides as if invoking silence in the presence of universal sleep. The old man tossing on his bed hated every sleeping thing.

The dawn found the old man still awake. He dressed with trembling hands, his head dizzy. He went out and slumped again into his steamer chair. The glare of the rising sun was like a blow to his tired eyes. Covering them with his parchment-yellow hands, the old man wept.

Still in front of the receiver, longing to jerk off his earphones, Carlin thought:

"Ten thousand dollars—for sleep. I know just how the old man feels. I would give a million, if I had it, for permission to hit my bunk this very moment."

HE was dozing off when a sudden buzz made him sit up straight. He rubbed his eyes, bloodshot from the lack of sleep, and mechanically made out the message.

In a moment he was on the passengers' deck.

"Señor de Castro! Here is the answer!"

The old man's hands shook as he unfolded the marconigram. His reddened throbbing eyes ran over it once, twice. Then the message fluttered from his listless fingers. He fainted.

When the summoned doctor brought him back to consciousness, the old man was wild with despair.

"*Todos Santos!* I've lost everything! My mines are on fire! The insurance has lapsed! Wrecked! Ruined!"

He raved and swore, deaf to reason. Dr. Hoffman had to use force to put him to bed.

Gradually he calmed down, whispering feebly: "Bankrupt—bankrupt!"

Yet, as he repeated this to himself, the horrible news gradually lost its sting. There came the comforting realization that he had nothing left to worry about.

He closed his eyes with relief, like one who had glimpsed the end of a weary road. He repeated almost with glee: "I've lost everything!"

And then, without counting imaginary sheep, without dreaming about Oriental poppies, without evoking the memory of his nurse's lullaby, Señor De Castro dropped off to sleep.

"I wonder will the old buzzard pay me or ask the company to fire me?" Carlin thought aloud.

"Better watch your nerves, Sparks." Dr. Hoffman laid his fat hand on the zigzag braid on Carlin's sleeve. "Too much black coffee—you begin talking to yourself. Who is going to pay you for what?"

"Your patient—for his sleep." The young man smiled slyly. "You see, he isn't bankrupt. I faked that message to give him a dose of despair!"

THE END

Buoyant, Biographical, Believable

New Melodies and Footwork Engage Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire; A Little Known Page from History Is Translated to the Screen, and an Eminent Trio Gives Life to a Story of Love and Business

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appearing in Follow the Fleet.

★ ★ ★ ½ FOLLOW THE FLEET

THE PLAYERS: Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Randolph Scott, Harriet Hilliard, Astrid Allwyn, Betty Grable, Harry Beresford, Russell Hicks, Brooks Benedict, Ray Mayer, Lucille Ball. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Based on a play by Hubert Osborne.

FOLLOW THE FLEET, the latest Astaire-Rogers musicfest, supplies just what audiences have come to expect from these nimble stars. The picture is well dressed, spirited, and imbued with a light-hearted gaiety. And since Irving Berlin has given it seven new songs, most of which seem definitely in the hit class, Follow the Fleet is close to flawless during its lyric moments.

Astaire and Randy Scott are a couple of gobs who, despite navy restrictions, manage to carry on romances with two talented sisters, Ginger Rogers and Harriet Hilliard. Astaire and Rogers want to get on in vaudeville, and Randy Scott and the pleasant-voiced Miss Hilliard want to skipper a freighter.

While the plot is wending its way toward a decidedly happy climax, Mr. Astaire and his lovely partner put their educated feet through many captivating routines. The appeal of any of their pictures is based, naturally enough, on their dancing. And all that can be said about that is that it's perfect. They do a grand burlesque of the taxi dance halls, among many other numbers, but their funniest bit of footwork is a gag rehearsal called I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket. Other Berlin tunes you'll soon be whistling are Get Thee Behind Me, Satan, and Here Am I But Where Are You? which are sung with charm and feeling by Miss Hilliard.

With the Navy Department and Astrid Allwyn supplying this dual romance with the necessary dramatic obstacles, Follow the Fleet is a sometimes witty and always handsome offering that marks this season's high in rhythmic entertainment.

VITAL STATISTICS: RKOdians put Fred in ship's clothing because they felt he'd been dressed up enough for the time being. This directly after Bond Street had voted Fred one of the ten best dressed men in the world. Fred affects the white tie worn at the rakish angle. As usual, Fred rehearsed his feet a few hundred hours for this. When he's hard put to find new steps, he puts on an old pair of inspiration shoes which one false move would cause to fall to pieces. They have yet to fail him. Fred had a little babbee by wife Phyllis Potter at end of this. Entertained sister Adele, who is casting sheep's eyes on Hollywood. When introduced to her, Adele would say, "Lady Cavendish indeed—Delly-welly to you!" If you're an amateur contemplating swiping Astaire steps, you're welcome to try. All that's required is that you can dance as well as Fred, are in the tip of top-hat condition, have a few bucketfuls of liniment handy for sore muscles. . . . New-face Harriet Hilliard got married to Ozzie Nelson, band director, on a Thursday; left for Fleet following Sunday, minus a honeymoon. She's been kicked around stage, radio, cafés for a long time without getting lost. Like the new generation of singers, she's pretty good-looking and not built up on a spaghetti diet. . . . The exciting news about Ginger Rogers is that visiting Governor Allred of Texas—in Hollywood to watch his S. M. U.s fall before dull charging Stanford in the Rose Bowl—made an admiral in the Texas navy out of her. She dances in a twenty-five-pound gown—and I'd dance with my pockets full of gold if I could dance if I had the gold. . . . Amateur influence dominant in big dance scene wherein thirteen couples, chosen from dance halls of locality, cavort their intricate swings. . . . You can find more navy men on the Hollywood lots these days than you can on the high seas. Should the call come to legalized murder, what chance have we, with all our navy men mugging around Hollywood as technicians pointing out what gun Fred Astaire couldn't use to boom a rhythm for a new warlike step? . . . Irving Berlin was so anxious about his stuff he spent $1,000 flying to the Coast from New York for the preview, instead of waiting till the picture struck the so-called Gay White Way.– Irvi will spend six months a year in what is termed the screen capital. Irvi says it's perspiration not inspiration that creates light bulbs and lyrics. . . . Astrid Allwyn wanted to be a concert singer. Came to Hollywood via Wall Street, where she was a typist, till she got a stock part on a dare. . . . Randy Scott is pretty he-man all over the place and illustrates the value of golf, deep-sea fishing, and clean living in art.

★ ★ ★ THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Claude Gillingwater, Gloria Stuart, Arthur Byron, O. P. Heggie, Harry Carey, Francis Ford, John McGuire, John Carradine, Francis McDonald, Douglas Wood, Joyce Kay. Directed by John Ford. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND tells the tragic life story of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. After assassinating President Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth tried to make his escape through Maryland, where he found Dr. Mudd, who attended Booth's fractured leg. Because public feeling at the time amounted to almost fanatic hysteria, Mudd, innocent of any political intrigue, was arrested along with seven others. In a trial that gave the defenders no chance of appeal, Mudd was sentenced to life on Shark Island, a pestilential spot off the southern tip of Florida.

In getting the facts of the little known but dramatic life, author Nunnally Johnson has done a workmanlike and thorough job. And Warner Baxter, who plays the victim of mob rule, does so with a quiet and forceful sincerity. But somehow The Prisoner of Shark Island is neither so poignant nor so dramatic as it should have been. The film merely says that such things were so. It is up to the audience to sense the power of the facts behind the picture.

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by ROBERT BRUCE

Music Publisher's Protective Association
Editor of "Melody" Magazine

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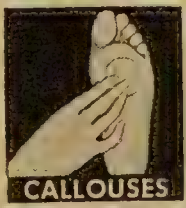

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Artfully photographed throughout and attaining swift excitement in those scenes wherein Mudd attempts an escape from prison, the picture is a not offensively educational introduction to an obscure but deeply interesting historic incident. Baxter completely dominates the film, and of the supporting cast John Carradine, as a vicious guard, emerges with a striking, if theatric, performance. All in all, the film comes as a distinctive item for your more serious moments.

VITAL STATISTICS: Darryl Zanuck, Twentieth Century version of William Fox, read a thumbnail life of Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd in a weekly news mag, and assigned Nunnally Johnson, his most capable semipro Suthin writer-producer, to confect an epic of it. Johnson did a miraculous job of recreating—describing task as something like remaking a sardinosaurus from a couple of sardine bones. . . . Though picture has a happy ending, such was the hysteric hatred of Mudd at the time, he died about twelve years after release from Shark Island, a broken and mistrusted man. . . . Shark Island's really Fort Jefferson, from which never a shot was fired at an enemy. After war place became a political prison, some imaginative commandant filling moat with sharks. . . . There's a movement afoot now to rename Shark Island (Fort Jefferson) Mudd Park, turning the hideous pile into a public park! . . . Entire place was recreated on Fox Hills plant for $45,000, and will be used for further Zanuckian efforts. Zanuckian sharks were made of rubber, blown up with a bike pump and operated by an inner mechanism which did everything but bite off legs. Sharks and all totaled about $750,000. . . . 'Tis said of Director John Ford he never made a bad picture or forgets Ireland. His real name's O'Fearna. Always employs his three brothers, and fights like hell with them through filming—an Irishman's relaxation. Prefers shooting comedy, and resents legend he makes tragedy entertaining. Likes to cloud and fog up atmosphere in his pictures, which accounts for Shark Island pictorial vagueness. . . . O. P. Heggie, fifty-seven, born in Australia, died of pneumonia a few days after finishing his role as Dr. MacIntyre. . . . That beard on Warner Baxter is no phony glued-on muff, but the Suthin accent he must have learned by correspondence course. Baxter gets most difficult linguistic assignments in Hollywood and manages to make them sound terrible. Turned on the Suthin stuff only in his tenser moments herein. . . . John Carradine's a Greenwich Village gift to Hollywood. John's long been Hollywood's most Bohemian artist, washing dishes for a living when he couldn't sculp, paint, play Shakespeare. Prefers playing Shake to heavies, but if Zanuck has his way he'll leer, not Lear (get it?). . . . At last Gloria Stuart got her chance to tear her hair, beat the breast, heave the buzzum, squirt the tear, and suffer like Garbo. Chose to underplay, however, deliberately, believing women shouldn't make displays of themselves in public, even for thousands of dollars a week. . . . Francis McDonald played Booth so venomously he hates himself for it.

★ ★ ★ WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, May Robson, George Barbier, James Stewart, Hobart Cavanaugh, Tom Dugan, Gilbert Emery. Directed by Clarence Brown. Story by Faith Baldwin.

THOUGH the title, Wife Versus Secretary, practically tells the whole story, and though the stars of the piece are so well set that there are no twists in characterizations, the picture is no more of a disappointment than it is a surprise. It is, in fact, exactly what you might expect.

Given a remarkably fine screen translation and excellently played by its star-stuffed cast, the picture moves smoothly and engagingly under Clarence Brown's sure direction. Clark Gable is a boyishly energetic publisher, the millionaire controller of a string of magazines. His secretary is Jean Harlow, a bit too flamboyantly decorative for realism, but giving, none the less, a believable and at times touching performance. The piquant Myrna Loy, as Gable's wife, is at her sly best and it is due to her intelligently sympathetic playing that Wife Versus Secretary becomes alive.

For, as it is written, the role of the suspicious wife might have been unpleasant. In less skilled hands it certainly would be.

The story follows a cleverly spotted set of incidents, all of which confirm the wife's hunch that all is not just work at her husband's modernistic office. The peak is reached when the publisher is called to Havana, where he is followed by his shapely secretary. Though the trip is a purely business affair, Gable returns to find that his jealous wife has done a walkout. Then, with all concerned behaving 100 per cent nobly, the film struggles through to a climax.

Wife Versus Secretary is told in such good dialogue that interest never lags. The playful love scenes between Gable and Miss Loy are contrived with easy charm, and a somewhat subdued Jean Harlow brightens the business sequences. James Stewart and May Robson are seen briefly and effectively. But Wife Versus Secretary is taken up almost entirely with its three stars. And the picture finds them all in their standard style.

VITAL STATISTICS: When M-G-Men can't see a colossola around to dump a couple of millions into, they drag out the old wife-secretary business, dust it off, dress it up new, and clean up on it. It never fails—especially if it is larded up with a handful of M-G-M stars, uniformly the giganticest in the sound-and-shifty racket. . . . Everybody is happy at M-G-M these days. . . . Gable's living at the Beverly-Wilshire. Has more freedom to shoot ducks, stalk deer, he-man about, or be alone with a good book. Has more time for gaiety. Took Dorothy Parker to the Hollywood preview of this. Under her influence, when asked to pose for candid cameras next to an oyster bowl at the Trocadero afterward, bonmotted: "Don't you think my sex life's been exploited enough without making me pose next to a bowl of oysters?" Will not divorce Mme. Gable but stay married for protection. She'll stay that way too, cutting in about $1,000 of Clark's $5,000 per week pin money. . . . Harlow's happy because William Powell's being teddibly attentive. Together they junket down to desert resorts; recapture their unspoiled youth in golf, swimming, chinning. Her hair's going to stay that way, she vows, liking the way it's toned down her personality. Her novel is completed and she doesn't know whether to serialize or not. It's called Today Is Tonight; was ghosted from a play in rough script originally thought up by her. Jean still wants to be known for her mind, not her low-cut gowns. . . . Loy is happy because Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is happy and going places with Paramount. There's still the divorce from Mrs. Hornblow to come through. Myrna's got herself a new house but won't tell anybody where. You've got to leave notes in hollow stumps to get in touch with her. . . . James Stewart's happy rooming with Henry Fonda when he's not playing tennis with Virginia Bruce, and I imagine they're happy because Stewart's happy. . . . Producer Hunt Stromberg's happy because he had a good year at the Santa Anita race track picking 2-to-1 and 50-to-1 shots just like that and because he has The Great Ziegfeld coming up.

★ ★ ★ GENTLE JULIA

THE PLAYERS: Jane Withers, Tom Brown, Marsha Hunt, Jackie Searl, Francis Ford, George Meeker, Maurice Murphy, Harry Holman, Myra Marsh, Hattie McDaniels. Directed by John Blystone. From the novel by Booth Tarkington.

JANE WITHERS, the screen's leading—and practically only—tomboy, has in Gentle Julia a role that fits her bouncing talents perfectly. Here she is as a bumptious obstreperous little busybody who, with the best of intentions, causes no end of trouble. It's the sort of part that Jane does better than any other actress, and it comes as a welcome respite from the goody-goodies of her last few efforts.

Taken from the Booth Tarkington novel, Gentle Julia is set in a Midwestern village at the beginning of the century. The frame for the action is no more than the same old routine about the city slicker (George Meeker) who almost breaks up the romance between two local youngsters (Tom Brown and Marsha Hunt). Into this frame the picture has packed a wealth of amusing incidents. The quaint settings and costumes are a delight, and Lamar Trotti's superb adaptation has lost none of the Tarkington flavor.

An unpretentious little offering, Gentle Julia has such winsome ways and hits such a hilarious chase climax that it should please adults as well as children. Surly Jackie Searl, Jane's partner in crime, carries out the brattish motif of the action, while Maurice Murphy, Harry Holman, and Tom Brown are the ones who suffer and suffer.

VITAL STATISTICS: Offscreen, ungentle Jane Withers, otherwise Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop of Atlanta, Georgia, has even more energy than on. She burns up in a day what would last most kids a week. At nine she's in the sixth grade, studying only two hours a day. Jane maintains a young menagerie of 162 tropical fish, four turtles, two dogs, three cats, five rabbits, two carrier pidgies, a pair of lovebirds, a monkey, and a pair of white rats. She learned to ride a bike for Julia in half an hour. Is called Coming-Up Withers on set because she always disappears from camera setup, and when called responds from some remote spot, "Coming up!" She whittles as well as any boy; hammers and saws out her own doll houses; is hard on shoes and stockings but makes enough to skip it. Her family's moved out of that bungalow court where they installed during the years Mrs. Withers was making good with Jane. . . . With continued increasing earning powers of children around Los Angeles population keeps pace. The Hollywood scene is lerzy with golden-haired brats whose mothers want to know what Shirley has that little Gwendolyn hasn't. . . . Those bugs, mice, gopher snakes, and baby alligators that disrupt Miss Hunt's engagement party are genuine registered extras; drew salaries. Common cockroaches, katydids, grasshoppers got a dollar a day; ankle-climbing mice, snakes, allies got the customary fifteen dollars dished out for speaking bits. . . . Francis Ford, one-time romantic silent star, had to be dry-cleaned daily after being the fish peddler. . . . Meanie Jackie Searl, you'll be astounded to hear, is champion bicycle polo player of the Burbank High School team. . . . George Meeker, who hasn't got the girl in eighty starts, gets as far as the altar with Julia this time. . . . Those old heaps driven herein have made a fortune in rentals for old-car hoarder: one Arthur Twohy.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936.

★★★—Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell.

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LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED by MAJOR BOWES

ANOTHER week and another Liberty Amateur Writers contest.

It is very pleasant to read the charming and interesting contributions that so many thousands of you are sending in, although to date I must confess that the cartoonists have shown greater skill than the writers.

I think that all of you who are amateur writers should endeavor to hold your own. If you have sent in a contribution and it has not been used, do not lose heart—send in another!

Just be sure that it is original and that you are really an amateur.

Remember, each amateur whose contribution appears on these pages will receive five dollars. And there is a chance of winning additional prizes: $25 for the first prize; $10 for the second; and one of the three third prizes of $5 each.

There is a new contest each week with similar awards.

Write down your true experiences, a short story (not over 500 words), verse, jingles, quips, epigrams, bright sayings, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything!

You might be one of the lucky winners.

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LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Major Edward Bowes.

Our first contribution today comes from Vancouver, British Columbia. Ronald H. Genereaux is very expressive when he writes, "For two years I have been writing humorous radio skits and short stories—all the while hoping and waiting for that elusive 'break' . . . and now with the opportunities offered by your Amateur Page, I feel that I am almost to the goal line; and the publicity obtained from having my material appear in Liberty will put me over the line for a touchdown."

He also claims that his contribution is 100-per-cent original.

I have chosen two items from the twelve that he has submitted, and they are humorous and gay:

TWO SNICKER SNACKS

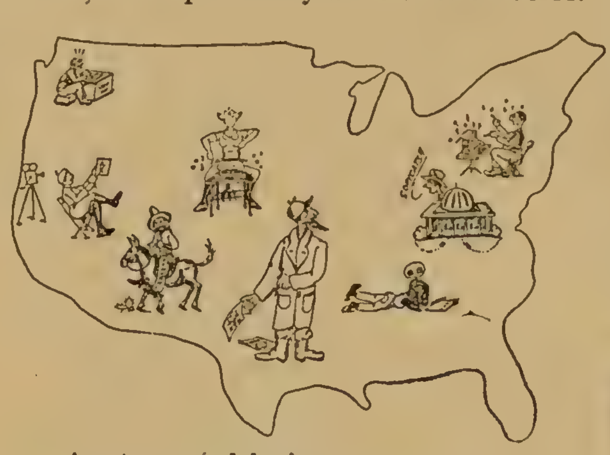
"Did your horse win a Derby?"

"No, that's just my old hat he's wearing."

"Grandpa, why are you wearing your glasses on your ears and your ear trumpet on your nose?"

"Oh, I'm just nosing around to see what I can hear."

Bert McAllen of Tulsa, Oklahoma, sums up by the attached sketch his impression of the Liberty amateur contest. It is a clever sketch, accompanied by a bit of trick verse.



Amateurs are laboring,
100 million strong,
For name, for fame, for pocketbook,
And that everlasting GONG!!

Muriel Ludlow Olson of Seattle, Washington, submits a crime story with an element of surprise. It is well written and vitally interesting.

VENOM

"Tell exactly what happened," Inspector Mantern instructed the white-faced janitor, his eyes on the dead man.

"First off, I came in to sweep up," began the old man. "I saw the professor shove something into his drawer. He told me to get the hell out of here, which I did, sir, thinking, like I do a thousand times, that I'd like to quit, but—"

"Yes—go on."

"Pretty quick he called me back and tol' me to forget it and bring a couple of glasses of ginger ale. He said he was sorry he spoke so quick and we'd drink to it.

"After we drank, he brought out the snake—it's a new one he was just classifying, and"—his voice quavered—"I think he was going to kill me. He opened the cage door and yelled, 'Look out!' I don't know which I was the most afraid of, the snake or him. The snake turned and struck him on the cheek.

"I ran out and called the doctor. When we got here the professor was dead. That's all I know."

The janitor was taken from the room. Mantern turned to his assistant: "The peculiar part is, the venom had been extracted and the snake was quite harmless. This vial of poison was found in the pocket of the dead man, with his own fingerprints on it. The dregs in the two glasses have been analyzed, showing the professor drank the poison. And here's another twist."

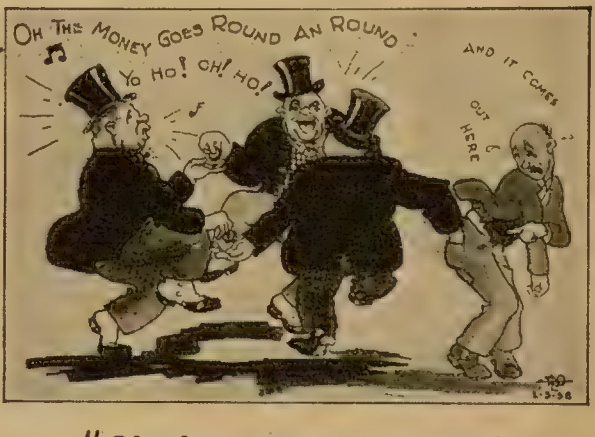
Mantern drew from his pocket a gleaming object.

"The Rakoa diamond! That's what he was hiding. And we never suspected him. He evidently tried to kill the janitor. The snake was just a blind. But how could he have made such a mistake? Bring the old fellow in again."

"What happened between the time you brought in the glasses of ginger ale and when you drank it?" Mantern asked.

"Why, first he says to get some ice from the water cooler over there. When I put a piece in the glasses I noticed that I had given him a glass with a chipped edge. He might get cut, and with his temper, sir! Anyways, he turned a minute to shut the window, and I switched the glasses so as to give him the good one."

Inspired, no doubt, by that nationally popular 'Round and Around song, R. L. Dryer of Seattle, Washington, submits his conception of the famous refrain in an artistic endeavor.


OH THE MONEY GOES ROUND AN ROUND
YO HO! OH! HO!
AND IT COMES OUT HERE
1-3-36

"Oh, the money goes round an' round and it comes out here! Yo ho! Oh! Ho!"

A lovely bit of sentiment, well written, on the departure of one of the world's most beloved figures—Rudyard Kipling.

It's from May Haas Shaub of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

HIS SOUL IMMORTAL

There is a sigh, perhaps a tear,
A bowing of the head,
And Rudyard Kipling's immortal soul
Is numbered with the dead.

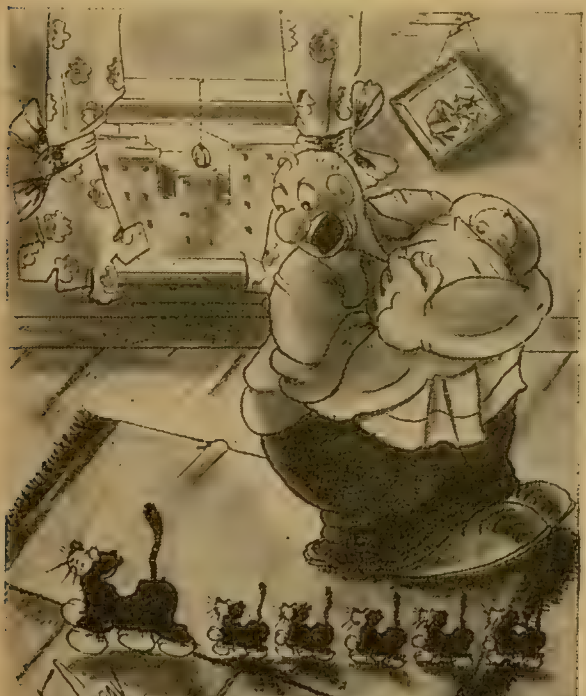
His eyes have closed, yes, that we know,
And his heart has ceased to beat.
But dead—ah, no! We'll meet him yet
On every crowded street.

Do you suppose we'll travel on
The road to Mandalay
Without meeting our beloved friend
Somewhere along the way?

When earth's last picture is painted
We'll build a gallery for his art.
He has made for himself a framework
Out of every human heart.

Then say not good-by to Kipling;
His soul lives with us yet.
Go forward with him always,
My friends, lest we forget.

From Frank Searcy of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, comes a cartoon marked: "So what?" The drawing is excellent, and the theme—well—entertaining.



"So what?"

We admit into the Amateur Writers Page a grandmother, who claims the following bit of humorous wisdom—her first and only attempt at writing. What do the readers think? Does she get the gong? She is Mrs. M. McEvoy of Bloomfield, New Jersey.

GRAMMA'S LAMENT

My bridge is set—
The teeth are great!
My dental work is now complete.
And yet I must
Confess the truth—
That only God can make a tooth.

Photo by John Dreves

Major Edward Bowes and his fateful gong.

A modern treatment of an old-time fairy tale. It is submitted by W. R. Dodd, 169 Marvin Avenue, Akron, Ohio.

A BEDTIME STORY

Once upon a time there lived a very beautiful Princess, and she fell in love with a very handsome Prince, and she decided that she would marry him some day. Several days later the Prince fell in love with her and he decided that he would like to marry her, so he asked her, and after she had said "Yes," they became engaged. Now this Prince was very much of a gentleman but there were a lot of things about him that the Princess did not quite like, so she started to tell him the right things that he should do and the wrong things that he should not do, so that when they were married she would not be even a little bit ashamed of him. For instance, she told him that there were certain things that he should not mention even to his dearest friend; that he should change his hose supporters the same as he did his shirt; that he should talk about Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf; and should always be in conference when any one wanted to see him. She also told him that he should eat his soup from him and not toward him, and pointed out all the little things that go to make a man. The Prince listened to all the things she told him and in about a year he knew what was the right thing to do and what was the wrong thing to do, so he married another woman and they lived happily ever afterward.

Two verses with nice rhythm submitted by Julian Stanley of Evanston, Illinois:

SHIRTS

Black shirts, brown shirts,
Shirts of ev'ry hue
(Symbols of dictatorships
That tell folks what to do).

But over here we need no dye
(Dictators' blood would boil);
Most of our shirts are colored with
The sweat of honest toil.

Harold Wright Weygandt of Los Angeles, California—an unemployed salesman—sends in seven contributions. I have chosen the one below as an interesting bit of truth made comic.

SOME SECTIONS HAVEN'T REPORTED

A foreign visitor claims he is having trouble with our lingo.

When his overcoat disappeared from a café, the manager informed him that some one had "gone South" with it.

Later, our visitor heard death explained as "going West."

Now he wants to know what to expect from the North and East.

Miss Alma Capron of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, enters the contest with a merry little bit of waggery:

You don't have to go round with a pianist to have a girl play for you.

Many a married woman agrees with the Englishman who speaks of the bride being escorted to the h'altar.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of a new car.

And the next entry is from a PWA worker with two dependents—one a very ill little daughter. She submits the following quip, which carries its own interesting bit of philosophy:

When a person finds out he isn't as smart as he thought he was, he can begin to learn to be as smart as he wants to be.

HOW TO VOTE

Send in your vote by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue. A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each will be awarded to the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Contributors are urged to keep carbon copies of their material, for Liberty will not return rejected manuscripts. Neither can the editors of Liberty enter into correspondence regarding material submitted. Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

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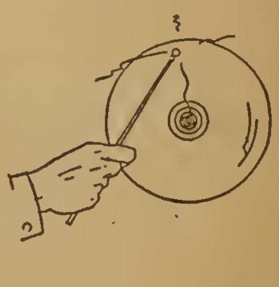


Jafsie in Panama Discusses New Evidence

Here It Is—And Still the Finger Points at Hauptmann, He Says, After Delving into Two Oddly Hidden Angles of the Lindbergh Mystery

by FULTON OURSLER

Editor of Liberty

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HAS Doctor John F. Condon changed his mind about the Hauptmann case?

He has not. In spite of all the uproar in New Jersey, Jafsie, star witness of the prosecution, still points the accusing finger at Hauptmann.

And he now insists that new evidence on which he has been working strengthens the case against the Bronx carpenter.

I am able to state this positively and to divulge for the first time what Condon considers his "new evidence" because I have journeyed to his retreat in Panama to obtain this information for Liberty.

The story of my visit to him is here told for the first time.

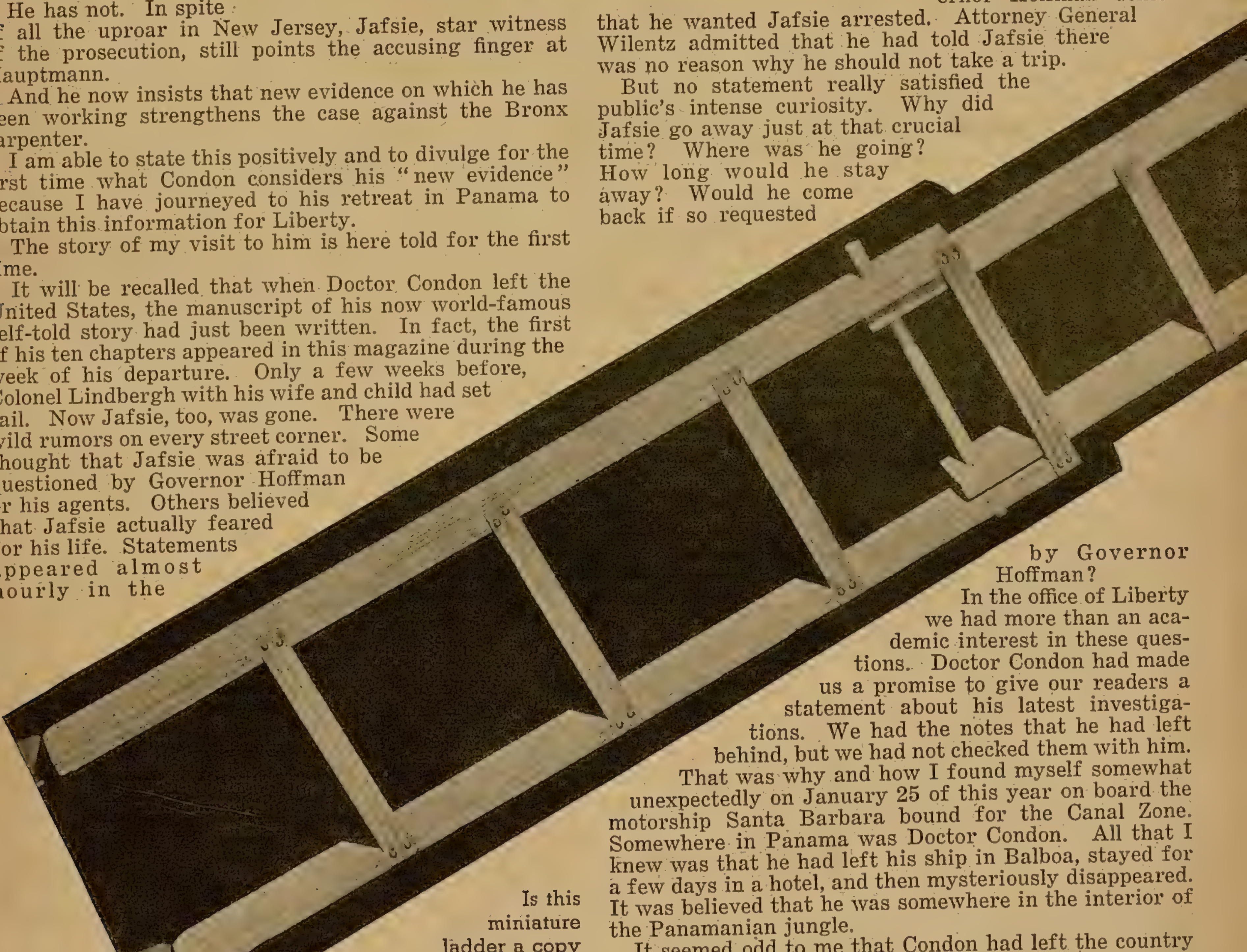
It will be recalled that when Doctor Condon left the United States, the manuscript of his now world-famous self-told story had just been written. In fact, the first of his ten chapters appeared in this magazine during the week of his departure. Only a few weeks before, Colonel Lindbergh with his wife and child had set sail. Now Jafsie, too, was gone. There were wild rumors on every street corner. Some thought that Jafsie was afraid to be questioned by Governor Hoffman or his agents. Others believed that Jafsie actually feared for his life. Statements appeared almost hourly in the newspapers. Governor Hoffman was reported to have said he wanted Jafsie arrested. Governor Hoffman denied that he wanted Jafsie arrested. Attorney General Wilentz admitted that he had told Jafsie there was no reason why he should not take a trip.

But no statement really satisfied the public's intense curiosity. Why did Jafsie go away just at that crucial time? Where was he going? How long would he stay away? Would he come back if so requested by Governor Hoffman?

In the office of Liberty we had more than an academic interest in these questions. Doctor Condon had made us a promise to give our readers a statement about his latest investigations. We had the notes that he had left behind, but we had not checked them with him.

That was why and how I found myself somewhat unexpectedly on January 25 of this year on board the motorship Santa Barbara bound for the Canal Zone. Somewhere in Panama was Doctor Condon. All that I knew was that he had left his ship in Balboa, stayed for a few days in a hotel, and then mysteriously disappeared. It was believed that he was somewhere in the interior of the Panamanian jungle.

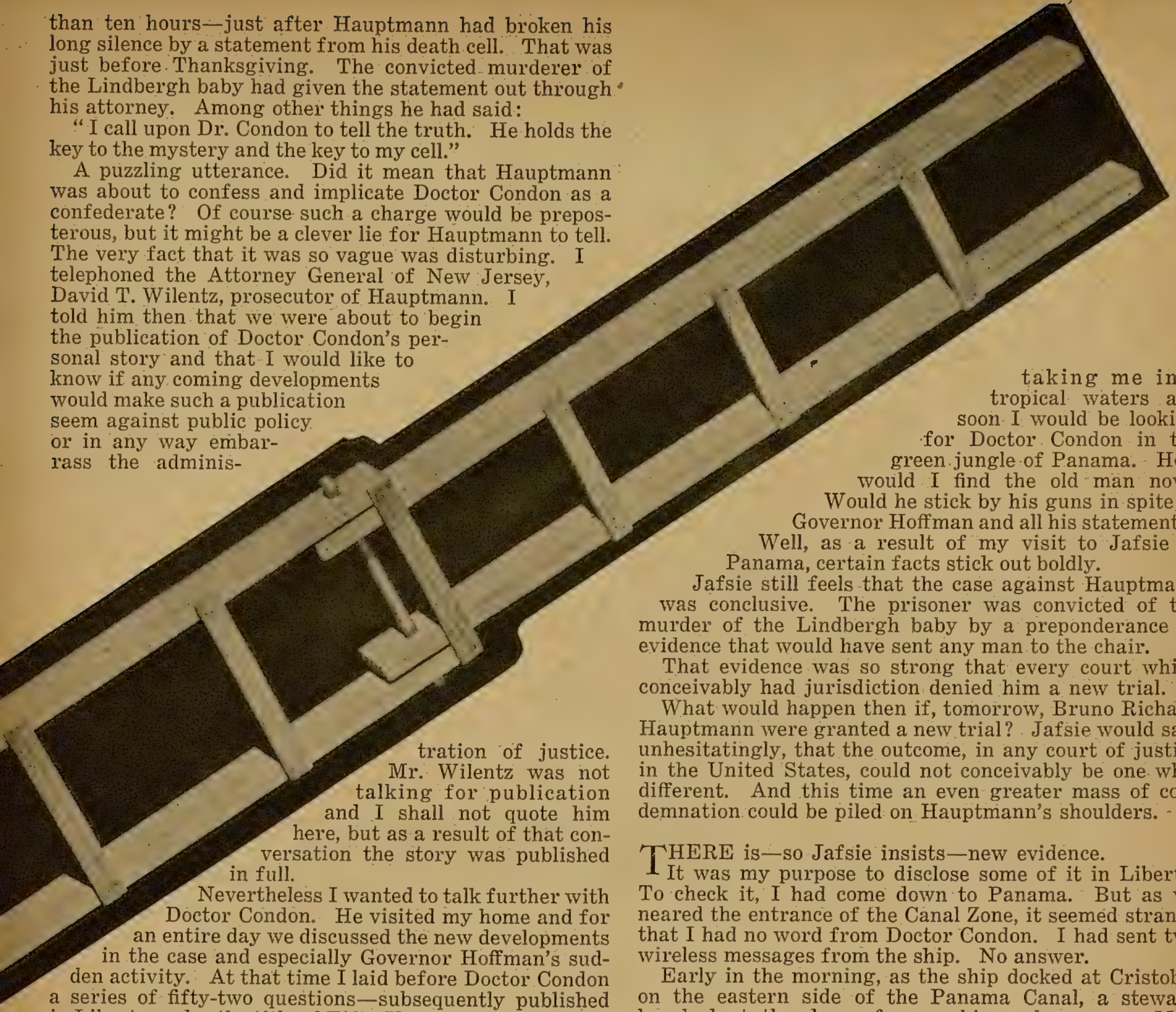
It seemed odd to me that Condon had left the country without a word of explanation, without even a telephone call of farewell. For months we had worked closely together in the preparation of his story. I remembered especially a talk we had together—a talk that lasted more



Is this miniature ladder a copy of a full-sized one made for Hauptmann? Samuelsohn, Bronx cabinetmaker, declares it is!

than ten hours—just after Hauptmann had broken his long silence by a statement from his death cell. That was just before Thanksgiving. The convicted murderer of the Lindbergh baby had given the statement out through his attorney. Among other things he had said:

"I call upon Dr. Condon to tell the truth. He holds the key to the mystery and the key to my cell."



A puzzling utterance. Did it mean that Hauptmann was about to confess and implicate Doctor Condon as a confederate? Of course such a charge would be preposterous, but it might be a clever lie for Hauptmann to tell. The very fact that it was so vague was disturbing. I telephoned the Attorney General of New Jersey, David T. Wilentz, prosecutor of Hauptmann. I told him then that we were about to begin the publication of Doctor Condon's personal story and that I would like to know if any coming developments would make such a publication seem against public policy or in any way embarrass the administration of justice. Mr. Wilentz was not talking for publication and I shall not quote him here, but as a result of that conversation the story was published in full.

Nevertheless I wanted to talk further with Doctor Condon. He visited my home and for an entire day we discussed the new developments in the case and especially Governor Hoffman's sudden activity. At that time I laid before Doctor Condon a series of fifty-two questions—subsequently published in Liberty under the title of Fifty Unanswered Questions in the Hauptmann Case. Condon dictated answers to most of those questions. Those that he did not answer simply dealt with matters that lay outside his observation and knowledge. At the same time he dwelt at length on two new points he thought important.

A few days later Condon and I made a tour, and I saw with my own eyes the principal scenes of his operations as intermediary. We went to the site of the hamburger stand where the first note was found. We re-enacted that grim interview through the iron gates of Woodlawn Cemetery and rehearsed the long talk on the bench near the tool house across the road. We went to Hauptmann's house. We called on a Bronx cabinetmaker, a little man with an amazing and incredible story of which I shall tell you more later on.

Finally we went out to the region of St. Raymond's Cemetery. In zero cold, we retraced the various scenes of that extraordinary night performance. We sat in a car at the same spot where Lindbergh had sat and from where, so he testified, he heard Hauptmann's voice calling: "Hey, doktor!" We went to the place where the ransom money, in a broken box, was passed over the hedge—fifty thousand dollars of blood money. We laid plans right there in St. Raymond's Cemetery to check a new theory Jafsie had—a theory which the police had scouted and which, if proved correct, would, in his opinion, provide the second point in his new evidence.

When all of this was done, we stood near the entrance of the graveyard, among crosses and broken columns and marble angels with carved wings, and we said au revoir. Our teeth chattered in the icy cold as we shook hands.

Now, only a few weeks later, the Santa Barbara was taking me into tropical waters and soon I would be looking for Doctor Condon in the green jungle of Panama. How would I find the old man now? Would he stick by his guns in spite of Governor Hoffman and all his statements?

Well, as a result of my visit to Jafsie in Panama, certain facts stick out boldly.

Jafsie still feels that the case against Hauptmann was conclusive. The prisoner was convicted of the murder of the Lindbergh baby by a preponderance of evidence that would have sent any man to the chair.

That evidence was so strong that every court which conceivably had jurisdiction denied him a new trial.

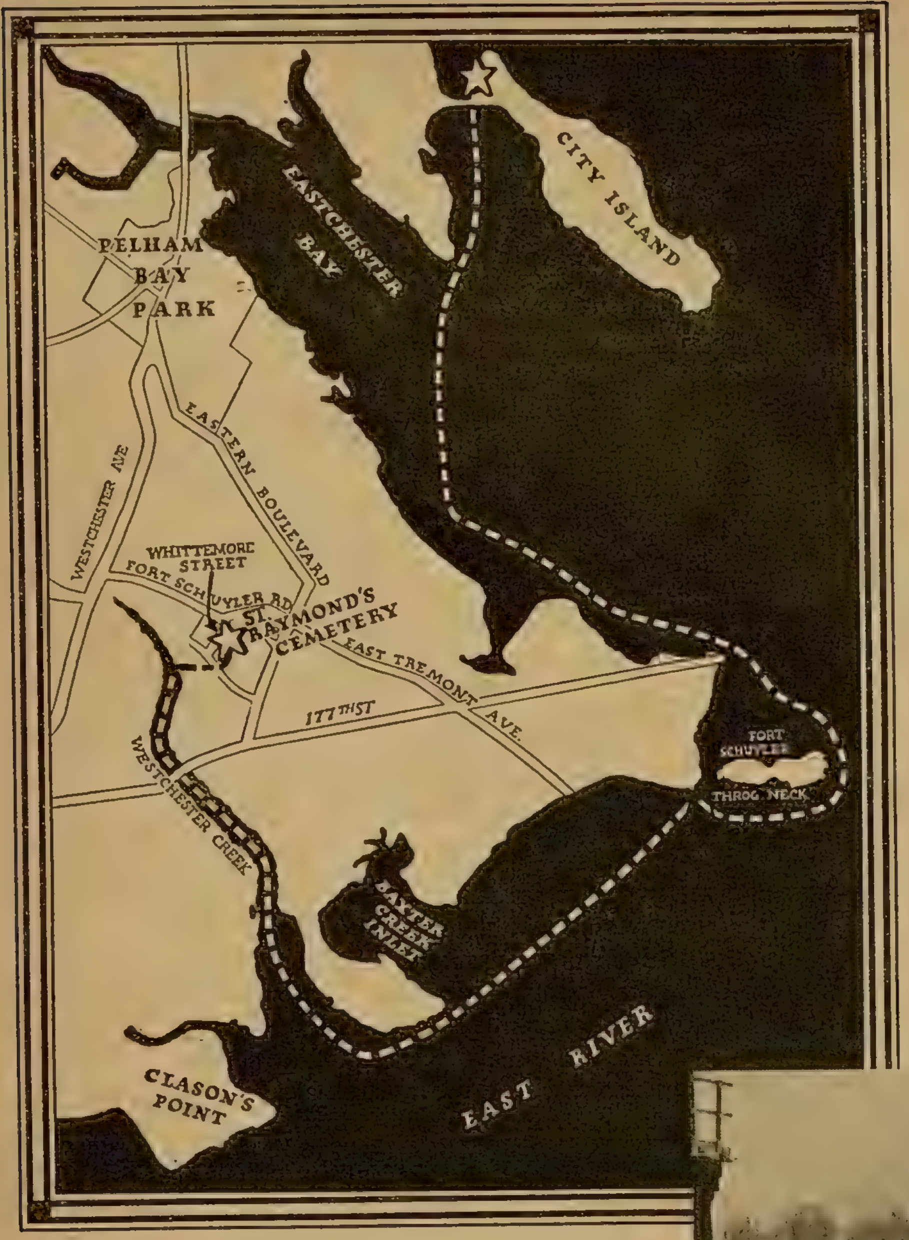
What would happen then if, tomorrow, Bruno Richard Hauptmann were granted a new trial? Jafsie would say, unhesitatingly, that the outcome, in any court of justice in the United States, could not conceivably be one whit different. And this time an even greater mass of condemnation could be piled on Hauptmann's shoulders.

THERE is—so Jafsie insists—new evidence.

It was my purpose to disclose some of it in Liberty. To check it, I had come down to Panama. But as we neared the entrance of the Canal Zone, it seemed strange that I had no word from Doctor Condon. I had sent two wireless messages from the ship. No answer.

Early in the morning, as the ship docked at Cristobal on the eastern side of the Panama Canal, a steward knocked at the door of my cabin and gave me Mrs. Hacker's letter. It was a brief note stating that she and her father were staying with Captain and Mrs. J. M. Majilton in the interior of Panama at Gorgona Beach.

Samuelsohn (right)—"a little man with an amazing story."



Hauptmann could easily have made this canoe trip to and from St. Raymond's! Right: Alan Thompson starting his test trip. It proved the canoe theory valid.

Their hosts would be glad to receive me, but I must let them know at once.

I dressed hurriedly and went on deck, where I found a representative of the Grace Line waiting for me. He explained that Captain Majilton was a pilot who took the great ships through the canal. In his youth this Captain Majilton had been a pupil of Doctor Condon. Because of those school days, he had offered hospitality to Jafsie and his daughter. Now the captain wished to know whether I would make the trip into the interior. I would and did.

By train I reached Balboa in an hour. There I engaged an automobile, crossed on a ferry, and rode into mountainous country. When at last I got out of the car I found myself before a green house with a corrugated iron roof perched on a lovely cliff overlooking the Pacific.

As I walked toward the green-painted shack, a woman came out of a screen door. She was young and lovely. Her face was pale and her eyes sad. She shook hands and told me that she was Mrs. Hacker. Her paleness in this place of hot sunshine was extraordinary. Something of my astonishment must have shown in my glance, for she at once explained that she suffered from pernicious anemia. She led me inside to an open patio-like part of the house looking down on the beach and introduced me to Captain Majilton and his wife—good-humored, hospitable folk. There was no sign of Doctor Condon.

For a little while we talked commonplace things. Then Mrs. Hacker began to speak with some bitterness of the unhappiness that had been caused to her family by the Lindbergh case. She said that the activities of her father had very nearly put her mother into the grave. The whole family felt humiliated. How would you feel if the Governor of New Jersey wanted to arrest your father? How would you feel if there were reports that your father had committed suicide? No one, she said, knew the suffering that had been brought upon Doctor Condon's children. No one ever would know. And God knows, I said to myself, Mrs. Hacker was right. She had known more than her share of such suffering. Happily, then, Doctor Condon appeared.

I knew at once that a profound change had come over the old man. He was dressed youthfully in flannel trousers and blue shirt. His face was tanned a chocolate brown. But the childish humor that had always danced like a light in his eyes was gone. Instead, his expression was one of solemn penitence. He glanced at his daughter apprehensively before he greeted me, and when he sat down he sighed heavily and looked at the sea.

Did he still stand by his whole story? Did he still believe in the value of his new material, the notes of which I had brought with me? He pounded his fist into his palm with something of his old authority and declared:

"I stand by every word of it. More than ever!"

And he went on to remind me of a few facts.

From the moment that Doctor Condon actively entered the Lindbergh case—one week after the baby had been kidnaped—he has lived with the case. Until Panama, he had been willing to discuss the case with any one anywhere and at any time. He had investigated the viewpoints of others, tested their theories. He had had occasion to form theories of his own.

Some of these theories remain standing; some of them do not. But whether theories stood or fell, his work on the case had been constant and continuous from March 8, 1932, until he went to the Canal Zone.

Throughout, two amazing facts have persisted:

Every bit of "evidence" Jafsie uncovered which would indicate that some one other than Bruno Richard Hauptmann stole and murdered Baby Charles Lindbergh has, when tested, failed to stand up.

But every trail of new evidence Condon put to the test—new evidence discovered many months after the state had closed its case—has, upon proving itself, pointed again to the guilt of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

In four years of intensive investigation Jafsie found nothing whatever to indicate that Hauptmann was innocent. "I would like to point out," he said to me, "that if I had found one bit of new and actual evidence pointing to the innocence of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, I would come forward, publicly, with the evidence to clear him.

"But—to the present moment—I have not found such evidence. Nor has any one else.

"It is inconceivable that any one concerned with the 'investigations' now in progress could possess authentic information or evidence indicating Hauptmann's innocence and still perform the cruelty of holding back its disclosure while the condemned man suffers in the death house.

"In my series of articles which have already been published in Liberty, I gave my own full, complete account of my participation, as intermediary, in the Lindbergh case. That story was the only authorized story of my part in the case that has ever been published anywhere, at any time.

"Today I stand squarely behind every statement I made in that story.

"William Conklin, press agent for Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey, according to nationally published newspaper accounts quoted me as saying, in my Liberty story, that I had found blood on the bedclothing of the murdered child's crib.

"That was a lie. Nail it. Lie number one!

"The Governor was quoted as saying that in my story I said that I knew 'two of those involved' in the kidnaping.

"That was a lie. My story contained no such statement.

"From other quarters came the innuendo that my trip to South America was a 'flight.'

"And that, too, is a lie.

"I have nothing to flee from. I have lived in the Bronx all of my life. I am a realtor and own property. It is a little late in life for me to 'flee' my home, my property holdings. I have never refused, nor do I now, to give any assistance I can at any time, upon the request of a sincere official."

Jafsie had said what he said in a rapid, explosive, eager utterance. Now, as he paused, Mrs. Hacker spoke. She began to tell me how greatly she had been annoyed by reporters and cables from American newspapers. She expressed all her opinions forcibly, logically, and emphatically. I tried to ask a few questions of Doctor Condon, but they were answered instantly by Mrs. Hacker. While her eyes were turned toward me, Jafsie, who sat off to one side, went through some extraordinary facial performances. He rolled his eyes toward the roof, his lips turned down, and he shook his head as if to indicate to me how helpless was his position and how much he would have to tell me if we were only alone together. He applauded with silent handclapping when he approved of what I was saying. He shook an admonitory finger when he thought I was using a wrong kind of argument with the sternly gentle lady who sat between us.

I NOW brought the conversation directly to the notes of the new material which he had promised for the readers of Liberty. The moment this subject was mentioned, Mrs. Hacker sat up straighter and said, "I do not consider that there is any such thing."

"But doesn't Doctor Condon consider this material important?" I replied mildly. "Is that not correct, Doctor Condon?"

"Yes," answered Jafsie. "It is new evidence, and I stick to that statement."

"What do you call new evidence?" asked Mrs. Hacker.

"There are two points about which Doctor Condon talked with us. We have tried to investigate both of them. Let me summarize from the notes I have here. First, about the canoe theory."

"The canoe theory?"

"Yes. One of the mysteries about the payment of the ransom money has always been why Hauptmann would put himself in such a dangerous position. He could not be sure that he could trust Doctor Condon or any one else. He might have been surrounded by police. Then what made him take such a risk? I asked Doctor Condon that question, and he replied by proposing a theory, although he admitted that the police had refused to take it seriously. I asked him if the police had ever given it a practical test. He said no. So here is what we did."

It will be recalled that instructions from the kidnaper called for a box six inches by seven inches by fourteen inches. The box was made. In it the $50,000 was handed over a hedge by Jafsie to the kidnaper in the cemetery. He disappeared with it.

Why had he demanded a box of those dimensions?

Many persons have asked that question. It has never been satisfactorily explained.

Recently Jafsie had given the problem much thought. It occurred to him that the kidnaper might have had it in mind to conceal the box in some prearranged place.

But where?

In puzzling over it in the fall of 1935—after the trial—Doctor Condon recalled that Hauptmann had a canoe. That canoe was still at Dixon's Boat House on City Island, where Jafsie's real-estate office is also located. Jafsie went there to inspect it. But he drew a blank. There was no sort of secret compartment in the canoe. Nor were there signs of one, into which the box could have been fitted, having ever been installed there, although the box was narrow enough to have fitted well out of sight in the slender prow or bow of the canoe.

Still, where had the kidnaper gone and how had he planned a sure get-

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② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—hair looks lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

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He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

away after receiving the money? In the light of this question the canoe theory really began to take on impressive weight and substance.

Standing at the exact spot where Jafsie stood that night when he passed the box of ransom money to the kidnaper, one can see the waters of Westchester Creek. The back of St. Raymond's Cemetery, in fact, forms a bank of Westchester Creek for a considerable distance.

Jafsie reasoned that it was theoretically possible for Hauptmann, that night, to have had his canoe beached conveniently close on the shore of the creek at the very edge of the cemetery.

From the spot where he received the money, it would have been an amazingly quick and simple procedure for him to have ducked among tombstones in the cemetery until he reached the creek with the ransom box.

Directly from the cemetery, Jafsie believed, the kidnaper could have paddled away in the darkness, up the creek to Long Island Sound, where, hugging the south shore of the Sound, he could have continued his journey safely past Old Ferry Point, Silver Beach, and Throgs Neck, and on to City Island and Dixon's Boat House—where, unseen, he could have put his canoe and the money in an outside canoe locker which he was using at the time.

THAT such a criminal should choose a canoe with which to make a getaway may seem, at first blush, ridiculous.

But consider these facts:

It would be the last means of escape that any one seeking to entrap him that night would expect.

It would, if he were detected, put a comparatively wide and deep body of water instantly between him and his pursuers.

It would enable him at any split second of his flight to dispose of the one bit of evidence then connecting him with the crime. The box of ransom money, heavily weighted, could immediately be dropped overboard, so that, if Hauptmann were caught, nothing could be proved except that he was indulging in an excursion by canoe on a comparatively cold April night.

It practically guaranteed him escape from any police circle which might have assembled in the network of streets in the Bronx surrounding the cemetery.

It gave him easy and comparatively quick access to Long Island Sound, a vast body of water on which not the shrewdest police in the world would expect to find him should an alarm be raised immediately.

By following the south shore of the Sound he would reach City Island at an hour and during a season when boathouses were deserted.

What kind of man would have thought of such a ruse?

More than any other man in the world, Bruno Richard Hauptmann would have thought of it.

He had a canoe at Dixon's Boat House, City Island. He knew the Bronx and he knew its waterways. He knew and had explored the waters in the vicinity.

So far, Jafsie's theory of ingenious escape by water remained only a theory. It would have to be established that such a trip by canoe was practicable. Tides, winds, darkness, weather conditions, distance—all these factors would have to be taken into consideration. Any of them, or a combination of them, might be enough to blast the theory, destroy its value as concrete evidence.

Late in December, 1935, Jafsie stated this canoe-trip theory to me.

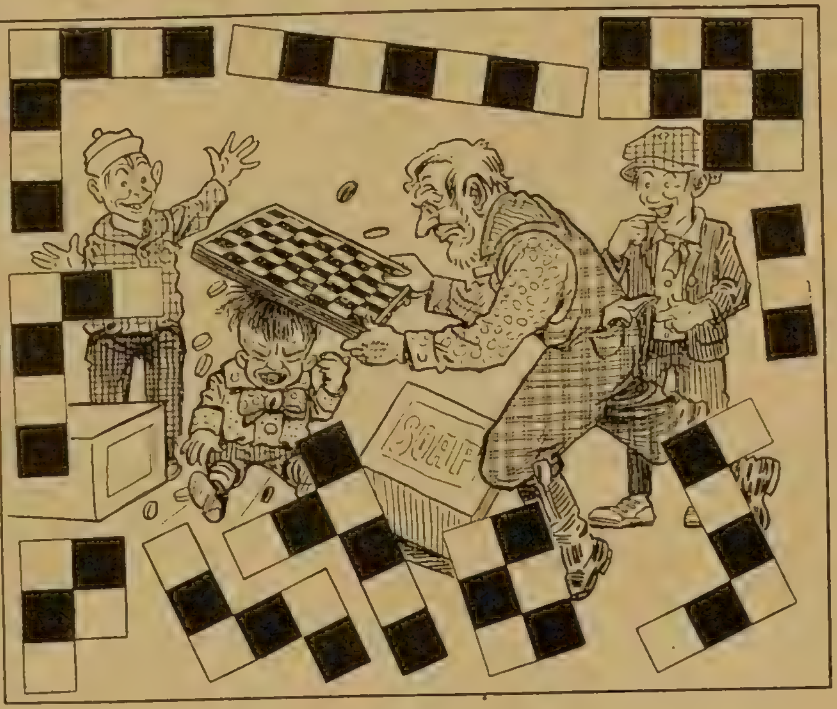
I found it an interesting one. For I knew that at the time the money was passed Hauptmann actually did own a canoe which he kept at City Island.

But, I wished to know, could the trip from Dixon's Boat House to St. Raymond's be started after dark and navigated in time to bring the kidnaper to the spot where Jafsie met him shortly after nine o'clock that evening of April 2?

What would be the actual distance by canoe? Could a man, alone, make such a trip in such waters? Jafsie didn't know—and said so.

RIOT AT THE CROSSROADS!

by SAM LOYD



Rube Perkins yesterday lost the checkerboard championship of Finger Crossing. This was the first game that Rube had lost in eleven years.

And that wasn't the only thing he lost. His temper got away from him at the same time. He couldn't stand being beaten by a prodigy from the village school.

The kid played just about an average game for three or four moves. Then, to the joy of the assembled multitude, he swapped 1 of his men for 3 of Uncle Rube's. Two moves later Uncle Rube had lost.

He sprang into the air with a roar that drowned out the cackles of his fellow villagers. He grabbed the checkerboard and smashed it over the head of his nearest critic. When the pieces were brought together they looked as we have shown them in the drawing.

Can you assemble the checkerboard?

(The answer will be found on page 63)

ENTIRELY without his knowledge, we began immediate arrangements to put the problem to a concrete test. I called in one of our editors, Mr. John Shuttleworth, and outlined the entire thing.

"Let's have the test made immediately," I suggested. "I want it made under worse conditions, if possible, than those which existed the night of the ransom payment. If tide and weather conditions are unfavorable, so much the better. The canoe must be quite similar to that owned by Hauptmann. The man who makes the trip in the canoe must make it alone and unaided.

"The trip must be made both ways. Take photographs showing various stages of the trip. Take witnesses with you, and at the conclusion of the trip set forth an accurate account, including time consumed, in a sworn affidavit. No one except the canoe man you will hire is to get into the canoe at any time."

Mr. Shuttleworth made a suggestion: "How about getting a reputable detective, who will keep the venture strictly confidential, to act as one witness?"

"Excellent. The more experienced, impartial, and hardheaded he is, the better. Have him go over the ground completely. Get him to state frankly whether or not he thinks the new evidence is sound and worth while."

Within one day Mr. Shuttleworth had engaged the services of Alan Thompson, 1746 Mahon Avenue, Bronx, New York. As witnesses he obtained a nationally famous detective, Felix B. De Martini, former star man of the New York Police Department Homicide Squad, and a photographer, Fred Allhoff, of New York City.

Thompson immediately started to chart the trip. Maps showed the distance from Dixon's Boat House to St. Raymond's Cemetery to be approximately seven and a half miles. Official reports of the Weather Bureau for New York City and vicinity for April 2, 1932, showed that the temperature was mild, around 50°, at the time when Hauptmann would have had to make the journey.

There was a three-quarter moon that night—only two days off full moon—and a clear sky. The problem of finding his way on that night would have been simple to any one knowing the shore line only generally—and Hauptmann knew it exceedingly well.

Tide, on the night of April 2, was full at approximately 9.30 at Westchester Creek. That would mean an absence of tide current in going down the creek south. Too, there was more or less protection from winds along the creek. However, after rounding Throgs Neck, Hauptmann would have had a twenty-mile wind at his stern as he paddled back toward Dixon's Boat House.

Every condition, in other words, was ideally favorable for such a trip at such a time that night.

Thompson's next move was a personal inspection of Hauptmann's canoe. He found it to be an Old Town, seventeen feet long. He arranged to hire a similar canoe.

The test trip was begun from Dixon's Boat House on City Island on the morning of December 15, 1935. Conditions were not nearly so favorable as Hauptmann would have found them on the night of April 2, 1932.

From sunrise to sunset the sky was heavily clouded with a fine drizzle that increased slightly in the afternoon, making visibility extremely poor. Though there was hardly any wind at any time time during the day, the air was chill.

Changing tides would have to be fought, the greatest tide pull facing the canoe on the return trip.

At 8.35 in the morning Thompson embarked from the canoe runway of Dixon's Boat House. He was alone in the canoe, in which he carried drinking water, a life preserver, and about sixty pounds of rock ballast. He was watched until he disappeared from sight down Long Island Sound, when the witnesses traveled by a land route to Silver Beach, an approximate halfway point, where they checked him in and again watched his canoe vanish in the direction of Old Ferry Point.

Fourteen minutes was consumed at Silver Beach by picture taking. Then the land party left immediately for St. Raymond's Cemetery.

AT exactly 11.36 A. M., after paddling up Westchester Creek, Thompson beached his canoe on the shore directly behind the embankment which forms the rear of St. Raymond's.

"It was comparatively simple," he said, "and in better weather would have been made quite easily, paddling with a steady, easy stroke. The shore line was not difficult to follow and the trip could have been made as readily at night by any one familiar with the course."

The total traveling time consumed by the trip from City Island to St. Raymond's (excluding the fourteen minutes when photographs were taken at Silver Beach) was exactly two hours and forty-seven minutes.

Thompson took off for the return trip at 12.28 P. M. After studying the banks of the creek where he had landed, he informed the witnesses that it would be quite possible to beach a canoe in back of the cemetery at any turn of the tide.

As he paddled down the creek, the three witnesses conducted an experiment in the cemetery.

Proceeding on foot from the exact spot where the canoe had been beached, they walked at an average rate of speed to the identical spot in the cemetery where the ransom money had been passed. That walk, timed accurately, took only five and one half minutes—a total of eleven minutes for a round trip.

The reader will recall that in Jafsie's story he pointed out that when he demanded a "receipt"—a note telling where the kidnaped baby was—Hauptmann left to obtain it. He was gone for thirteen minutes.

Jafsie likewise pointed out that the home of a relative of Hauptmann's was sufficiently near by for him to have visited it and returned with the note within that time.

BUT Jafsie says that he now considers it entirely possible that the wary Hauptmann had the note with him all the time, ready to deliver. His pretext of going away to get it may have been for a double reason:

To give Jafsie time to obtain the money.

And to give himself time to look over the cemetery, make sure that no one was closing in, and, above all, determine positively that the presence of his canoe on the creek shore had not been detected.

Incidentally, at the time of our test, high fences topped with strands of barbed wire enclosed a portion of the cemetery which had to be traversed in the five and one half minutes. Hauptmann, on April 2, 1932, would have been confronted with no such difficulties, for the fences were not there at that time. No obstructions except the tombstones, which offered immediate concealment, would have been between him and his canoe that night.

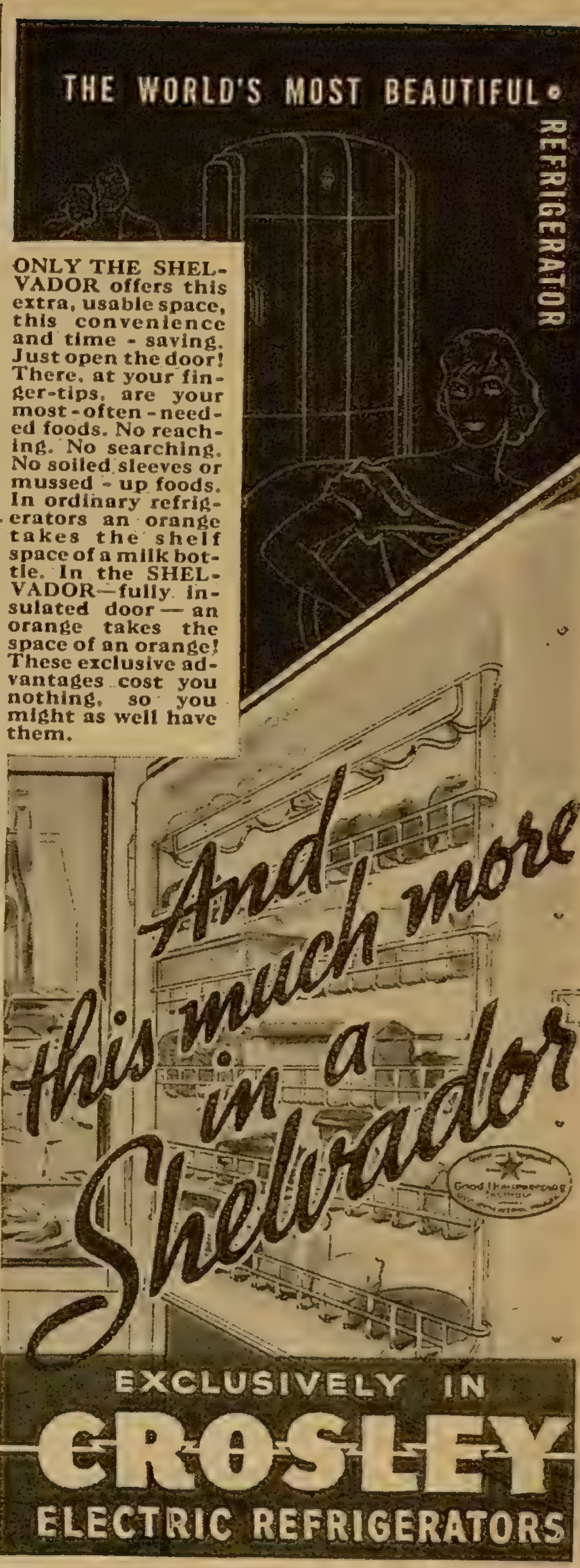
The return canoe trip by Thompson took longer, because of a drizzle that had changed to a pelting rain, and tide conditions. He was checked in at the halfway point and, finally, at Dixon's Boat House. The prow of his canoe scraped the boat landing there at exactly 3.44 P. M. The return trip had consumed three hours and sixteen minutes.

The entire round trip had been covered in six hours and three minutes of actual traveling time, and under conditions much worse than those that existed on the night that the money was passed in the cemetery.

A brand-new and logical theory, in keeping with known facts and in keeping with the character of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, had withstood the test.

Detective De Martini, in addition to witnessing the test, gave this statement:

"To any person acquainted with the Bronx as was Bruno Richard Hauptmann the evidence obtained by Alan Thompson's trial canoe trip indicates that flight by canoe would



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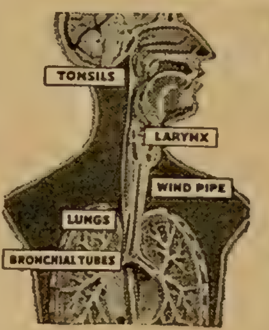

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be an obvious means of leaving St. Raymond's Cemetery quickly, conveniently, and safely."

That such escape was feasible had now been definitely established.

When I had finished telling Jafsie this, he smiled with delight and said:

"So you proved my theory was right. Good!"

Mrs. Hacker frowned. "I do not see that there is anything in that theory at all," was her comment.

"But doesn't Doctor Condon think otherwise?" I ventured.

"I am delighted," said Condon again. "I knew it would come out like that! Good!"

"Is that all the new evidence?" asked Mrs. Hacker.

"No," I said. "There is the matter of the carpenter Samuelsohn, who says he made the ladder for Hauptmann."

Again she frowned. "There is nothing to that," she said decidedly. "It is of no importance whatever."

"But," I protested, "it was your father who took me to Samuelsohn. He thinks it is very important. Is that right, Doctor Condon?"

"Yes," said Doctor Condon. "That is right."

"My father will think as I think and say as I say," said Mrs. Hacker. "We do not wish anything about Samuelsohn published. We do not believe that story."

"Your father did tell me he believed it should be further investigated."

"What does he say in the notes?"

I gave the following summary, asking Doctor Condon if he had any additional comments to make:

On November 16, 1935, Jafsie visited Abraham Samuelsohn, the same Bronx cabinetmaker who constructed the five-ply ransom box at his shop at 2647 Webster Avenue. Jafsie chatted with him and heard an amazing story.

What its value as evidence may be, the reader can judge for himself.

SAMUELSOHN declared—and could not be shaken from his story—that not only did he make the box for the ransom money which Jafsie had ordered, but . . .

He also made a three-section ladder, before the kidnaping, for Bruno Richard Hauptmann!

Some months before the Lindbergh kidnaping, he said, three men and a young woman came to his shop.

One of the three men, Samuelsohn insists, was Hauptmann. Acting as spokesman, Hauptmann told Samuelsohn that he wished lumber cut to certain specifications which he recited. He explained that it was for a ladder.

He asked that holes for dowel pins be drilled at one end of the larger or bottom section, at either end of the middle section, and at one end of the pieces that were to form the topmost or smallest section of the folding ladder.

Samuelsohn likewise was asked to furnish dowel pins and to cut pieces to be used as steps. The man who gave him these instructions—and who was, he insists, Hauptmann—said he would wait while the pieces were cut.

Samuelsohn told Doctor Condon that he could identify the ladder which he made for Hauptmann by his own personal pencil markings placed upon it to indicate where the dowel-pin holes were to be drilled.

Next Week—

Did They Get the Secret of the Lindbergh Baby's Murder from Beyond the Grave?

Did Mary Cerrita, spiritualist medium, in a trance "see" the baby being buried a week before its body was discovered in a spot exactly like the one she described?

Had she and her "Svengali," the Rev. Peter Birrittella, disclosed to Colonel Lindbergh's representatives the initials J. F. C. three days before Jafsie Condon entered the case?

Had Mary, thrown into a trance by Peter, "seen" the baby alive in captivity within a week after the kidnaping?

All this and much more is Birrittella's story, and he sticks to it, with Mary—now his wife—confirming it as far as she can. They describe persons, presumably involved, whom she "saw" in her trances. As witnesses to one séance they name two men who were leaders in New York's underworld!

Do these "revelations from the beyond" deserve credence as such? In any case, what accounts for the association of half a dozen conspicuous figures in the Lindbergh mystery with the immediate neighborhood of Birrittella's spiritualist "temple" in East 127th Street?

An amazing story, opening new avenues for conjecture—and, perhaps, for investigation. Read it, as told by Frederick L. Collins

In Liberty Next Week

"But," Jafsie protested, "don't you feel that you might have made a mistake? That this man was some one who merely resembled Hauptmann?"

"No; it was Hauptmann, all right. I know, because he came back later."

"And the woman who was with these three men?"

"I know her by sight. I'd seen her often, before. I know that she went to Germany before Hauptmann was arrested. She's still there."

"But why," Jafsie demanded, "didn't you come forward? Why didn't you go to the authorities?"

"Because, when I told my wife about it, she was nervous. She warned me to stay out of it or I would get into trouble. My son, he agreed with her."

One could understand how he might have reacted to the pleadings of his family.

"Did the man you say was Hauptmann mention his name to you?"

"No. They waited for me to cut the wood, then took it away with them."

In its cut sections it could be conveniently transported in an automobile.

JAFSIE asked Samuelsohn about the second occasion on which he had seen Hauptmann.

"I remember it well," he answered, "because it was a day or so from the Fourth of July, 1932. He came to my place. He was very friendly. He wanted me to go with him for a ride in his car. I wouldn't go."

"Why didn't you go with him?"

"I was afraid."

Bear in mind that this second visit of Hauptmann to Samuelsohn's shop would have been made a month and a half after the discovery of the murdered baby's body.

Perhaps Samuelsohn had good cause for fear.

Whatever may be the answer to the problem of the kidnap ladder, Jafsie does not feel that the coincidence of Hauptmann having gone for his ladder to Samuelsohn, the same workman to whom Jafsie went for the ransom box, is as weird as it may seem.

Samuelsohn's reputation as a craftsman is excellent in that section of the Bronx. Jafsie sought him out when he wished the ransom box made. It would have been just as natural, Condon feels, for Hauptmann, a carpenter, to have known about the cabinetmaker. This seems particularly likely when it is remembered further that Hauptmann lived in the same general neighborhood—within, in fact, about one mile of Condon's home.

Samuelsohn, even as this is written, sticks firmly to his story that he made a three-section ladder for Richard Bruno Hauptmann.

He showed a small-scale replica of the ladder. The replica, which he also had constructed, was, so he declared, in every detail an exact miniature reproduction of the larger ladder made before the crime for the man he asserts was Hauptmann.

With this article Liberty presents, for the first time in any publication, a photograph of the miniature ladder.

A few weeks after he first told me of this tale, Jafsie took me to see Samuelsohn. I heard Samuelsohn's story, then asked a question:

"When you cut up that lumber for the ladder, were any scrap pieces of the wood left over?"

"Yes," said Samuelsohn. "I still got two pieces."

I promptly bought them. I did not, could not, believe this story. But consider! It would have been worthless in the hands of defense attorneys, for it points straight at Hauptmann. And look what it would have done to the testimony of the wood experts!

There is only one way in which it could be determined whether or not Samuelsohn's ladder was the kidnap ladder. That would be by comparing with the ladder found at the scene of the crime these two pieces of yellow-pine scrap—the only known existing scraps of wood remaining from the job of carpentry which, Samuelsohn still insists, was done for Hauptmann. I am holding the wood for the use of the authorities whenever they wish to examine it.

On hearing all this, Mrs. Hacker again frowned.

"We do not wish that published," she reiterated. "Mr. Sisk of the Department of Justice investigated the story. He says there is nothing to it. That is gospel for me."

I looked at Jafsie.

"Do you think Samuelsohn's story should be investigated?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said.

He shook hands with me and said he had not changed his mind at all. That, I am sure, was the truth. But Jafsie had changed, nevertheless. Changed unbelievably. As I drove back through the narrow curving roads bordered with tropical trees and bushes full of birds, my mind was occupied with a new mystery. What power had been exerted to make him stop talking? Of all the human beings I ever knew, he had been the most talkative. His conversation was incessant. Now the mighty flow of it had dwindled to a tiny frightened stream.

THERE lingered in my mind what he said to me when we parted:

"I would like to get back to New Jersey. I would like to face Governor Hoffman in his teeth. I would like to nail his lies. I know he would have many men there, stronger than I, who would give me the third degree. But I could put up a good fight, even at my age. Why should I go back to the jurisdiction of the State of New Jersey? Just the same, I would like to do it! But my womenfolk won't let me."

Perhaps by the time this appears he will have faced Governor Hoffman—"in his teeth."

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **WHISPERING RIVER** by Helen Topping Miller. D. Appleton-Century Company.

Wayland Gannett is a young engineer, come to live with his grandparents. Grandfather Captain Gannett dies and Wayland takes over the ferryboat to support grandmother. He falls in love with the parson's daughter, while Ann, a rich young woman, is in love with him. The parson's daughter wins out, and all is well. An interestingly told, enjoyable story.

★ ★ ★ **SNOW AGAINST THE SKY** by Mary Dunstan. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Character studies of two men. Martin, rich, arrogant, an egotist. Michel, a mountain guide, kind, gentle, stern. They're marooned in an Alpine hut by a snowstorm, an impending avalanche. Martin insists on leaving. Michel refuses to take the chance. Martin is resentful, takes his chance. The consequence? It is a grand story.

★ ★ **THE GOLDEN QUICKSAND** by Anna Robeson Burr. D. Appleton-Century Company.

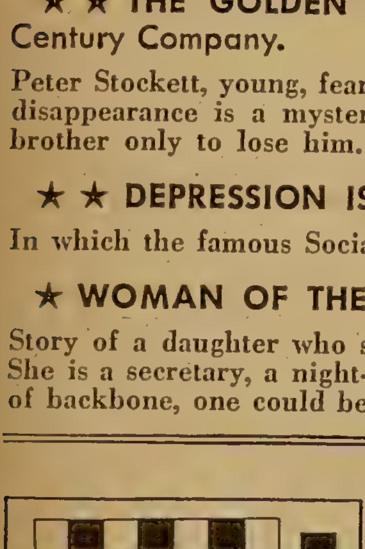
Peter Stockett, young, fearless, crosses the country to look for his brother Louis, whose disappearance is a mystery. He fights, he loves, and finally marries. He finds his brother only to lose him. Time, 1840.

★ ★ **DEPRESSION ISLAND** by Upton Sinclair. Published by the Author.

In which the famous Socialist dramatizes his ideas in the form of a readable play.

★ **WOMAN OF THE FAMILY** by May Edginton. The Macaulay Company.

Story of a daughter who supports a father, a stupid sister, and an impossible mother. She is a secretary, a night-club hostess, gets mixed up with gangsters. If she had a bit of backbone, one could be interested in her.



ANSWER TO SAM LOYD PUZZLE ON PAGE 60

The accompanying diagram shows how the checkerboard may be reconstructed from the given pieces.

Don't neglect your CHILD'S COLD

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole penetrates, warms, and stimulates local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

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Vox Pop

Dirty Politics in Colleges

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—We cannot expect our rising generation of boys and girls to have too much respect for the things of our past when the colleges and universities that train them are in some ways as rotten examples of dirty politics as Tammany Hall in New York or City Hall in Philadelphia could ever boast. We brought with the war malnourishment to some of the present generation; we have saddled upon all of them a mountainous debt; and we are now smothering their minds because our educational institutions are lacking in wholesome respect for scholarship.

I am fully conscious of the fact that there are brilliant exceptions to my statements, but unfortunately those exceptional universities train only a small part of our total number of college students. You may ask also for specific names and facts. That cannot be done without destroying every possibility of improving our educational condition as a whole.

I cannot say that Dean D of T University will not permit Harry Elmer Barnes's History of Western Civilization to appear in his library; I cannot say that Professor B of the same institution appointed Mr. C, a third-rate scholar, to a position in his new educational experiment simply because he was a personal rival in the institution; I cannot say that President B keeps Mrs. L on his faculty merely because she is an influential political figure in the city from which he draws students; I cannot say that President C appoints county superintendents to his summer staff without the slightest idea what he is going to have them teach, solely because he wants to draw students from the high schools under the superintendents; I cannot say that Professor T of D University was never in college but one year in his life; I cannot say that Mr. B, who has received $7,700 in grants for research during the past seven years because of his apparent outstanding ability, can never be more than an instructor in the institution where he is employed because two individuals in his department had been with the university five years before he joined the staff.

Scholarship too often waits upon politics, personal whims, and death. But none of the examples recited would be of importance if it were not for the fact that society must sometime pay the bill.

I am familiar with the subject. I have been a college professor for ten years. I have taught in the University of Wisconsin, the University of South Dakota, the Kentucky Teachers College, and the University of Kentucky. My comments, I think, are not superficial.—*A Professor.*

BIRTH . . . EARTH . . . MIRTH

SHASI, CHINA—As an Oriental I want to thank the clubwomen of America, and Mrs. C. C. Thruston and Mrs. F. E. Colstead for their letters appearing in November 16, 1935, Vox Pop.

As an Oriental I want to thank them for the great favor they do Asia. We do not believe in murdering our offspring; we bring them to the life the procreative act and nature designed for them. Naturally, we are going to need places for our people to live in future years—and when you Occidentals have finished yourselves as races by controlling nature, your fair country will make us and our children, whom we love and desire, a good dwelling place.

As Mrs. Colstead wrote, " at last the clubwomen of America have really accomplished something " for Asia, that is certain, and, I think, also for Africa. Birth control for Occidentals means a rich country for future Orientals.—*Sen Kuo Hsing.*

"IF I AM WRONG—"

CUMBERLAND, MD.—In the February 15 Not One in a Thousand Knows, E. G. Conklin made a mistake that should be corrected for the benefit of your nonscientific readers.

At absolute zero matter does not disappear; molecular activity ceases, due to the absence of heat. Perhaps he meant that the perfect gas behaves in this manner. The perfect gas decreases 1/273 of its volume for each degree change in temperature, Absolute or Centigrade. Therefore, at —273° C. or 0° A. the perfect gas would disappear.

But no gas that we know of is perfect, and all of them liquefy before this temperature is reached, and this law does not apply to liquids or solids. If I am wrong, please correct me.—*Carl Sander, Jr.*

PUZZLE TIME ● 25 MINUTES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Alone, with the aid of a dictionary, and disturbed every three minutes by an elevated train, I worked out the crossword puzzle in the February 8 issue of Liberty in twenty-five minutes.

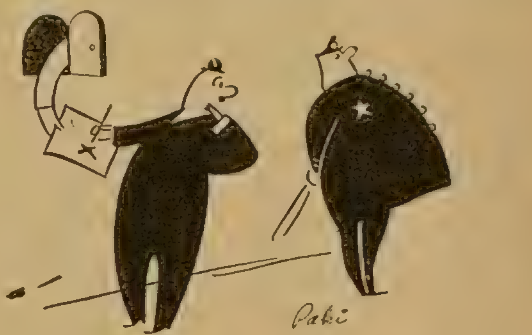
From what I have learned from Vox Pop comments I don't know whether my time is good, fair, or poor.

Why don't you head the puzzle with the time it took a college professor of English, a college student, and a high-school student to do the puzzle? Then we puzzle solvers would know in which category we belong.—*Rex.*

MAKE VOTING A CRIME

CHICAGO, ILL.—All that talk about intelligent voters is pure waste of breath. There ain't no sich animile!

To get the people to vote at all is simple. Either you've got to run a contest by which certain lucky numbers win a prize, a trip to Washington, a handshake with the President, or something like that, or prohibit voting.



Yes, that's best. Prohibit speeding, and everybody wants to do 100 m. p. h. Prohibit drinking, and they all crave it. So—prohibit voting, and *they'll all vote.*—*Ernest Palmer.*

NO JUNGLES IN THE DALLES

THE DALLES, ORE.—In February 8 Liberty, Eli Colter made a sad mistake in his story Stormy Hearts. He speaks of men waiting in the jungles along the river at The Dalles. So far as I am able to find out, there is no hope of having any jungles along the river, and there certainly aren't any there now. You might also inform the author that the Columbia River runs past The Dalles, just in case he thought it was the Blue Danube.

Good luck to Vox Pop.—*Jean Reiter.*

[The " jungles " referred to by author Colter in this instance was not the tropical variety but the hobo camp or district usually inhabited by transients.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

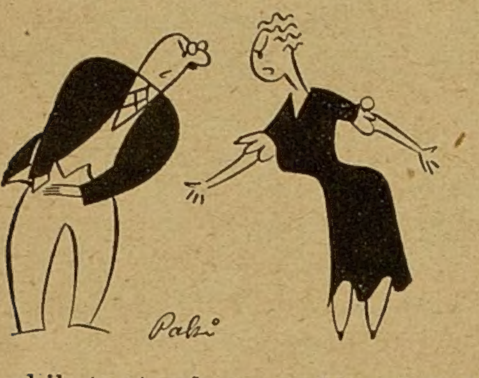
10 PER CENT FOR WIVES

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—One of the main reasons why so many women keep their jobs after they get married is that it is too hard for them to beg their husbands for money if they want a new dress or any of the little things a woman likes.

How about making it a law that every husband give his wife 10 per cent of his earnings, without questions asked as to what she spends it for? This is really not much but it would go a long way toward making this world a happier place for millions of women.

But, in order to make it easier for the average husband, why not give every married man who makes less than $200 a month a 10-per-cent raise, provided that his wife stays home?

I am sure this would greatly reduce unemployment, because married women who are working now would find it worth while to stay home and leave their jobs to women who have nobody to support them.—*A Housewife.*



FIND CAUSE . . . STOP DISEASE

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIF.—Any man who claims, or even implies, that he has discovered a cure for cancer or any other disease symptom is either ignorant or insane or both. Any person who believes in " cures " is insane to the extent of such a belief. How in the name of common sense and sheer logic can cancer or any other disease be " cured " without correcting its causes—indeed, without even knowing what its causes are?

Why not open the pages of Liberty to some health authority—and he will not be found among the medical trust members—who has a rational and intelligible conception of health and disease, to present an article on how to discover and correct the *causes* of cancer? Cancer, like every other symptom of disease, is an effort of the life force within the body to overcome some encumbering handicap—some cause or causes. Correct or discontinue these *causes,* and cancer or any other symptom of disease will return to health.

As long as the causes of any disease, whatever they may be, are in operation, to attempt to cure that disease is an open confession of the grossest possible ignorance or characterless dishonesty on the part of the cure-monger. Never in my professional career, extending over many years, have I seen a cancer or any other disease that failed to get well when its causes were stopped. And I have seen quite a few and have plenty of tangible evidence of cases that have recovered by right living—right eating, breathing, exercise, etc. And I have never seen a real recovery through any other plan. How can any disease get well when its causes are going on?—*Stanford Kingsley Claunch.*

LINCOLN OR BARNUM?

SELAH, WASH.—Bernarr Macfadden in February 15 Liberty writes, under caption of " You Cannot Fool All of the People All of the Time," an editorial which, in the main, has a lot of truth. But I think there are many of his readers, like myself, who cannot subscribe to all he says.

The saying, like everything that Lincoln wrote, contains the quintessence of sense. Lincoln was a seer and a statesman and a lover of his fellow man. He lived before our automobile, our chain stores, our vast corporations of interlocking directorates, and a vast lot of other developments that he could not have foreseen. He plainly saw the trend of things, especially money and the power of money, and he knew our greatest danger was there. It has proved to be so.

Viewed in the light of later developments, politically and commercially, his saying was incomplete. He should have added: " But you can fool enough of the people enough of the time."—*F. B. Wood.*

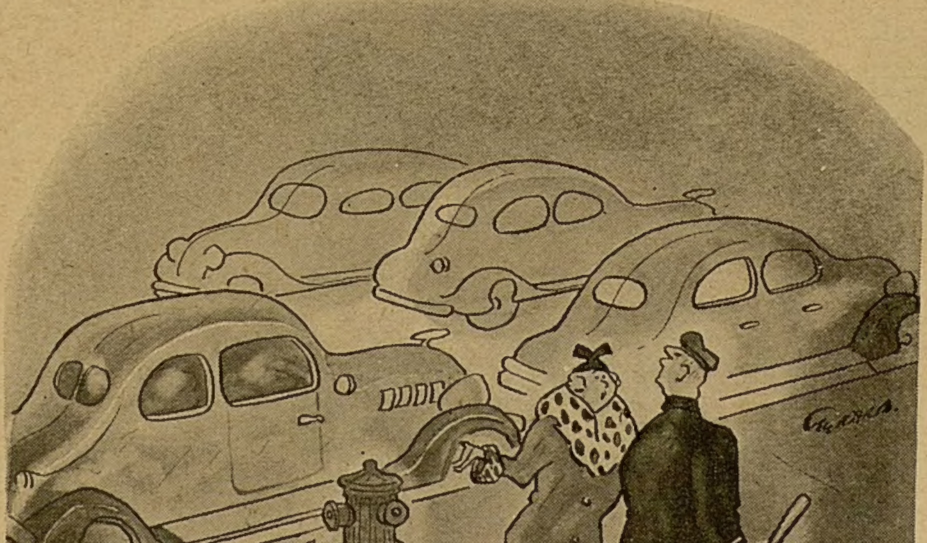
ELIZABETH, N. J.—When and under what provocations did Lincoln say, " You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time " ?

My understanding has always been that P. T. Barnum made that famous statement. I was rather shocked to find Bernarr Macfadden handing it to Lincoln.—*Mary E. Stroup.*

BEST MOVIES . . . 1935

PALM BEACH, FLA.—Quite often I buy Liberty, and after reading the December 28, 1935, issue I decided to ask you who is that very dumb person, Beverly Hills, who has tried to give his opinion of the best movie pictures for the last six months of 1935? Only Mutiny on the Bounty and Anna Karenina should have been classed as the finest pictures produced for the time mentioned.

I want to tell you right here that it is presumptuous to place a pupil ahead of its teacher or superior, which Beverly Hills has tried to do in putting Alice Adams among the first class and Anna Karenina as second. Katharine Hepburn will never be another Garbo (nor will any one else), no matter how hard she is trying to imitate her.—*Cliff.*



"If you're sure there won't be a fire, I'll leave my car here a few minutes."

ANTS IN OUR RANTS

NORFOLK, VA.—Who is this guy Roy L. McCardell? Of the many things I despise in others, and can do nothing other than tolerate, is ignorance. And this McCardell guy's lucky omens in the It Happened In column of Liberty is nothing short of ignorance.

To top off all his idiocy, he states in February 22 Liberty that for flying ants to alight on a person is a good omen. I say it's a damned nuisance.

If you can do no better than Mr. McCardell, fill the space with asterisks and at least your fan mail will increase, asking why.—*R. E. Price, U. S. N.*

GIVE WOLF AT DOOR THE AIR

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—As a lifelong Democrat and an ardent supporter of the New Deal, I submit the following for your New Deal Almanac. I hope you are a good enough sport to publish a worthy retort.

News Item: " A wolf disappeared from a Canadian's doorstep when he whistled God Save the King. To appease the critics of the New Deal, I suggest that the administration take all the poor people off relief and let them go whistle the national anthem—it has the same air as God Save the King—then perhaps their wolf will take the air."—*John F. Kenny.*

MAMA DIONNE'S SECRET

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Regarding Dorothy James's wish to know Papa Dionne's secret in February 15 Vox Pop—

Say, listen, Dorothy! If you were better educated on the subject of nature, you would realize it was Mama Dionne who should be asked for her secret. Why don't you study a good book in physiology?—*M. E. McK.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

GREENSBORO, N. C.—A Greensboro woman found a postage-due card in her box. She presented it at the proper window, paid the two cents, and found a greeting card from J. W. Coleman—the postmaster.

YAKIMA, WASH.—"There must be some crooks around here," complained Harvey Butler and Harold Mansfield, sentenced for burglary. "We hid some of our loot in Lions Park, and somebody stole it."

BARCELONA, SPAIN—Señor Vincent Adrofeu tried to commit suicide by shooting himself, and failed. When the judge fined him thirty-five dollars, he had a heart attack and died.

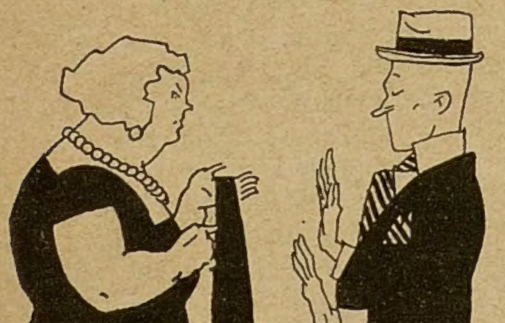
TOLEDO, OHIO—Jesse L. Ward, associate professor, walked into a University of Toledo classroom, called the roll, and then started expounding the principles of psychology. For fifteen minutes he spoke. Then he asked the class a question on the subject. No answer. Another question. Still no answer.

"Doesn't any one in this class ever study psychology?" he asked.

"No, sir," was the answer. "This is an advanced-English class."

PARADISE, CALIF.—H. C. Rice, a dental technician, cannot bear to see any one go toothless, even if the person is his ten-month-old son. Rice took an impression of the baby's upper jaw and made a diminutive set of upper teeth for him.

OAKLAND, CALIF.—A divorce was granted to G. R. Dougherty after he testified his wife "objected to my choice of neckties."



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Lucky Omens

To strike wood in the dark is a good omen. To strike metal in the dark is a warning.

To find a ring is fortunate, but to learn who lost it and not return it promptly will bring trouble.

For a young man to be smiled at by a strange cross-eyed girl is good fortune soon and sure.

—Roy L. McCardell.

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NEW DEAL ALMANAC

The hand that cradles the rock rules the earth.

--The Radicals.

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COVER CREATED BY GEORGE LARKIN—MACFADDEN STUDIO

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NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

SECRETS OF NEW YORK'S HOMICIDE SQUAD

A TRUE CRIME STORY IN THIS ISSUE BY "OLD-TIMER"

Sensational, shocking, the Ruth Wheeler case two decades ago was of such importance that it not only caused a shake-up in the New York Police Department but a revision of the General Business Laws of the State of New York as well. If you happen to remember the headlines of this notorious case, the inside story of the methods used in solving it will prove of tremendous interest. If you do not remember it, this revelation of police work by one of the old-timers at Headquarters will prove as absorbing as any detective story you have ever read. Don't miss it!

ALSO, beginning COMPANY OF THE DAMNED, a graphic picture of the Hunted Men's Militia in India, by Captain W. J. Blackledge—SPRING AGAIN! by Fannie Kilbourne—NO ROMANCE IN FLYING, EH? by Betty Wallace—$2,000 Cash Prize CROSSWORD CONTEST—VOX POP—AMATEUR PAGE edited by Major Bowes—MOVIE REVIEWS—and other interesting articles, fiction, and fact.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25

SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

FOUR TIMELY SELF-HELP BOOKS ONE OF THEM MAY HELP YOU TO REALIZE YOUR AMBITION

The Student's Handbook, including A B C SHORTHAND, edited by William Allan Brooks. Here is a book of ambitions realized. Not a text book but an invaluable guide to the securing of the education you desire—a comprehensive reference volume on student problems before and after entering college—geographical index listing $42,000,000 of student loan and scholarships and where to apply—spare time work for college students (300 practical suggestions)—mistakes often made in examinations—after high school, what?—after college, what?—business or profession—ten desirable timely professions. If you are planning on or hoping for higher education this book can help you. If you are the parents of ambitious children, no gift you could give them would be more welcome. Substantially cloth bound, 318 pages—**$1.89.**

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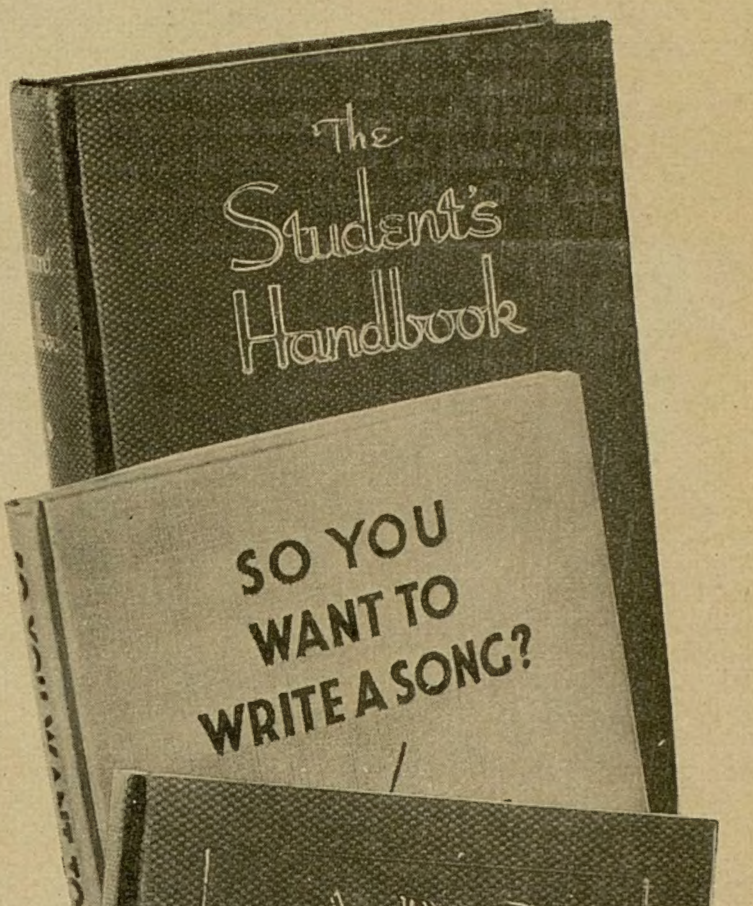

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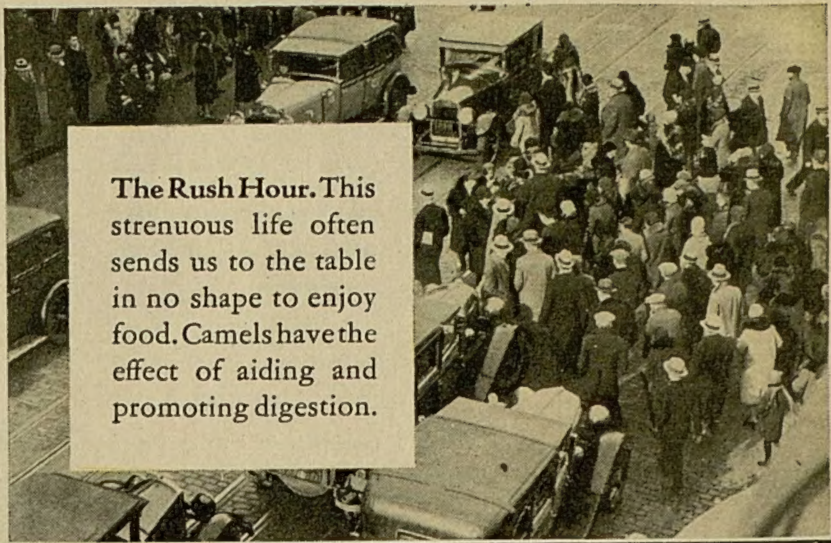
High-Speed Living *Taxes Digestion*

Smoking Camels found to have a positive beneficial effect upon Digestion...

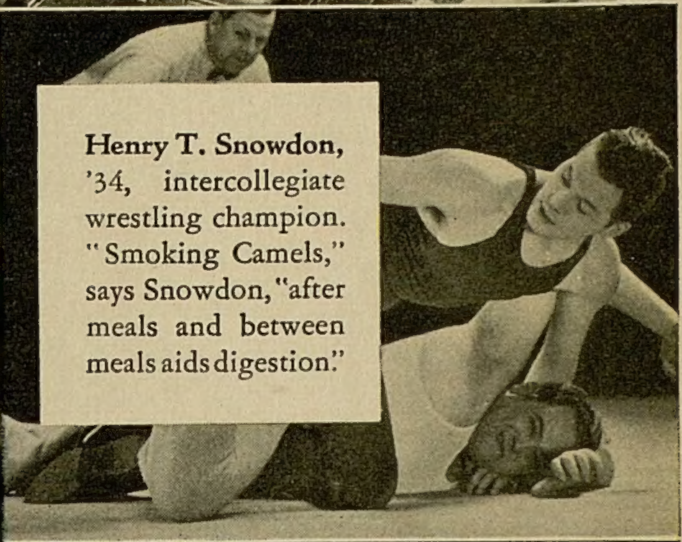
Our modern "eat-and-run" way of living is hard on digestion. Experiences with indigestion are all too common! Hence unusual interest attaches to the following fact: that smoking Camels has been found to have a marked beneficial effect on digestive action. You'll find Camels milder too, more delicate in flavor, packed with the rich enjoyment of choice tobaccos. You can smoke them freely. Camels never tire your taste.

Turn to Camels for digestion's sake... for the pleasure to be found in Camel's costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right!

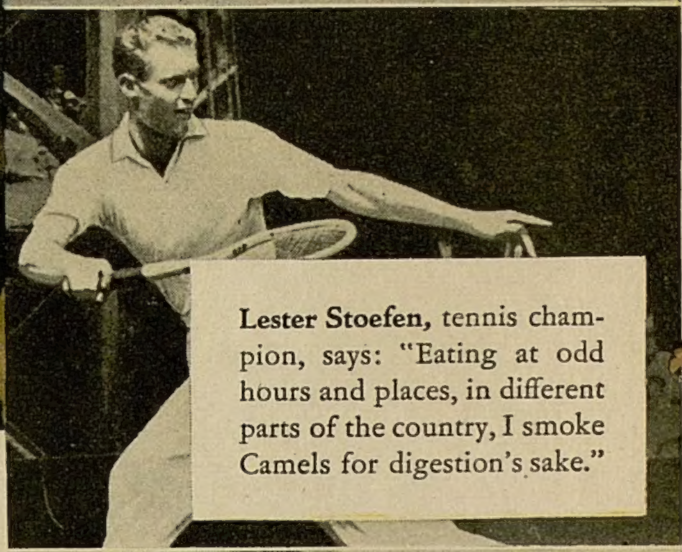


The Rush Hour. This strenuous life often sends us to the table in no shape to enjoy food. Camels have the effect of aiding and promoting digestion.

New York's Glamorous Hollywood Restaurant. "Camels have long been a favorite with us here," says Joe Moss, famous impresario, who presides over the gay scene above." We've found that success comes through giving people the best. The fact that Camel uses costlier tobaccos and people prefer Camels shows that they appreciate the same policy in other lines too."



Henry T. Snowdon, '34, intercollegiate wrestling champion. "Smoking Camels," says Snowdon, "after meals and between meals aids digestion."



Lester Stoefen, tennis champion, says: "Eating at odd hours and places, in different parts of the country, I smoke Camels for digestion's sake."

Otis Barton, daring scientist-inventor of the famous "bathysphere." Barton says: "Camels make my food taste better and help it to digest."

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